Feb. 23, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Apple Pie—This work is billed as an opera, but Myrna Lamb's libretto is so much stronger than Nicholas Meyers' score (appropriate and spirited though it is) that the show is more properly described as a musical play. It tells the story of an oppressed young woman, and although it often seems disjointed and muddled, and somehow out of date in point of view, it has its moments. Robert Guillaume is impressive as the heroine's lover, Stephanie Cotsirilos does well as the heroine, and so do Lee Allen and Lucille Patton in other roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—E. B. Ginty's historical play **missouri legend** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Every Night When the Sun Goes Down—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

The Glass Menagerie—A superior production of Tennessee Williams' early play about the bittersweet misery of family life. With Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

I Am Lucy Terry—A play by Ed Bullins, primarily for children. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Final performances Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 18-20, at 10:15 and 12:15.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8; Thursday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8; Friday, Feb. 20, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3. Moves uptown on Tuesday, Feb. 24, to the Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St., 582-5340, where performances will be given Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Enid Bagnold's rueful comedy about old age, in which Katharine Hepburn demonstrates that in her sixties she is really in her twenties; she will be bringing down the house in something like this fashion at a hundred and two. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Shaw's play, a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Ruth Gordon, Lynn Redgrave, and Milo O'Shea star in a cast directed by Gerald Freedman. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 18, and will run through Sunday, March 28. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8;

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DRAWINGS: *William Steig, George Price, Charles Addams, Lee Lorenz, Stan Hunt, Donald Reilly, William Hamilton, Mischa Richter, Tom Funk, James Stevenson, James Mulligan, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, Edward Frascino, Edward Koren, Ed Fisher, Henry Martin, Eugène Mihaesco, Frank Modell*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever playwright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity, which is presented to us in three independent plays, each complete in itself and staged on succeeding nights. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 24, as well as Thursday, Feb. 26, and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Thursday, Feb. 19, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2; and Friday, Feb. 27, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Friday, Feb. 20, as well as Monday, Feb. 23, and Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim musical, with lovely sets by Boris Aronson. An attempt to tell an unpleasant story—the exploitation of Japan by Western powers in the nineteenth century—from the Japanese point of view. With an all-Asian cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—A five-play repertory that will run for several months. Sidney Howard's **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**, directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3; Friday, Feb. 27, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Tennessee Williams' **27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON** and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS**, a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown: Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 18-20, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2; Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

Polish Mime Theatre—Henryk Tomaszewski's company of twenty-three in a five-performance engagement. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Monday, Feb. 23, at 7, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 24-25, at 7 and 9:30.)

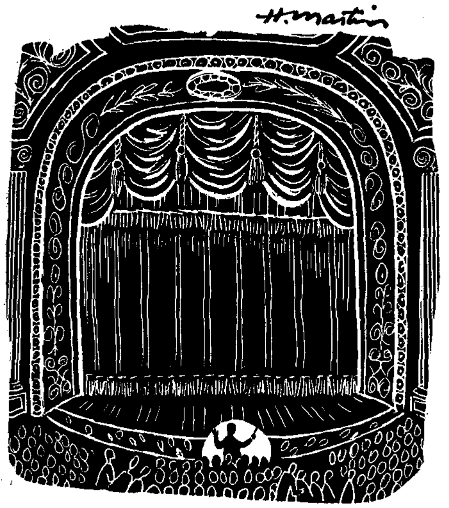
The Primary English Class—A comedy by Israel Horovitz, with Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rich and Famous—A comedy by John Guare, with William Atherton, Anita Gillette, and Ron Leibman. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 19. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Rockabye Hamlet—A musical by Cliff Jones, with Larry Marshall, Alan Weeks, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Gower Champion. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 698-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 18, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 19.)

The Royal Family—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shortchanged Review—This first play by Michael Dorn Moody may be brimming over with words and episodes, but it is brimming over with talent, too. Some of the episodes may seem stagy and melodramatic, but the characters, more often than not, are believable. The principal character is a self-deluded, middle-aged owner of a rock radio station, whose unswerving determination to promote the career of a young singer causes considerable trouble, and even tragedy. The performances, under Richard Southern's direction, are very good indeed. Mason Adams is the lead, and he receives splendid support from T. Miratti, Virginia Vestoff, Herbert Braha, Tricia Boyer, and William Russ. Notable, too, are the setting, by Marsha L. Eck; the lighting, by Cheryl Thacker; and the music, by a group called Clouds. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)



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Showdown—A comedy by Don Evans. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Monday at 7:30. Closes Monday, Feb. 23. Free.)

Travesties—An enchanting comedy by Tom Stoppard, with John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) starring as a dotty retired English consular officer, who thinks he remembers having known Joyce, Lenin, and Tzara in Zurich during the First World War. Directed by Peter Wood. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl—A play about Jews in the Old Country long ago, based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Tovah Feldshuh plays the part of a bright and pretty girl masquerading successfully as a husband—but no way! (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Richard Burton and Keith McDermott, who have just replaced Anthony Perkins and Jacob Milligan. Directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,585 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Dance Umbrella at Roundabout Stage One—Opening performances of a four-week season by seven contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 14. **JENNIFER MULLER AND THE WORKS:** Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Feb. 18-21, and Sunday matinée and evening, Feb. 22. . . . **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 24-25, and Saturday and Sunday evenings, Feb. 28-29. . . . **ELIZABETH KEEN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 26-27, and Sunday matinée, Feb. 29. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 28—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 690-3189); Thursday, Feb. 26, and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Fête Noire," "The Combat" (company première), "Manifestations" (New York première), and "Forces of Rhythm." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: "Holberg Suite," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Every

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"Now and Then," "Biosfera," and "Dougla." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Thursday, Feb. 26, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 29, at 2: "Swan Lake," "The Queen's Revenge," "Pas de Quatre," and "Don Quixote."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8: "Go for Barocco," "Carmen," a new, unnamed ballet, and "Firebird." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—All pianistic ears were tuned to Art Tatum in the forties—the sun is inescapable, after all—but they were also, it has become clear, tuned to Teddy Wilson, who had a subtlety and a sense of taste that Tatum lacked. Indeed, most of the pianists who came up in the bebop days quietly absorbed Wilson, and one was **DUKE JORDAN**, who, not always visible in recent years, has turned up here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, Jordan is fleet and immaculate. He moves largely in steady, single-noted patterns, and one can hear the carefully wrought visions of Wilson, as well as the harmonies and "wrong notes" of Bud Powell, the third pianist everyone dug in the forties. That is, one can hear Jordan's shine and delicacy on any halfway humane piano, but the upright at Churchill's is beyond belief. It is so out of tune it speaks in foreign tongues—and the pads are loose, and the pedals click and squeak like frozen trees. If you don't already know Jordan's work, you will literally not be able to hear it here (he has a thundering, obtrusive bassist as well), but if you bone up first on a Jordan record and keep that going in your head it will help. Perhaps the days of recidivist night-club owners isn't over.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**HUBBELL PIERCE**, the singer and pianist, who last worked in New York nearly twenty years ago, when he was at the Upstairs at the Downstairs and the Left Bank, is here in the attractive Bird Cage, and it is a treat to have him back. He looks like his name—short and symmetrical and handsome—and he is an admirable singer. He has a light, easy, jazz-turned voice, and his pleasant legato phrasing is somewhat reminiscent of Matt Dennis's. In fact, he has the insouciant, swinging approach that one associates with composer-singers like Dennis and Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael. Not surprisingly, his repertory is equally striking and on opening night he sang Joe Bushkin's "How Do You Do Without Me," the Gershwins' "Little Jazz Bird," which is enjoying a revival, Lou Alter's "You Turned the Tables on Me," Rodgers and Hart's "Little Tree Inside the Park" and "Baby's Awake Now," and André Previn's "I Like Myself." Hubbell Pierce (along with Paul Germano on bass) will be here indefinitely, and it is the wish of Gil Wiest, the owner of Michael's Pub, to make the Bird Cage *the* singer's room in New York. Excellent.... ¶ Tuesdays through Saturdays Dick Hyman, Pee Wee Erwin, Bob Wilber, Bobby Rosengarden, and Milt Hinton are in the main room playing the music of Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, and Scott Joplin. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

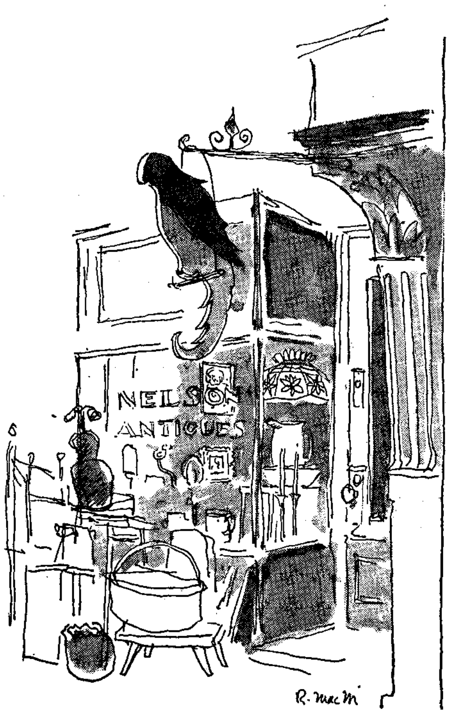
•

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. On Wednesday, Feb. 18, drummer Al Foster will be on hand with a quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, trumpeter Tex Allen and his quintet will occupy the bandstand; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 23-24, will be given over to percussionist Ray Mantilla's combo; and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 25-28, will see pianist **CEDAR WALTON** head up a quartet that features **GEORGE COLEMAN** on tenor saxophone. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This worthy two-year-old small-scale concert hall is presenting country rock by Country Joe McDonald and his band, who appear opposite Ellen McIlwaine, a strong folksinger and guitarist; on Wednesday, Feb. 18, Pure Prairie League will continue the country flow Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, as will Jimmy Buffett, a country-and-Southern singer on the same bill. Two days of first-rate jazz follow—on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 23-24—by trumpeter **TED CURSON**, who is back in this country leading a highly praised sextet, and by pianist-composer-sage **GIL EVANS** and his fifteen-piece aggregation. Evans, who looks more like a prematurely gray rock star than like the sixty-three-year-old jazz patriarch that he is, leads one of the very few successful up-to-date big bands. In addition to his assortment of tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizer, he has surrounded himself with some of the best young musicians around. Wednesday, Feb. 25, will be baroque-jazz-enthusiast night: pianist and movie-music composer Claude Bolling will team up with M. Flûte—Jean-Pierre Rampal—to carry on the tradition of the Swingle Singers. On Thursday, Feb. 26, Tom Scott, a television composer, a King Curtis-derived saxophonist, and jazz consultant to the stars—Carole King, Ringo Starr, Barbra Streisand, et al—will bring in his band, the New York Connection (just last spring it was called the L.A. Express). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** (see page 104, this issue) and his bassist, Bill Takas, play against the din weeknights. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.



Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BARBARA CARROLL**, who has taken over from Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weeknights from nine-fifteen.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride pianist Joe Turner, who hasn't played in this country in some thirty years (he's been living in Europe), is now busy playing here, weeknights. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is a traditional (*what else?*) quintet, headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Feb. 24, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will sing along with the band. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at five-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 22, at eight, cornetist **RUBY BRAFF** will turn up with his quartet.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, seventy-two and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. On Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, pianist Hal Galper works with bassist Victor Gaskin. On Sunday, Feb. 22, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, bassist Jimmy Lewis, and guitarist Gene Bertoncini play from five to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and overblown chandeliers, and the excessively neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. The **GERRY MULLIGAN** quintet has installed itself here for three weeks. Three sets, from ten to one. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—While Roy Eldridge is on leave, **RUBY BRAFF** leads the traditional resident band Wednesdays through Saturdays. Max Kaminsky takes over the rest of the time. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Probably the best place to hear rhythm and blues, thanks to bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE**, and either **CHRIS PARKER** or **STEVE GADD** on drums. These five fine studio men (by day) and bluesmen (the rest of the time) are here Mondays through Thursdays. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 20-22, alto saxophonist Dave Sanborn will work with a quintet, and on the following Friday through Sunday (Feb. 27-29), drummer **ROY HAYNES** will take his quintet through some familiar and still moving material. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folkie Garland Jeffreys trades sets through Sunday, Feb. 22, with classical-folk-jazzman **DAVID AMRAM**, whose music is derived from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, the conservatory, and the street. Some of his better-known non-classical works are "Horn & Hardart Succotash Blues," "Tompkins

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Square Park Consciousness Expander," and the theme from "Pull My Daisy." On Wednesday, Feb. 25, The Good Old Boys, a loose San Francisco bluegrass quintet, will arrive to sing and pick. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty.

Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES**, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene is currently presenting singer and actress Ellen Greene. Shows at nine and midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE**, who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. *Dining.*

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various small jazz groups play Wednesdays through Saturdays; the regular Sunday feature is still the duo of guitarist **JOE PUMA** and his long-standing partner, **CHUCK WAYNE**, who exchange lobbing, single-string, underspinning, and chordal solos. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A popular and, sometimes, noisy café that offers mostly jazz duos. Guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and bassist Calvin Hill are here Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 19-22. Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 24-28, are blocked off for some fine duets performed by pianist **KENNY BARRON** and the near-magical bassist **RON CARTER**. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—An attractive, hassle-free restaurant with an ever-changing music roster. Most of the music is produced by rather bland bebop ensembles composed of members of the post-bebop generation. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate complex is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday nights. **CHARLES MINGUS** fires up his quintet on Feb. 20-21. On Feb. 27-28, **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will alternate with **SONNY FORTUNE**, the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who's been attracting a good deal of attention lately. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The very fine **BILL EVANS** winds up a week here with his trio on Sunday, Feb. 22. On Tuesday, Feb. 24, the **HEATH** brothers—tenor saxophonist **JIMMY** and bassist **PERCY**—will bring in a quartet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band gets organized, eventually, and, when it does, it lets loose some big-band seriousness. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who come to hear jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby pilots a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving Dill Jones, Ronnie Cole, Buddy Tate, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 5:45: **ROYAL TAHITIAN DANCE COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 5:45: **ODETTA**.

Stanley Turrentine, Freddie Hubbard, and **George Benson**—With their groups. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8 and at midnight.)

The Temptations, Bobby Womack, Archie Bell and the Drells, and **Donna Summers**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 7 and 11; and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3 and 8.

Dave Brubeck Quartet—A silver-anniversary concert, with Paul Desmond, Joe Morello, Eugene Wright, and Two Generations of Brubeck. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Poogy—Israeli rock group. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case Edward Eliscu) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

California Soul—Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: **STAPLE SINGERS** and **ASHFORD & SIMPSON**. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: **GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION, LEROY HUTSON,** and **FIRST CHOICE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: **DIONNE WARWICK, IMPRESSIONS,** and **AL JARREAU**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 29, at 7: **ALICE COLTRANE, PAT MARTINO, DAVID NEWMAN,** and **DAVID SANBORNE**. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718.)

Lou Rawls, Les McCann, and **Charles Earland**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7 and 11.

Silver Convention, Touch of Class, and **Faith, Hope & Charity**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 7 and 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Romare Bearden—Oil paintings on paper that continue this artist's American jazz series. Through March 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Norris Embry—Collage paintings on paper and canvas board, by an Expressionist. Through March 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Elias Friedensohn—Twelve paintings that form a sort of documentary painted from recollections of a recent summer spent in Crete, where a group of dropouts had set up a commune in rocky caves along the seashore and sought the ideal existence without the bother of clothes or, except for their Volkswagen, any other trappings of civilization. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Semi-abstract still-life paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Geist—Sculptures (wood, stone, aluminum, and other materials) in styles ranging from figurative to abstract. Through March 6. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

James Herbert—Figurative paintings. Through March 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Peter Homitzky—Paintings of the New Jersey countryside, focussing on the colorful sharp-edged patterns made by industrial complexes, tidy farmlands, commercial flower beds, and the like, plus studies, painted with the same attention to pattern, of his newborn daughter's pacifiers. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Leonid—Peaceful landscapes, some with figures, of seaside marshes and flatlands. Through March 6. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean François Millet (1814-75)—Paintings and drawings, including the familiar rural scenes, and four portraits. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Morris—Acrylic and silverpoint paintings, most of them grisaille, that resemble snapshots; first one-man show in New York. Through March 6. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Philip Mullen—Abstract paintings based on a grid pattern and done in muted tones; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alice Neel—Can it be that Alice Neel is softening? Some of the portraits in this show of recent work—particularly those of the artists Isabel Bishop and Sari Dienes—would seem to indicate so, but there are enough of the old hard lines of truth, and enough of her own naked style of nudity, to reassure the apprehensive. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Peter Paul—Paintings of architectural subjects (buildings, columns, and so on) in tempera on canvas; first one-man show in New York. Through March 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

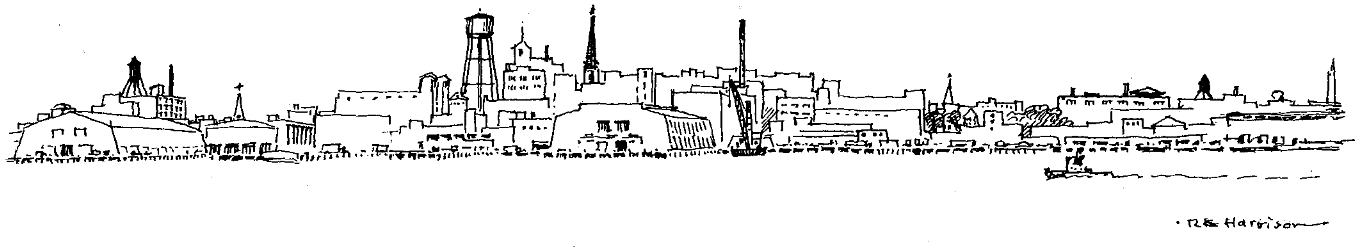
Jean-Pierre Péricaud—Nonobjective oil paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

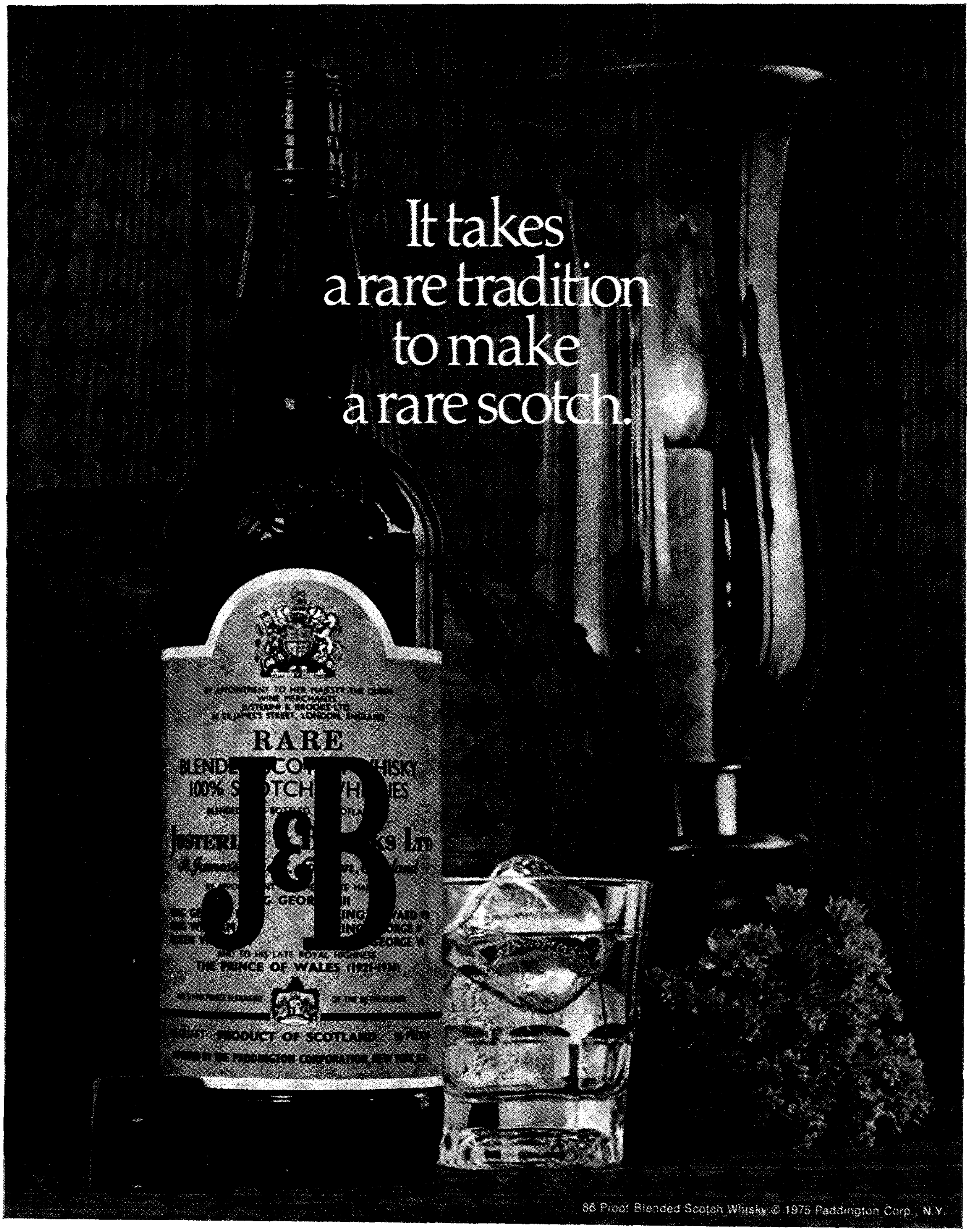
Gary Stephan—Abstract geometric paintings, along with drawings and a few sculptures. Through March 4. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Barney Tobey—Cartoons from the last twenty-five years. Through March 6. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

American Cartoons—A collection of original drawings from the golden age of the comic strip—Maggie and Jiggs, Mutt and Jeff, Happy Hooligan, Krazy Kat, Little Jimmy (at an embryonic stage), and others—plus a scattering of works by some of the better-known illustrators and magazine artists of the period, such as Peter Arno, Ralph Barton (represented by a rare self-caricature), Henry Raleigh, and Rollin Kirby. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings, collages, and drawings by Sante Graziani, Margo Hoff, Richard A. Milholland, and others. Through

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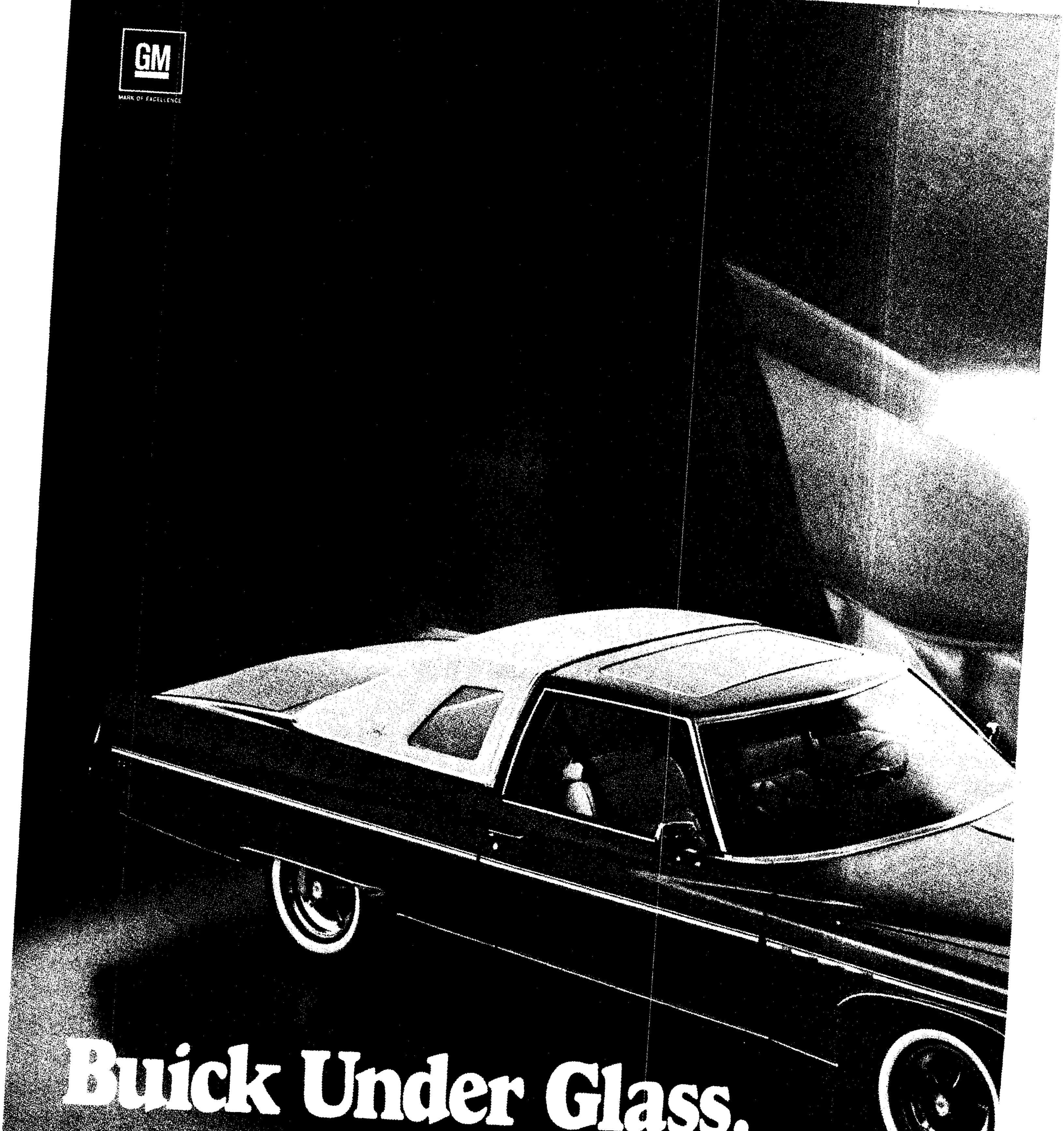

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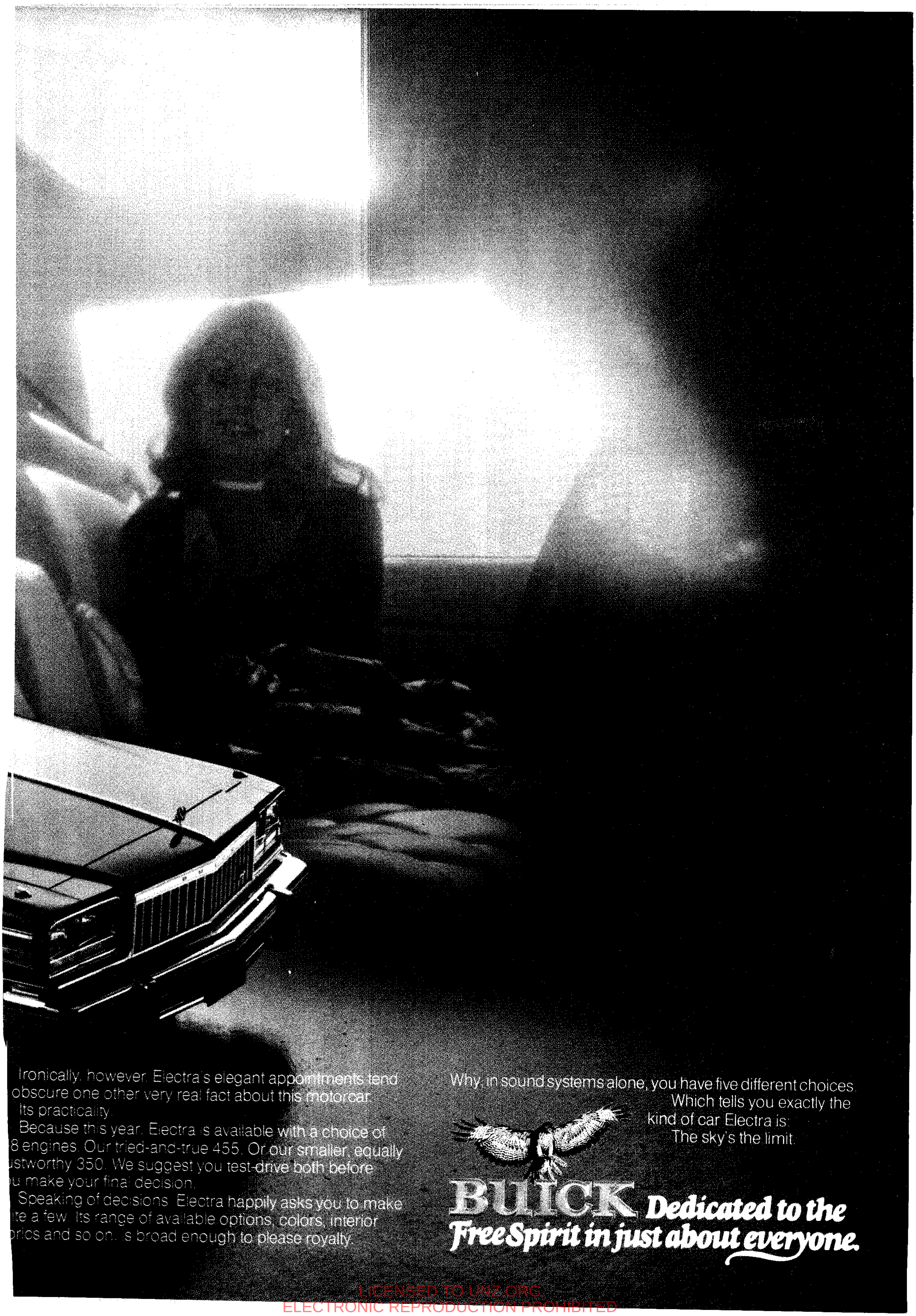

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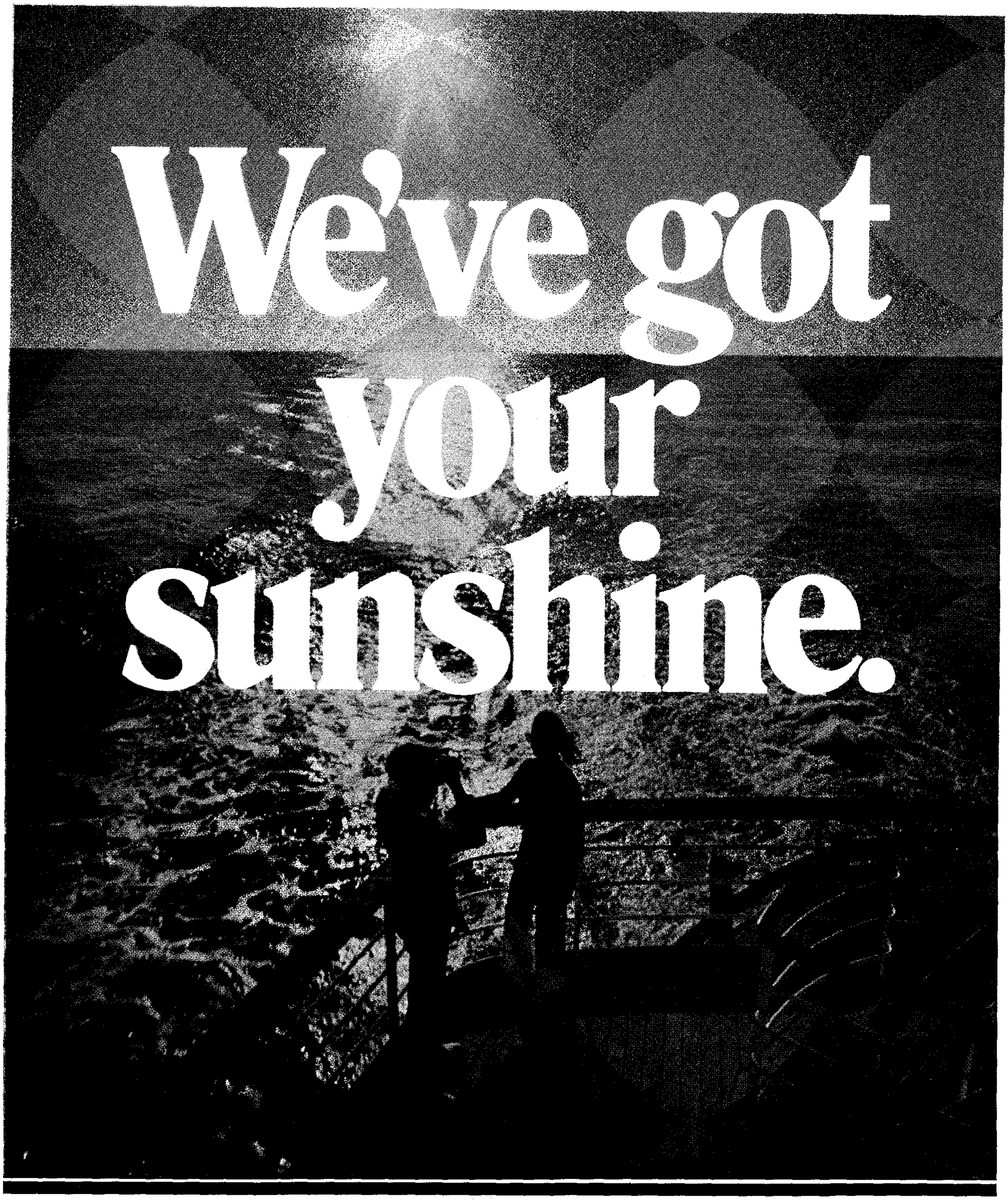
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Wednesday, Feb. 25. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A loan show of seascapes by one American, Milton Avery, and a group of Europeans, including Matisse, Dufy, and Nolde. Through Thursday, Feb. 26. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gallery members Peggy Bacon, John Heliker, Tom Hardy, and others showing recent paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors, plus a few oils and drawings, by a group that includes Feininger and Klee. Through March 27. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, sculptures, and graphics by a group that includes Arthur B. Davies and Gaston Lachaise. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings and drawings dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through March 20. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists. Through March 4.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: **J. JAMES AKSTON** at Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Through Saturday, Feb. 21. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **ELENA KEPALAS** at Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **KOMAR** and **MELAMID** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **KURT SELIGMANN** (1900-62) at La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **BONNIE SKLARSKI** at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **NICHOLAS SPERAKIS** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

BILGÉ FRIEDLAENDER—A two-gallery exhibit of works on paper: Constructions at the Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Through Thursday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Drawings at the Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Feb. 21.

DOROTHY HELLER—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

DARRYL HUGHTO—Abstract paintings. Through March 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JAMES JUSZCZYK—Large paintings with vertical or horizontal bands of earthy color. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

MORRIS KANTOR (1896-1974)—Paintings and drawings from the twenties by an artist who was long a teacher at the Art Students League. Through March 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—Abstract sculpture with a deceptively massive quality, based on such fundamental themes as life, death, and justice, but relieved here and there by, say, an almost representational (and totally ironic) depiction of an angel. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

HANS MOLLER—Landscape paintings, some of the coast of Maine. Through March 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Paintings from the last twelve years by an early Photo-Realist who has taken the measure of New York City bridges and who also likes to paint his dog, his clothes, the molding on his studio walls, and even, on occasion, his easel. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Two series of abstract constructions in wood, one group painted white, the other painted black. Through March 13. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—In a darkened gallery where three sound tracks are going simultaneously and the smell of hot electronic equipment is in the air, an exhibition called "A Search for Clues" is being shown. In one dim room, which is decorated with several large Styrofoam rats, the artist recites a soliloquy (taped) in a wavery voice; in a second, an effigy of the artist, with a dagger plunged into its back, lies at one corner of a large Persian rug while the artist's unseen seven-year-old daughter recites another wavery, taped soliloquy; and in a third, the small ceramic image of a dead Indian (his war bonnet is a mess) lies half buried under a pile of cowhides while taped rock music plays on and on. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (D'Arc, a new gallery, at 15 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN PACE—Landscape and figure paintings. Through March 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—A number of the large, painstakingly rendered nudes that are characteristic of this artist, together with a dozen or so portraits executed in the same searching manner, which somehow leaves the subjects frozen in time. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

HAROLD STEVENSON—Paintings of anatomical details, some depicted as marble, some as flesh and blood. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

DENNY WINTERS—Semi-abstract paintings of tidal waters and swamplands. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Drawings from the early twentieth century to the present by Burchfield, Hopper, Shahn, Levine, and others. Through March 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

MEL BOCHNER—Drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

HILO CHEN—Photo-Realist paintings of beach scenes and women in bathtubs. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

SAMUEL GELBER—Still-lifes of flowers in vases, painted in a traditional manner. Through March 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM L. HANEY—Skillfully rendered oils in which the works of great painters of the past become involved—as pinups in the background or as fundamental parts of the composition, such as the insertion of Hopper's "Nighthawks" in the middle of a large painting titled "All Together Now," which is a sort of pageant of Americana. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Shaped canvases heavily encrusted with marble dust and modelling material and then brushed over with acrylics in such a way that the warmer colors seem to be glowing through the darker ones; the effect is that of a stained-glass window in twilight. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

TERENCE LA NOUE—Semicircle sections made of tobacco cloth, latex, hardboard, and other materials. Through March 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

JOANNA POUSETTE-DART—Serene abstracts made up of large squares and rectangles by the daughter of Richard Pousette-Dart, who is celebrated for circles. Miss P.-D. thinks of her works as landscapes, and attributes the depth of her earthy colors in part to a layer of sand suspended in the underpainting. (From an interview—Q: "What does your father think of your work?" A: "We have long discussions about it.") Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

DAVID ROBINSON / MARY BURTON WHEELER—Magic Realist paintings, in one of which a handsaw blade cutting through a rich wood panel juts out at the viewer. / Small paintings of chairs, in which the artist seems to be seeing them, really, for the first time. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Realist portraits and paintings of nudes. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JOAN SNYDER—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through March 13. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

JAMES WOLFE—Abstract steel sculptures. Through March 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DUFFY,** 157 Spring St.: Bridget Riley, Theodoros Stamos, and Al Held are among the dozen painters who have one work apiece in this show. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Prince St.: A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about thirty artists, including at present Kline, Willem de Kooning, Steinberg, Wesselmann, and Red Grooms, plus erotic bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through March 6. . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Works in a variety of mediums by Kenneth Capps, Thomas Drysdale, Al Souza, and Stuart Shedletsky. Through Saturday, Feb. 21.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **MICHAEL GOLDBERG** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **HAROLD OLEJARZ** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

HARRIET FEIGENBAUM—Bunches of hay tied by wire to wood branches (works inspired by haying methods the artist observed in the Tuscan Valley), together with related drawings on plywood, and photographs. Through Monday, Feb. 23. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

WILLIAM PACHNER—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Camp, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—A memorial exhibition honoring Michael Freilich, the founder and former director of this gallery. Some of the artists taking part in this tribute are Louise Nevelson, Alex Katz, and Conrad Marca-Relli. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ROBERT HEINECKEN / BENNO FRIEDMAN—Erotic images on stretched linen, plus other works. / Manipulated prints. Through March 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through March 6. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by Margaret Mead. . . . ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city. . . . ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. (Open Sundays.) . . . **JANIS,** 6 W. 57th St.: Artists Matisse, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others are the subjects of photographs by a group that includes Man Ray, Brassaï, and Cartier-Bresson. Through March 6. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WITKIN,** in a new location, at 41 E. 57th St.: Examples of the work of Käsebier, Steichen, Stieglitz, and other Photo-Secessionists make up the first of a two-part exhibit of photogravures, halftones, articles, and advertisements taken from Stieglitz's quarterly, *Camera Work*. Through March 20. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of American art from the museum's collection (among them paintings, sculptures, photographs, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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decorative pieces), dating from the seventeenth century through the twentieth.... ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23.... ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23.... ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14.... ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The exhibition "Drawing Now" offers examples by the better-known artists—Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Dine, Hockney, and the rest, along with works of lesser-known, rising stars. The show is confined to the past twenty years, and its objective is to tell us where drawing stands today. The lesson, one feels, is that drawing requires a lot more from the viewer now than it used to. Through March 9.... ¶ An exhibition entitled "Shinjuku: the Phenomenal City" acquaints us with a happy proliferation of tiny cocktail lounges, fast-food joints, bookstores, bawdy houses, rice bars, movies, jewelry stores, wig shops, and so on, that has grown up in the heart of Tokyo, mostly underground. Through March 7.... ¶ Constructivist paintings, sculptures, and other works conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Through March 25.... ¶ A survey of Cubism, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terracottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21.... ¶ A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp. This one overlaps the Museum of Modern Art show to a certain extent, since many of the same artists are represented in both, but the Guggenheim show dates back to the beginning of the century, starting with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.... ¶ The small gallery to the left of the elevators on the first floor is taken up with works in various mediums on various materials (assemblages, collages, drawings on canvas) by an artist named Charles Garabedian, who seems determined to flout every artistic convention he can come to grips with, and who is regarded as something of a renegade painter even in California, where he lives and works. Through Sunday, Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)... ¶ In the fourth-floor gallery, Tuesdays and Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays, through Feb. 29, a series of what the museum calls simply "Performances" is being given. The performers are individuals (e.g., Robert Wilson) and/or groups (e.g., the Medicine Show Theatre Ensemble), and the hours of performing are best established by a call to the museum: 794-0600. No free Tuesday evenings for this lot.

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibit called "Nineteenth-Century American Women Artists," showing paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, for instance, Jane Stuart (a copy of her father's portrait of Washington), Mary Jane Peale (a still-life), and so on, up to Mary Cassatt, who is represented by several aquatints. The show illustrates that women are doing a lot better artistically now than then. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through March 14. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Feb. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia (photographs, programs, costumes, heralds, life-size cutouts of famous stars) celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 18: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by Steuart Bedford. ... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Marina Krilovici, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, and Irene Dalis; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Franco Corelli, Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 23: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Shirley Love, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 24: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Franco Corelli, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 25: *A new production of Bellini's "I Puritani," with* Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 26: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 28: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Franco Corelli, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Feb. 21, at 1:30, and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 25—Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Sung-Sook Lee, Ermanno Mauro, and William Justus; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, John Sandor, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 22, at 1: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Ara Berberian; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 22, at 7:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Richard Fredricks, and William Ledbetter; John Miner.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Eleanor Bergquist, Diane Curry, Elliot Palay, and Ara Berberian; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Sung-Sook Lee, Ermanno Mauro, and William Justus; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, John Sandor, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Eleanor Bergquist, Tullio Pané, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Kurt Weill's "Street Scene," conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 29, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call RI 9-2802, Ext. 31.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, James Levine conducting—Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 20, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30 (all with Lynn Harrell,

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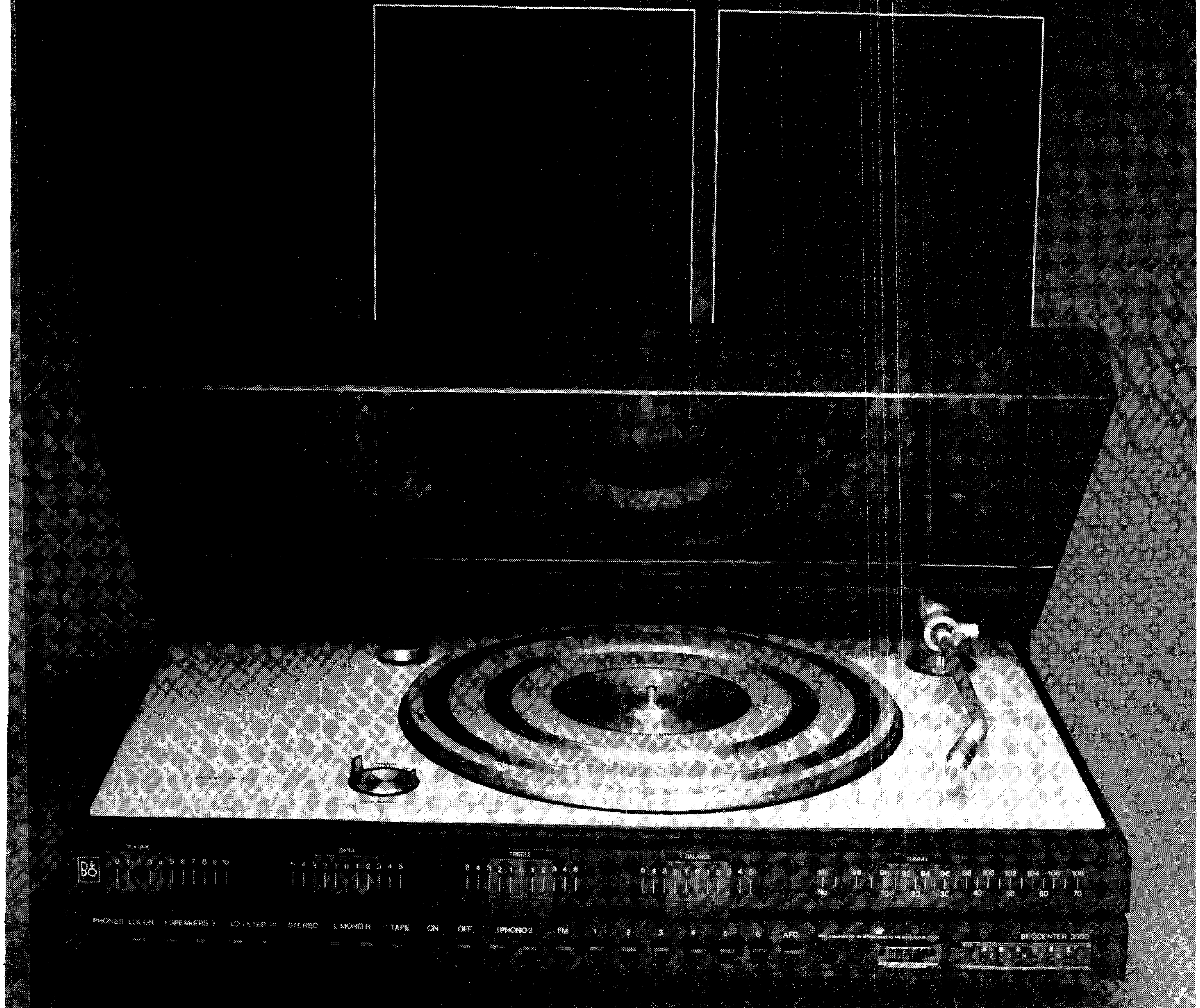

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cello); and Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 27, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 2, at 7:30 (all with Jessye Norman, soprano, and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8:15.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program of American music, with, among others, Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Leo Smit, piano; the Composers String Quartet; and the Gregg Smith Singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 28, from 7 to 11.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano, and William Hellerman, guitar. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a performance of Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle," with Susan Belling, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 5:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama directing, with Diana Hoagland, soprano; James Fankhauser, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; Jan Williams, percussion, and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Netherlands Wind Ensemble—Twenty musicians who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing an all-Vivaldi program, with Isidore Cohen, violin, and Daniel Waitzman, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the second in a series of three programs of Bach Cantatas, this one with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the second in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Developing Years—1800-50." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the first in a series of five all-Bach programs, this one with Carole Bogard, soprano, and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti recital postponed from Jan. 14. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Tashi—Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Renata Tebaldi—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 16. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Stuttgart Piano Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, and Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Ivette Hernandez—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Beverly Sills—Soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. Noted as a reminder only; all tickets have been sold.)

Elena Souliotis and Rolf Björling—Soprano and tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Anthony and Joseph Paratore—Duo piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music of medieval and Renaissance England. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 4:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Guarneri Quartet; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Barry Tuckwell and Robert Routch, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30.)

Marios Papadopoulos—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Edward Eikner—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—The third in a series of five recitals by small groups drawn from the orchestra, this one with David Starobin, guitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Karen Tuttle, viola; and Ellen Mack, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Donald Gramm—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The last in a series of programs of new music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Harvey Pittel—Saxophone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in the second in a series of three programs of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Orford String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Soloists of the Ensemble Nipponia—A program of traditional and contemporary Japanese music. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Martin Best and Edward Flower—Voice/lute/guitar and lute/guitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and keyboard, with Claude Bolling, jazz piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Jiro Yamaguchi—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Carl Ruggles Centenary Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Judith Nicosia, soprano; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and a brass ensemble, string orchestra, and chamber orchestra, all conducted by Mr. Sachs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

New and Newer Music—The Ensemble in an all-Schoenberg program, conducted, in part, by Daniel Shulman, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and Robert Helps, piano. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Denver, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Wednesday, Feb. 25. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2:05.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 21, and the Next Move Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Thursday, June 10. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 21.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 20, at 6:30: United States Olympic Invitational. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 7: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Denise Levertov reading from her own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 28-29, from 10 to 7.)

National Antiques Show—This year's theme honors the British Royal Family, and among the relevant exhibits are a collection of commemorative coronation pieces, political cartoons demonstrating the English point of view at the time of the American Revolution, and an assortment of British coins used in the Colonies in 1776. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 18-21, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 22, from noon to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 20, at 2: Nineteenth-century bronzes, from the estate of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: Nineteenth-century furniture and decorations; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Americana letters, documents, and books, including a collection of George Washington's signed autograph letters. From various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Printed books and autographs; from several collectors.

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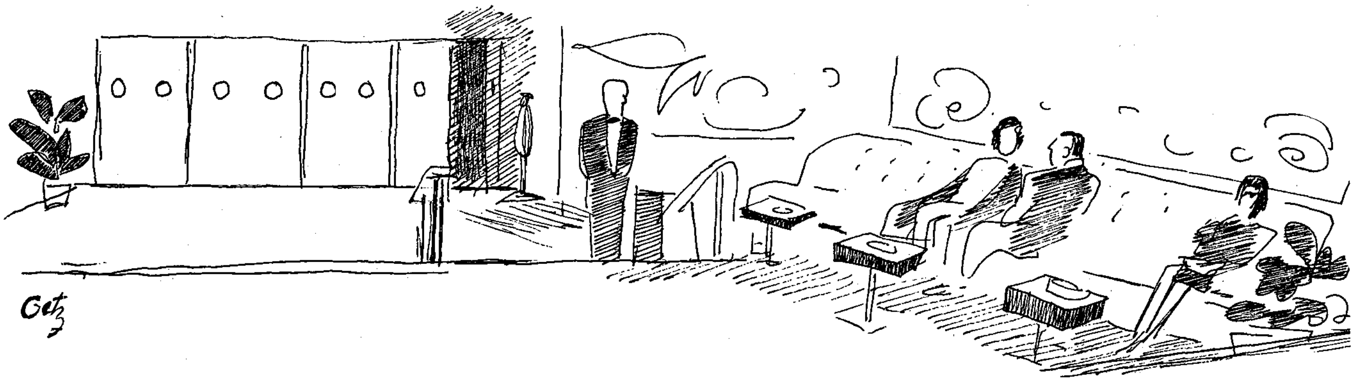
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 24: "The Romantic Englishwoman" and "Day for Night."
From Feb. 25: "Three Days of the Condor" and "Don't Look Now."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Slap" and "Bed and Board."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 24: "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From Feb. 25: "Three Days of the Condor."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gable and Lombard."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"All Screwed Up."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Feb. 24: "Lies My Father Told Me."
From Feb. 25: "Catherine & Co."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 21: "Barry Lyndon."
From Feb. 22: "Salut l'Artiste."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"A Touch of Sex" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Nashville."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cher Victor."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 24: "Rancho Deluxe."
From Feb. 25: "Three Days of the Condor."

Juliet, 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"All Screwed Up."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (X-rated).

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Gable and Lombard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Psychic Killer."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Feb. 24: "Cooley High" and "Cornbread, Earl and Me."
From Feb. 25: "Black Dragon's Revenge" and "Force Four."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Feb. 24: "Hester Street."
From Feb. 25: "All Screwed Up."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Dog Day Afternoon."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 24: "Nashville." From Feb. 25: "The American Soldier" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."
Theatre 4: "Hustle."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Challenge to Be Free."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Tuesday, Feb. 24.)

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 24: "The Romantic Englishwoman" and "11 Harrowhouse."
From Feb. 25: "Three Days of the Condor" and "Report to the Commissioner."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 19: "Scent of a Woman."
From Feb. 20: "Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"All Screwed Up."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Hester Street."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Lies My Father Told Me."
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: "The Hindenburg."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Nashville."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

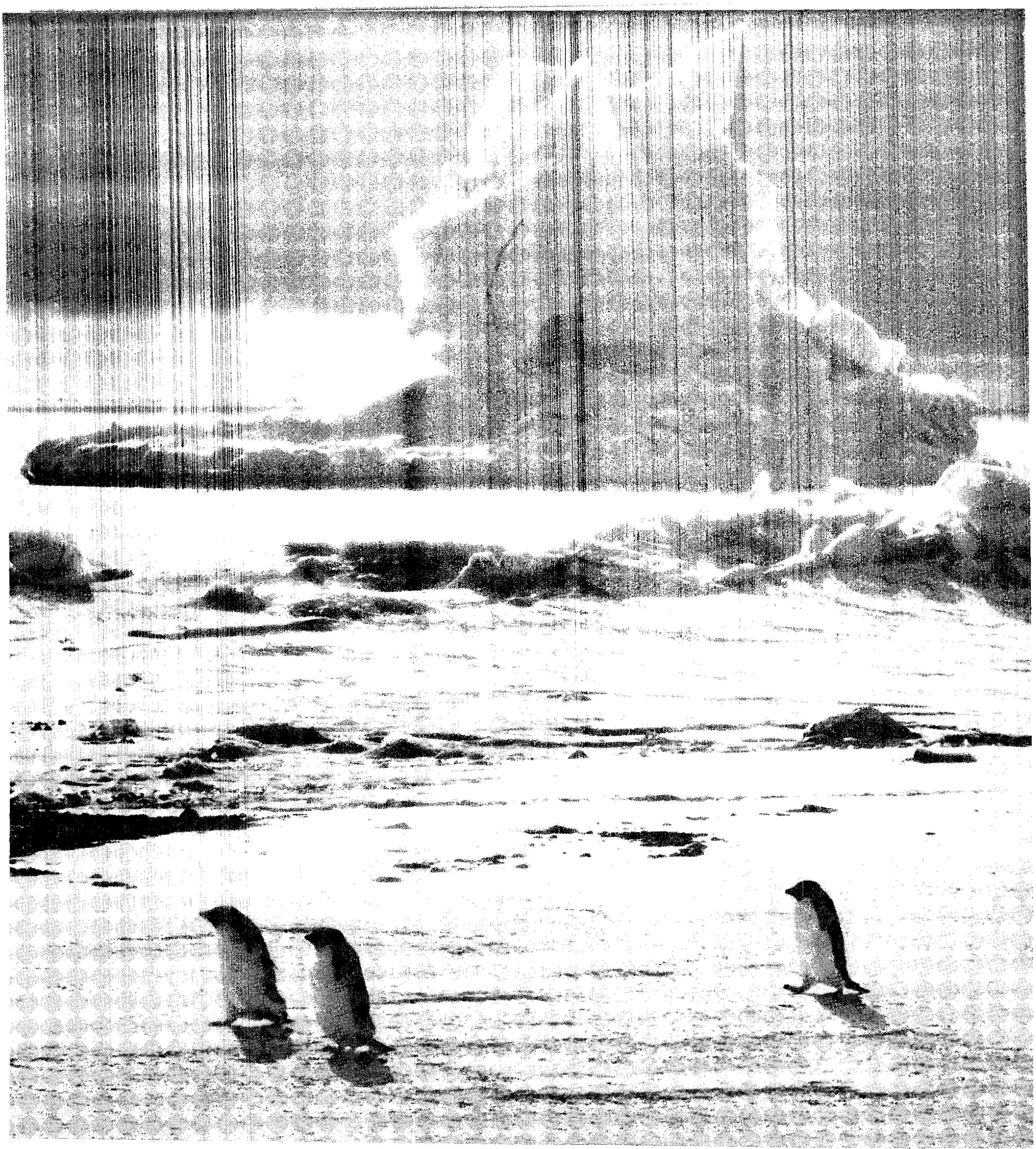
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 24: "The Romantic Englishwoman" and "Thieves Like Us."
From Feb. 25: "Three Days of the Condor" and "The White Dawn."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 18: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by, and with, Vittorio De Sica."
Feb. 19: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.
Feb. 20: "History Book" (1972) and "Animal Farm" (1954), both animated films.
Feb. 21: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Feb. 22: "Shane" (†) and "Red River." (†)
Feb. 23: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Sylvia Pinal; and "A Report on the Party and the Guests." (†)
Feb. 24: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.
Feb. 25: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (†) and "The Gold of Naples." (†)
Feb. 26: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 18: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady; and "Tout Va Bien" (1972), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard, with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda.
Feb. 19: "I Could Go on Singing" (1963), directed by Ronald Neame, with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon; and "A Double Life" (1948), directed by George Cukor, with Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso, and Edmond O'Brien."
Feb. 20: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Murmur of the Heart"



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(1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.

Feb. 21: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Feb. 22: "Hamlet" (†) and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)

Feb. 23: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Nightcomers." (†)

Feb. 24: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Tomás *Gutiérrez Alea, with Sergio Corrieri; and* "Before the Revolution." (†)

Feb. 25: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (†) and "Le Million." (†)

Feb. 26: "The Spiral Staircase" (†) and "The Killers." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Feb. 18: "Patton" (1970), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott.

Feb. 19: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates; and "Billy Budd" (1962), directed by Peter Ustinov, with Robert Ryan, Melvyn Douglas, Terence Stamp, and Ustinov himself.

Feb. 20: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.

Feb. 21: "Lisztomania" (†); and "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed.

Feb. 22: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Feb. 23: "Spartacus." (†)

Feb. 24: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "Ludwig." (†)

Feb. 25: "The Yakuza" (†), and "Zatoichi's Conspiracy" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu.

Feb. 26: "Love and Death" (1975), "Take the Money and Run" (1969), and "Bananas" (1971), all films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Feb. 21: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

Feb. 22-24: "Strange Interlude" (†) and "Anna Christie." (†)

From Feb. 25: "Kismet" (†) and "Kiss Me Kate." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of films by Michael Snow: Feb. 19 at 8: "La Region Centrale" (1970-71). . . . Feb. 20 at 2: "Wavelength" (1966-67). . . . Feb. 21 at 3: "Standard Time" (1967) and "Back and Forth" (1968-69). . . . Feb. 21 at 5:30: Four short films. . . . Feb. 22 at 3: Three short films. . . . Feb. 23 at 2: "Standard Time" and "Back and Forth." . . . Feb. 23 at 4: "Wavelength." . . . Feb. 24 at 2: Four short films. . . . Feb. 26 at 6: "Rameau's Nephew" (1972-74). In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (starting Thursday, Feb. 19) ten large photographic works by Mr. Snow. . . . ¶ Other, non-Snow, films scheduled during this period are: Feb. 19 at 2: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda and Alice Brady. . . . Feb. 19 at 5:30: "The President Vanishes" (1934), directed by William Wellman, with Arthur Byron and Edward Arnold. . . . Feb. 20 at 5:30: "Young Mr. Lincoln." . . . Feb. 21-22 at noon: "Riley the Cop" (1928), directed by John Ford, with J. Farrell MacDonald and Louise Fazenda. . . . Feb. 22 at 5:30: "8½" (1963), in *Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with* Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée; English subtitles. . . . Feb. 26 at 2: "The Youth of Maxim" (1935), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintzev and Leonid Trauberg, with Boris Chirkov; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Gerson, Sonbert, Ozu, Riefenstahl, Kirsanov, Méliès, Vertov, Vigo, Murnau, Renoir, and others. Showings Feb. 18 at 8; Feb. 19 at 6 and 8; Feb. 20 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 21 at 2:30, 6, and 8; Feb. 22 at 8; and Feb. 24-26 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 19-22: A program of eleven short films by women. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 26: A program of three films by women. Showing Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—*Gene Wilder's talent is evident in* the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Art, Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

All Screwed Up—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there are sequences like a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 25.)

The American Soldier (1970)—With Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 25.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 22-24.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Feb. 21.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-*Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have de*veloped a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Cinema Village.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 24.)

Catherine & Co.—With Jane Birkin and Patrick Dewaere, directed by *Michel Boisrond. In* French. (Fine Arts; starting Feb. 25.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild.)

Cher Victor—With Bernard Blier, Jacques Dufilho, and Alida Valli, directed by Robin Davis. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cooley High—A gentle-natured but light-minded and secondhand film about a group of black *high-school kids whose escapades are im*portant now mostly because the movie is set in 1964, which bestows a bogus dramatic irony. Directed, heftily, by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 24.)

BARONET
CORONET

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 24.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 24.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Beekman, and Quad Cinema.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 25.)

11 Harrowhouse (1974)—An awkward, harmless, small-time American (Charles Grodin) tries to rob the international diamond syndicate, based in London and headed by John Gielgud. This lackadaisical caper comedy is inoffensive, but the comic ideas don't build or

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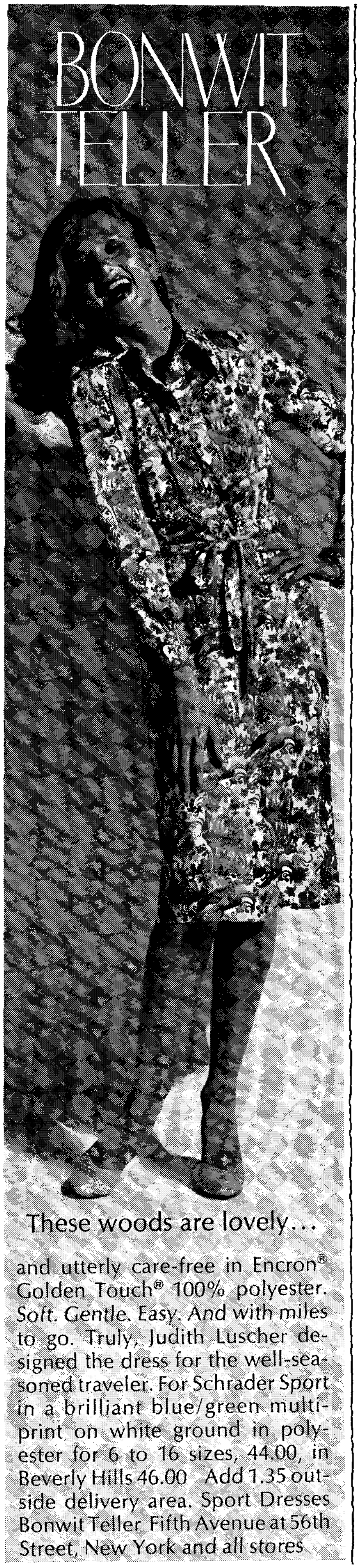

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

erupt, and since the director, Aram Avakian, fails to get any suspense going, it becomes a bumbling and stupid romp. The cast includes Candice Bergen at her most beautiful (she's so consistently gorgeous that she looks like a science-fiction creation); Trevor Howard, waving his arms a lot in a helpless attempt to earn his salary; Helen Cherry; and James Mason, who provides the only two good scenes in the movie. Playing an underling of Gielgud's, he shows the sly, almost dirty sense of farce that he demonstrated in "Lolita." (10/21/74) (Playboy; through Feb. 24.)

Gable and Lombard—With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh in the title roles. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Vittorio De Sica directed this collection of Neapolitan episodes, featuring Totò as a little clown imposed on by a bullying racketeer, Silvana Mangano as a prostitute, Sophia Loren in her celebrated comic turn as a pizza seller, and De Sica himself as a gambler—which the whole world knows he was. He was also a director who could combine melancholy and wit. It's an uneven film, but Loren walking and De Sica gambling are works of art. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles Brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris; starting Feb. 20.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1, and Regency. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 24.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. When the director, Robert Aldrich, tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Indiscretion of an American Wife (1954)—The clashing temperaments of the producer, David Selznick; the director, Vittorio De Sica; and the stars, Jennifer Jones (at the time Mrs. Selznick) and Montgomery Clift, resulted in a very odd (and commercially unsuccessful) love drama, which was shot between many a midnight and dawn at Rome's railway station. De Sica had wanted to film a small-scale Cesare Zavattini story about a love affair that doesn't work out, but agreed to set it in the then new thirty-five-million-dollar colossal railway station to satisfy Selznick's desire for grandeur. The film is remarkable chiefly for the way De Sica used Clift: something weak-willed—almost oozingly soft—came through in his performance, and it is impossible to tell how much of this was intended by the actor or the director. It is unlike Clift's work in any other movie. With Richard Beymer and Gino Cervi. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—With Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton, directed by Norman Panama. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

The Killers (1946)—Ernest Hemingway's short story about the man who does not try to escape his killers is acted out tensely and accurately, and, for once, the gangster-thriller material added to it is not just padding but is shrewdly conceived (by Anthony Veiller and John Huston, although Huston's name does not appear in the script credits) to show why the man didn't care enough about life to run away. Under the expert direction of Robert Siodmak, Burt Lancaster gives his first screen performance (and is astonishingly effective), and Siodmak has also done wonders with Ava Gardner. With Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, Donald MacBride, Vince Barnett, and Jeff Corey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

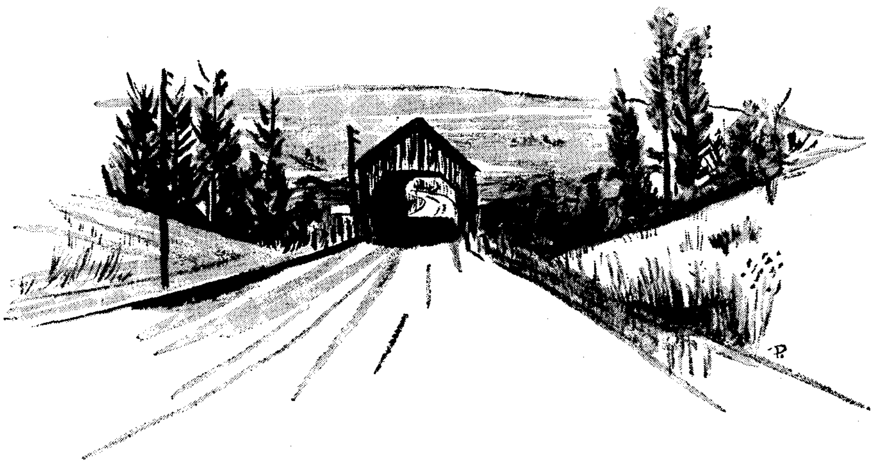
The Killing of a Chinese Bookie—With Ben Gazzara, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Kismet (1955)—This time, it was Vincente Minnelli who tried his hand with the familiar material, in a Hollywood-doctored version of the Broadway show that featured music derived from Borodin (including "A Stranger in Paradise" and the ubiquitous "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads"). Despite Howard Keel's relaxed, strong voice and Dolores Gray's lowdown wiles, it didn't work the way it had on the stage. Defeat seems to hover over the players' heads; maybe over the years the material had simply been flogged to death. Jack Cole stages the dances; with Ann Blyth, Vic Damone, Monty Woolley, and Sebastian Cabot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 25.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 25.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through Feb. 24.)

Lisztomania—In a couple of sequences, it erupts



successfully with a wholehearted, controlled comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (11/24/75) (Elgin; Feb. 21.)

LOVE AND ANARCHY (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker.)

LUDWIG (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Elgin; Feb. 24.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival. No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Tuesday, Feb. 24.)

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

THE MERCHANT OF FOUR SEASONS (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 25.)

LE MILLION (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

NASHVILLE—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (D. W. Griffith, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 24.)

NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

THE NIGHTCOMERS (1972)—Ingenious but literal-

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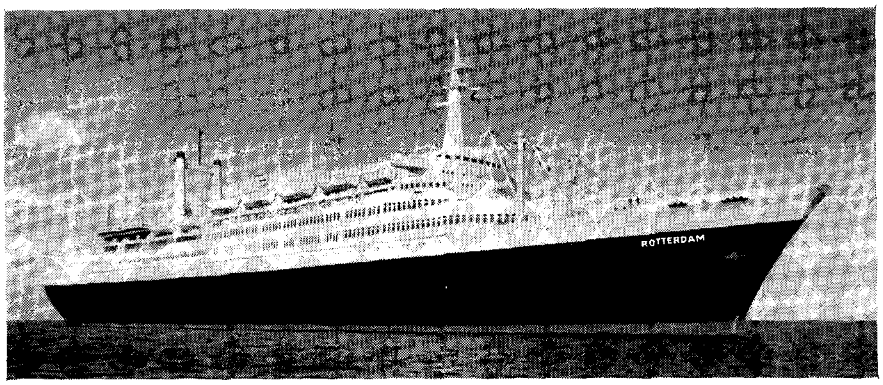

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minded prelude to Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," showing how Peter Quint (Marlon Brando) and Miss Jessel (Stephanie Beacham) corrupted the children. Quite well done—both Brando and Miss Beacham are very fine—yet pointless, since it is effective neither as a horror story nor as a psychological study. It leaves the viewer cold. Michael Winner directed, from a script by Michael Hastings. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 23.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Psychic Killer—With Jim Hutton and Paul Burke, directed by Raymond Danton. (86th St. East.)

Rancho Deluxe—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. The self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (72nd Street East; through Feb. 24.)

Red River (1948)—A Howard Hawks film. John Wayne plays the heavy, and a magnificent young actor called Montgomery Clift is the stepson in a cattle Western full of stampedes and bang-bang battles with Indians. Hawks worshippers claim much too much for this film, but Clift is elating. He glitters with audacity and talent. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 22.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests (1966)—Jan Němec's Czech fable about totalitarianism was banned instantly in 1966, when it was made, and released in 1968 by the Dubček regime. The allegory is about a picnic that turns into a frightening feast in the company of a load of convivial-looking, overbearing strangers who behave as if they were fellow-picnickers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 23.)

Report to the Commissioner (1975)—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Playboy; starting Feb. 25.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through Feb. 24.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—The dramatic rhythm of the play is lost, but this Anglo-Italian production, directed by Renato Castellani, is extraordinarily rich and voluptuous, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, and Siena, and with costumes by Leonor Fini that are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Laurence Harvey (at twenty-six) gives Romeo a lively reading; Susan Shentall, a nonprofessional, is lovely as Juliet but lacks voice and presence. The Capulets' ball has such sensuality that it conveys a better idea of what the play is *about* than conventional stage productions do. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22.)

Salut l'Artiste—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet; starting Feb. 22.)

Scent of a Woman—Vittorio Gassman, acting high on the hog, as a sardonic Army captain blinded in an explosion. We're supposed to be enchanted by his macho gallantry as he dashes around Genoa and Rome, literally smelling woman, the way hunters in movies used to claim they could smell bear. Is there still an audience for this kind of romantic swill? Dino Risi directed. In Italian. (Paris; through Feb. 19.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth—though this particular myth was ready for the remainder counter before the director, George Stevens, picked it up. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. The film is overplanned and uninspired; Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth some sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 22.)

The Slap (1974)—Isabelle Adjani playing a charmingly thoughtless, petulant, fibbing teen-ager in a heartwarming French comedy of the sort that generally isn't imported because it's assumed that Americans who go to foreign films won't be attracted by the French equivalent of the Debbie Reynolds and Sandra Dee movies of the late fifties. Claude Pinoteau directs competently, but the movie is contrived out of spun sugar and endless misunderstandings. Lino Ventura and Annie Girardot are the heroine's estranged parents. In French. (Cinema Village.)

Spartacus (1960)—Unusually entertaining spectacular film, directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas as the slave gladiator Spartacus, who leads a rebellion of his fellow-slaves against the might of Rome. Spartacus makes some conscientious speeches—out of Howard Fast (who wrote the novel) by way of Dalton Trumbo (who did the screenplay)—but there's so much else going on that it's easy to brush off the moralizing. Laurence Olivier is in endearing form as Crassus, the talented Jean Simmons has never been more beautiful, and Woody Strode is magnificently noble. The large cast seems to be having a high good time. It includes Peter Ustinov, Charles Laughton, Tony Curtis, Nina Foch, Herbert Lom, John Gavin, John Ireland, John Dall, and John Hoyt. Hearst's San Simeon was used for some of the locations. (196 minutes.) (Elgin; Feb. 23.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

Strange Interlude (1932)—Whoever decided to revive this forgot that sound bit of advice: let sleeping dogs lie. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable star in this version of the Eugene O'Neill play, directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 22-24.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Olympia; through Feb. 24.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Feb. 25.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

The White Dawn (1974)—Eskimo villagers and three stranded whaleboaters near the North Pole in the late eighteen-nineties. With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett; directed by Philip Kaufman. (Olympia; starting Feb. 25.)

The Yakuza—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their "code" is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penance. A swaggeringly meretricious fairy tale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. (3/24/75) (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the last few weeks, a number of spokesmen for the executive branch have begun to talk about a new danger emanating from the Soviet Union. Helmut Sonnenfeldt, an aide to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, recently observed that the Soviet Union was acquiring "the habits of imperial conduct," and then the Secretary of State himself said, in a speech in San Francisco, "What is new today is the culmination of thirty years of postwar growth of Soviet industrial, technological, and military power." And he said, "For the first time in history, the Soviet Union can threaten distant places beyond the Eurasian landmass—including the United States. With no part of the world outside the range of its military forces, the U.S.S.R. has begun to define its interests and objectives in global terms." If phrases such as "what is new today" and "for the first time in history" lent an air of breathless discovery to Secretary Kissinger's description of Soviet power, some remarks made not long ago by General Alexander Haig, the commander of NATO, introduced a note of near-panic. In an interview in *Newsweek*, General Haig spoke of the Soviet Union's strategy of "worldwide imperialism," and said, "What we have been witnessing, at a relentless pace, is the propulsion of Soviet geopolitical power to superpower status." He added, "We are getting to the fine edge of disaster." In other words, hostility between the United States and the Soviet Union, far from being over, or even reduced, is just starting up in earnest. General Haig moved the Cold War from the past into the future.

These suggestions that an unprecedented threat from the Soviet Union is taking shape seemed to us to imply a sweeping nullification of past government policy, and they prompted us to look at some of the statements that were made back in the years when—so the American people are now told—the Soviet Union was only a local menace. We were quickly confirmed in our recollection that if the Soviet Union was without global designs in the postwar years, no one in or around our government knew it. For example, in 1957 Kissinger, who was a professor at Harvard at the time, wrote, " 'We will bury you,' Nikita Khrushchev has said, and the democracies would have been spared much misery had they not so often insisted that dictators do not mean what they say." And President Eisenhower was only reflecting an official consensus that lasted for decades when he said in 1956 that the basic aim of Soviet Communist policy was "to conquer the world, through world revolution if possible, but in any way," and went on to say, "Anyone that has read any of their books knows that their doctrine is lies, deceit, subversion, war if necessary, but in any way: conquer the world."

It may be that this recent discovery of Soviet imperialism carries with it a confession that in the past the United States government overestimated the danger posed by Communism. A danger can hardly be called "new" if it has been in existence for some thirty years. One sentence in Kissinger's San Francisco speech hints at the possibility of such historical revisionism. "This evolution," he said, speaking of the growth of Soviet power, "is now rooted in real power, rather than a rhetorical manifestation of a universalist doctrine, which in fact has very little validity or appeal." The suggestion is that in past years the danger of world conquest by the Communists was in large part "rhetorical" rather than "real"—to which one can only add that whether it was real or not it has ruled this country's political life for thirty years. Any admission of error, however, if there is one, is to be found strictly between the lines. To a reader of the lines themselves, the oblivion into which the past three decades have sunk is complete, and the reader is left to marvel at the imperturbable self-confidence and the boundless forgetfulness of our public officials.

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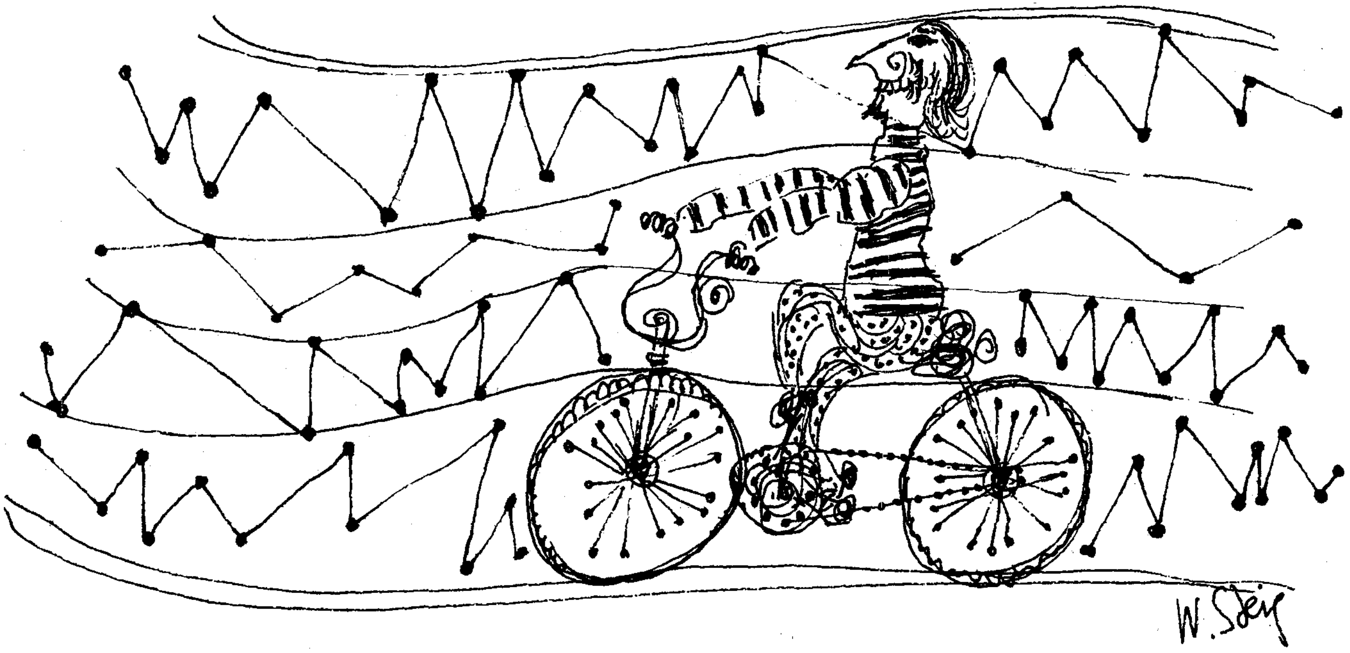
Turn Backward, O Time!

JOSEPH TROMBETTI, who has been the executive chef of the Plaza Hotel for nineteen years, has just been awarded the Grand Prize of the Salon of Culinary Art, which is the Silver Medal of the French Government. Chef Trombetti, forty-five years old, of no noticeable girth and of remarkably good disposition, presides over an underground kingdom the size of Liechtenstein. He begins his day with no breakfast except coffee, lunches at two (still underground), and has dinner at home, on the southern border of Westchester County. He usually cooks his own lunch. His wife cooks dinner. He follows this routine six days a week—seven when there is a special occasion at the Plaza on a Sunday. A small banquet in his honor was given one night recently. He cooked more than half of that. The Plaza kitchen is a vast array of white-tiled columns and walls set off here and there by the



Bicycle Jaunt

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calm black and calm gray of ranges and other equipment. It's so big that, to guide the waiters, signs and arrows point to all the stairs and the elevators leading to the dining rooms and banqueting halls aloft. No Smoking—No Se Fuma. The only exception to this rule is at the chef's table—a real table covered with one of the Plaza's classic big pink tablecloths, and a little quadrangle of peace amid the enormous controlled chaos of the kitchen. It is far enough away from the up-to-date dishwashing machines and the turn-of-the-century silver-polishing machines, which make old silver plate look new by dousing it in a cascade of water and ball bearings, to be comparatively quiet—the proper atmosphere in which to eat subtle food. At one o'clock on the day on which Chef Trombetti received his award, the only man at the chef's table was an officer of the Société Culinaire Philanthropique de New York. As he waited for Trombetti to join him, sous-chefs of the Plaza approached one by one, bowed, and presented themselves for a moment's conversation.

Some hours later that day, we heard about all this when, as we were coursing our way through the lobby of the Plaza, an unmarked door that we had never before seen was opened and our friend the old curmudgeon appeared. "I've just spent almost the whole day belowdecks making one of my annual tours of inspection," he said, "and I've come upstairs with a hot tip. Can you have dinner with me in the Oak Room?"

We could, and the hot tip was little sautéed bay scallops on a bed of spinach sautéed in butter. "My inspection today," the curmudge told us, "also included the Edwardian Room, which is now again the Edwardian Room, and not the Green Tulip—a redecoration of the old classic which had us steady old patrons fainting in coils for some years. The Oak Room, thank God, didn't need much restoration, and, as you can see, what it needed has been accomplished. I feel sad about what happens to old hotels. They come to be looked upon as rich old widows. One of my pets, the Chatham, just north of Grand Central Terminal, which fed us all for a few years before Prohibition ended, because it had the finest open-and-aboveboard speakeasy in town, disappeared long since. The old McAlpin, where all of us who were classmates of young Benny McAlpin at Princeton could stay weekends at half rate—four dollars a night—as guests of his father, who owned the hotel, was bought up a few weeks ago, for the second time, by the Sheraton chain. The families that built the great old hotels tire of them or die out, and so the hotels are sold to the chains. Many of the chain hotels are run by managing directors who have wives who think they are interior decorators and get on the payroll at twenty-five thousand per. Fine old moldings and panellings are replaced by plastics that would be of value only if they were edible. The New Haven Railroad was helped on its way to one of its bankruptcies by an interior-decorator wife who had the same sort of ideas. Conrad Hilton gathered in the Plaza from the United States Realty & Improvement Company, the way you gather in those Atlantic City hotels in the game called Monopoly. Hilton and some other chain-hotel owners collected so many hotels that the Justice Department, which watches over such things as incipient monopolies, decided that these men were winning the game, and told them to start all over again, with fewer hotels. At any rate, Hilton had sold the Plaza shortly before to A. M. Sonnabend, of Boston, and now the Plaza has come into the hands of Western International Hotels, a chain that was a small Far Western outfit when I began patronizing it. Montana, Utah, Idaho—places like that. That, as I remember, is also the way the Hilton chain began. Small and far away. Enchanted by the name of a railway, the Quanah Acme & Pacific, I determined quite a few years ago to explore it during my annual inspection tour of Texas, and nightfall found me in Plainview, in that state, at the portals of a hotel that proclaimed itself to be The Hilton. According to the receptionist, it was the original Hilton. It was fully booked by a convention, but I levelled my basilisk eye upon the receptionist and he, transfixed, said that I could occupy the grand ballroom after ten P.M. Armed with a key, I let myself into the ballroom at ten-oh-one P.M. and discovered in a huge expanse of stacked tables and chairs a fully furnished cot and, beside it, what was apparently the ballroom's piano stool. Just off limits there was a properly prepared bathroom. In less than fifteen minutes, I had found the switches that extinguished all the lights and spotlights and was abed. In peace—until seven-fifteen the next morning, when a rather startled housemaid, duster at the ready, came upon me. The bill I paid was moderate for the grandeur I had endured, and as I was paying it I noticed a banner above the cashier's desk: "NOW AT LAST YOU CAN HAVE HILTON SERVICE IN NEW YORK TOO AT THE PLAZA HOTEL." Ah, me, were the winds of change about to begin blowing at home? The Hilton in Plainview still stands, and under that name, though it is no longer part of the Hilton chain."

A moderately young man in a three-piece suit—Frank Finneran, the Plaza's manager—approached our table. The o.c. eyed the waistcoat with evident approval. "It has been reported to me," Mr. Finneran said to the curmudgeon, "that you have been belowstairs for some hours and have just come up. I thought I would find you in here."

"I've been nosing about your premises today," the curmudgeon said, "and I'm happy to say that the hotel is beginning to look more like its old, original self. As you know, I spent most of my younger years in hotels." The old curmudgeon never says "my childhood," because it is so unlikely that a man of his mien began life as a child. "In fact, I always wanted to be a hotel manager."

"So did I," said Finneran, "and now I'm one up on you. And I've got ten and a half million dollars to spend on making this hotel look the way you remember it. Have you seen the Persian Room?"

"Yes. I was there at a party the other night to hear my old friend Eartha Kitt sing. A funny girl. I went backstage to see her and talk about the days when she and I were together at the old Blue Angel. And, by the way, if you have ten and a half million dollars to spend, why didn't I see any of those handsome Persian Room matchbooks with the green and blue triangles all over them?"

"Well," said Finneran, "I don't know about those matchbooks, but we *are* getting the big white Plaza Hotel matchbooks as soon as a strike in Ohio is over." Then he asked if the o.c. had seen the restoration going on upstairs. The o.c. hadn't, so after dinner—in the company of Mr. Finneran; Mal Seymourian, one of his associates; and Steve Pletcher, who is in charge of the hotel's reformation—we got into an elevator. Finneran said that the elevators were the one impending change that might bother the old curmudgeon. The original Plaza elevators are mounted on steel shafts twenty stories high and are operated by hydraulic pressure. When the elevators are at ground level, the tips of the shafts are twenty stories underground. The customers, it seems, complain about the slowness of the ascent. "We'll try to make the cages of the electric elevators that will replace those like the one we're in look exactly the same," Finneran said. "And anyway these cages will all be preserved, because we've had bids for every one of them from our patrons."

The curmudgeon said, "I'll take one of them right now. It would make a lovely gazebo on my place in the country."

The best of the upstairs suites opened to us by Finneran's pass key were, naturally, the ones looking north over Central Park, with a little turret at the Fifth Avenue corner of the living room. It was a rainy evening, and Central Park was an Impressionist painting of the Bois de Boulogne. The o.c. sat in every chair he could, and smiled. "No plastic," he said. In many of the suites, the moldings and the ceiling ornamentation and the wall panellings and the gray marble fireplaces were in their pristine state. "Oops," said Finneran as he opened up one suite. He and the curmudgeon stared at a bare ceiling and at wall moldings painted an unpleasant robin's-egg blue. Then they stared at each other. "We're not renting this suite until it's fixed," Finneran said.

The curmudgeon ended his day at the Plaza in the Palm Court, eating Schwarzwalder cake and French ice cream. "Have to watch my waistline," he said. "And, you know, I'm puzzled by those three young men who have been showing us around. They love their work and they seem to know how to do it. What next?"

The two of us sat at a table near the plat-

"And I'll tell you something else. Every time you say goodbye I hear a rhapsody."

form on which in other days there had been a little night music. Suddenly, there was a little night music again. A Viennese violinist raised his bow to his fiddle, then spotted the o.c. "I haven't seen you in all the years since Nino's closed," he said, and he asked the pianist, "Do you see who's out front?"

"Watch this," the o.c. said to us. "They're going to ask us what we want them to play, and I'm going to say the entire score of Leo Fall's 'The Dollar Princess.' It's an old joke. I love to stump musicians with it."

"What do you want us to play?" the violinist asked the curmudge.

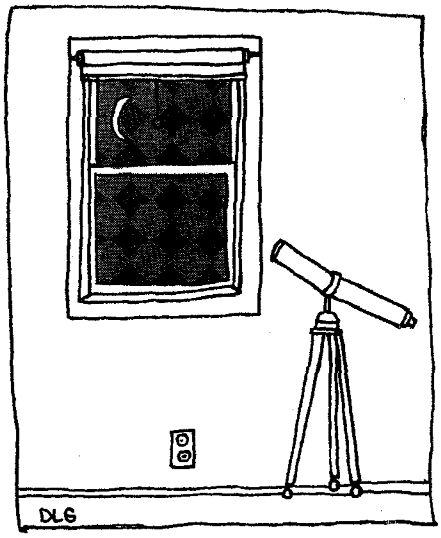
"How about the entire score of 'The Dollar Princess'?" he said.

Headquarters

TO get to the campaign headquarters of Sam (Mr. Clean) Silverstein, independent write-in candidate for President of the United States, you go to 507 Fifth Avenue, ride the elevator to the third floor, step up to the reception counter, and ask for Sylvia. Chances are excellent Sylvia will be in. She will buzz Alan Abel, the free-lance public-relations man who runs Sam Silverstein's campaign. Chances are pretty good Mr. Abel will be in, and if he is, he will step out of his office, which used to be a broom closet, and tell you all about his man. Chances are slim you will get to meet Sam Silverstein, who, because he hates to travel, has decided to sit out most of the campaign at home in Pittsburgh. As Presidential candidates go, Sam Silverstein is diverting. For starters, he uses a nom de campaign to discourage crank callers, his real name being Allan Pinsker. Pinsker/Silverstein promises *nothing* and says he can deliver on that promise. He wants to take all the members of Congress off salary and pay them on a straight commission basis. He declares he will resign if elected. Silverstein doesn't deserve a place on anyone's list of "serious candidates," but he is genuinely, officially in the race. The room across the hall from Mr. Abel's office is the Silverstein for President headquarters. It has a view of Fifth Avenue, two desks, and lots of crêpe-paper streamers. In fact, inch for inch, the Silverstein digs have more crêpe-paper streamers and crêpe-paper bunting than any of the eleven other Presidential-campaign headquarters recently set up in Manhattan, and we know, because we have seen them all.

A lot can be learned from a tour of a dozen Presidential headquarters. A well-equipped campaign office has three indispensables: a coffee machine, a printing press or photocopier, and good phones. For instance, when we visited Senator Henry Jackson's office, on East Fifty-seventh Street, the other day, a man from the Telephone Company was busy installing sufficient hardware to keep a prodigious number of voters on hold indefinitely. In this respect, the Jackson nerve center compares favorably with the Silverstein headquarters, which has a phone-answering machine that will deliver a tape-recorded message from the candidate but has no copying or coffee facilities. The Jackson people believe in phones, and they believe in the photogenic powers of their candidate; they have his picture posted all over the place. This follows the pattern of most of the other Democrats—Fred Harris, Jimmy Carter, Birch Bayh, Morris Udall, and Stanley Arnold—who currently have what could be called "working offices" in town.

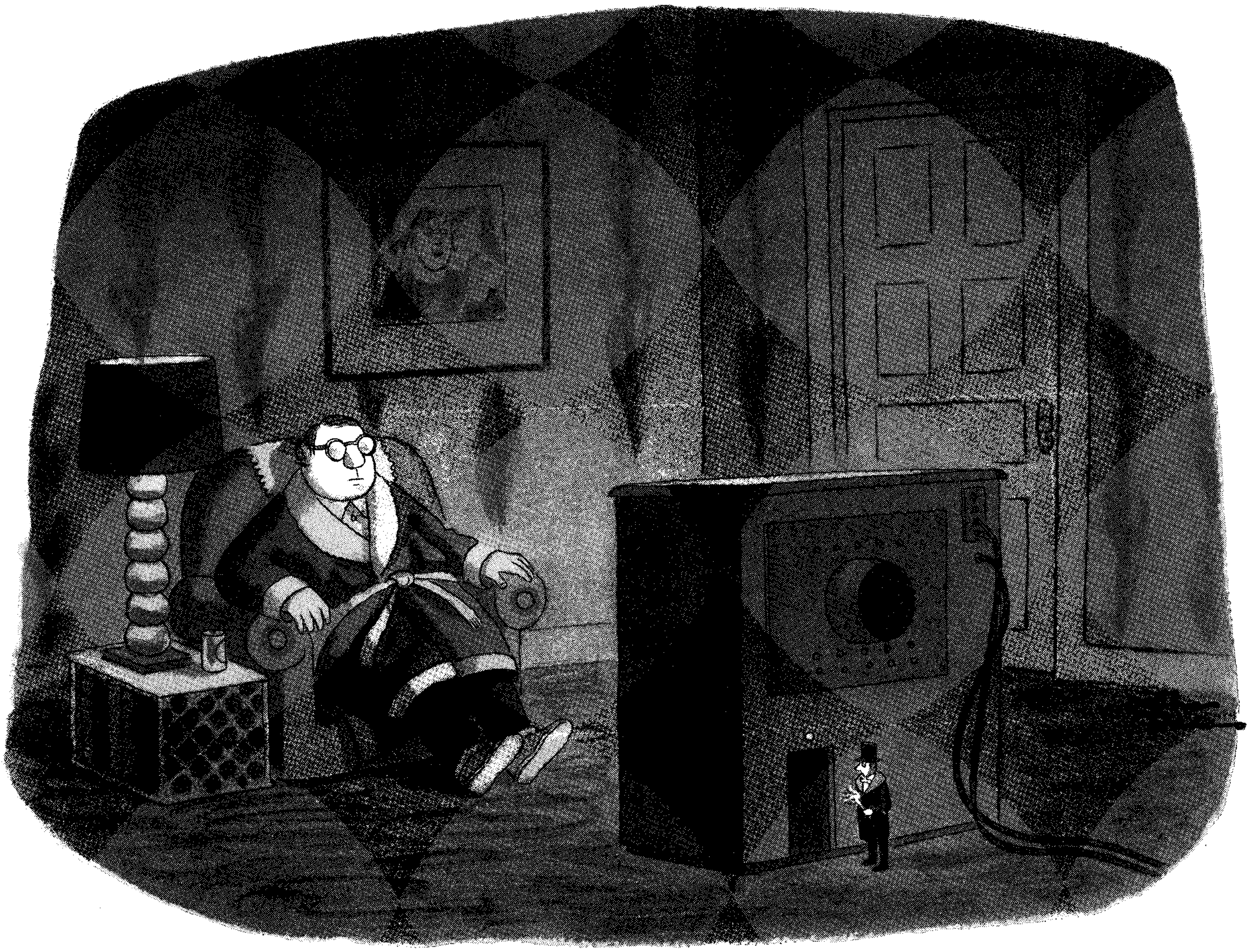
With the exception of Arnold (about whom more in a moment), the Democrats have headquarters that are generically consistent. They are scattered about midtown in office buildings, and occupy uninspired work spaces that have been moved into hastily and often divided into jerry-built cubicles. The Democrats go in big for charts and lists and volunteer-sign-up sheets and envelopes. The charts break down the state into separate congressional districts and plot the strategy for the complicated New York primary election. The lists have headings like "Volunteers," "Canvassing," "Press," "Fund Raising," "Petitioning," "Advance People," and "Schedules." Presidential politics has become a first-name business: the candidates are Fred, Jimmy, Birch, Mo, and so on, and the people working for them are Howard, Steve, Cindy, Peter, Dave, Michael. In most headquarters, the Howards and Steves and Cindys have their names listed on small white envelopes that have been taped to the wall. They receive messages in these envelopes. Good telephones may be indispensable, but handwritten messages offer excitement. At Birch Bayh's headquarters, which has *two* printing presses and *plastic* bunting, the campaign workers get their messages not in little envelopes but in roomy cardboard boxes.



Fred Harris appears to have attracted a sizable number of moonlighting college students, none of whom wear neckties around the office. We saw a few neckties at Jimmy Carter's headquarters, but all the men wearing them had loosened them at the collar. The talk there was in low tones—about "gearing up" and "targeting congressional districts" and varieties of "viability." Two Carter partisans discussed somebody's nephew who lives in a certain congressional district in Westchester. "Is he more of an issue-type guy?" one partisan asked. The other partisan replied, "Not only that. He's a Republican."

The Bayh office, at Fortieth and Lexington, plans to expand to two floors soon, and its occupants might give some thought to annexing the space that Senator Lloyd Bentsen abandoned a few weeks ago on East Forty-sixth Street. Before he withdrew from the Presidential-primary races, the senator had a New York office with eight rooms, one of them large enough for square dancing, and only two people were working there when we dropped by. The four-to-one rooms-to-people ratio put the Bentsen camp in a tie with that of Gerald Ford, whose supporters have set up shop on East Fifty-sixth Street, behind a locked black door with gold lettering that says "THE PRESIDENT FORD COMMITTEE NEW YORK." We rang the bell the other day, and a woman named Jean Ritzenthaler answered. Inside, we saw four blue rooms, entirely empty of people and largely empty of furniture, though one room contained a large, smiling color photograph of the President. Miss Ritzenthaler explained that she was "holding the fort," and then showed us the way out of the fort.

By running an apparently locked-door campaign, Mr. Ford has one thing in common with Lyndon LaRouche, the candidate of the U.S. Labor Party, which is the political arm of the National Caucus of Labor Committees. The Labor Party is so devoutly Marxist that many of its members feel sure enough of themselves to dress like young stockbrokers. They



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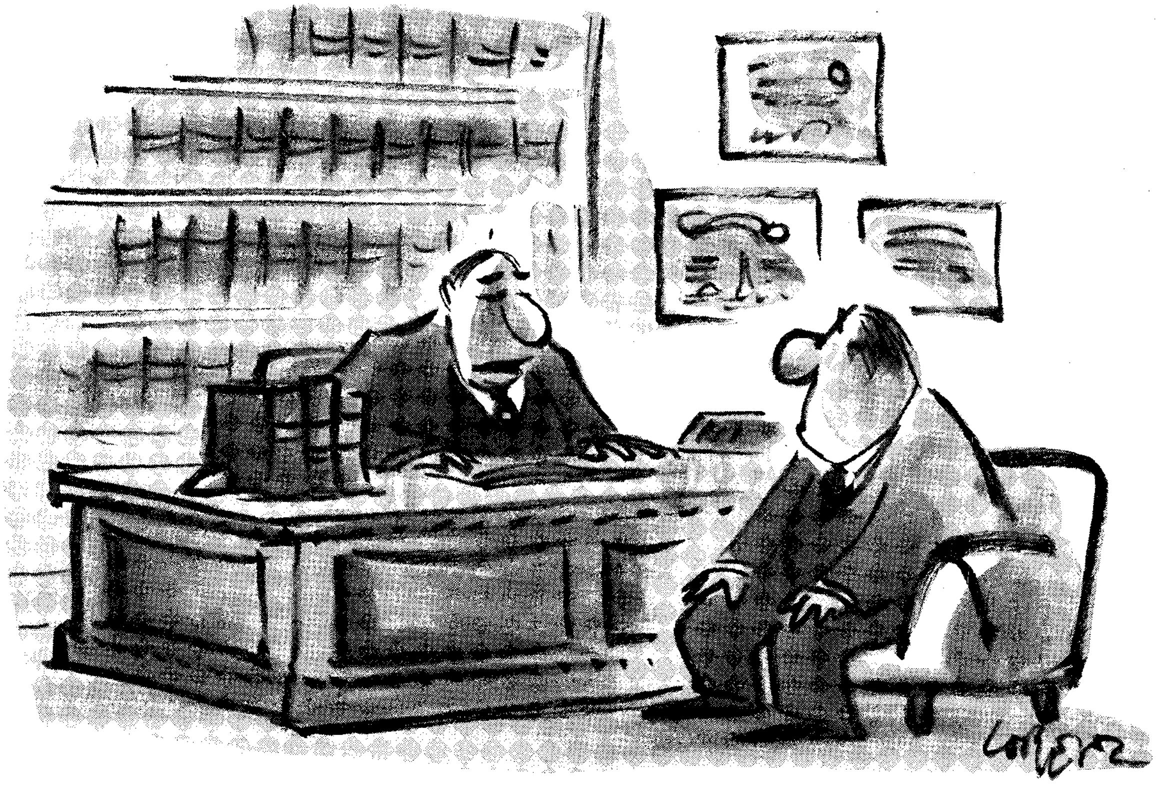
occupy five floors of a building in the garment district, which they share with several furriers, and they regard visitors with profound suspicion. Instead of good phones, the Labor Party has great telex facilities. The telex machines pull in vast amounts of what LaRouche's supporters call "intelligence." They expect their man to run a good race.

One of the other non-capitalist organizations in town, the Socialist Workers Party, supports Peter Camejo for President and Willie Mae Reid for Vice-President. The S.W.P. regulars, who have a strong antipathy to the Labor Party, work out of a clean, well-lit five-room office overlooking Union Square. It contains the indispensables, and has a special sense of permanence, because it will revert to a workaday Socialist hangout when the afterglow of the election fades.

The only two candidates whom we actually met when we made our rounds were Peggy Hoenig and Stanley Arnold. Any natural-born citizen thirty-five years old or older who has resided within the United States fourteen years can run for President. Most of those who do run register with the Federal Election Commission, but some don't bother. Peggy Hoenig, like Sam Silverstein, *has* bothered. The Federal Election Commission lists her party affiliation as "unknown," and her motivation for the Presidency. A half minute after Mrs. Hoenig orchestrates her campaign out of an eighty-dollar-a-month rent-controlled studio apartment on Greenwich Avenue, in the Village. She also lives there. It is the only campaign headquarters in town with a piano—an upright Steinway—and this seems to be the central feature of her sprint for the Presidency. A half minute after we arrived, Mrs. Hoenig sat down at the piano to demonstrate her claim that she has inherited the legacy of Jimmie Davis, the singing governor of Louisiana, who collaborated in writing "You Are My Sunshine" in 1940. Mrs. Hoenig sang that song and a hymn called "The Old Rugged Cross" and a few other numbers before we could get her to stop. She told us she had never heard of Sam Silverstein, and then she showed us the black lace gown that she plans to wear to her Inauguration.

Stanley Arnold's campaign headquarters, in the Seagram Building, ranks as the plushest of any candidate's, because it also happens to be his office during off-election years, and Mr. Arnold, a Democrat, has made enough money to furnish it very nicely. The centerpiece is an attractive carved wooden tabletop desk, and this is augmented by several well-upholstered chairs, a mahogany-and-glass breakfront containing leather-bound books, and a variety of objets d'art. Mr. Arnold is the marketing consultant who ran for the Vice-Presidency in 1972 and did not win. He's running for President this time around because, he says, "no one else is talking sense." When we spoke with him, he was just about to depart for Rochester, New Hampshire, "to make a major address to an amalgamation of four women's clubs." He showed us a laudatory article about his candidacy which had appeared in the Rochester *Courier*, and said he would be in the race "straight down to the wire—although it all depends on what happens in New Hampshire, doesn't it?"

In the reception area, as we were getting ready to leave, we asked Mr.



"I'm sorry, Mr. Brodner, but I'm afraid there's no way we can legally change you from a Libra to a Sagittarius."

Arnold if the wall covering there was, as it appeared to be, needlepoint.

"I don't know," he said. "Ask me something about national defense."

Saint

ON a recent cold, bright Saturday afternoon, we journeyed out to the Activities Resource Center of Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, to watch "The Saint and the Football Players," an avant-garde, balletlike theatre piece devised and directed by Lee Breuer and involving over a hundred performers, in which the pageantry and ceremony of football were used to create an event quite different from football. The Activities Resource Center turned out to be a field house whose wooden ceiling was a series of curved peaks some five stories high at their apexes. When we arrived, about a thousand people, including what looked like the better part of the Off and Off Off Broadway theatre world, were assembling. Not so many years ago, in the period when there was a counterculture, this particular segment of the theatre world was notable for its flamboyance, but now it presents a distinctly austere aspect. It seemed to us that we saw a remarkable number of young men in pseudo-military coats, with pale, chiselled features and wire-rimmed glasses, and wearing their hair swept back from the forehead, in the manner of Eastern Europeans, or parted in the middle, in the "nostalgic" manner of turn-of-the-century America. We noticed at least one man, however, for whom the gaiety of the nineteen-sixties had not run out. He was Gerome Ragni, a co-author of the lyrics and the book of "Hair," and we spotted him gambolling in the snow on a wide lawn in front of the Center. He wore bluejeans covered with decals and appliqués, and had a bright-colored knit hat over a bushy mat of hair, and he was asking the passersby, with a large smile, "Can I throw some snow at you?" He said to one couple, "Snow is good for you." But the audience for "The Saint and the Football Players" was apparently not in the mood for such activities, and it was some time before his invitation was accepted and he found himself in a snow fight.

We entered the Center and sat down in the second row of an indoor bleacher, waiting for the show to begin. Soon a slight, dark-haired little girl about six years old who was in stocking feet and a white First Communion dress, and had a wreath of white flowers on her head, skipped up to a little girl about seven years old who was sitting on the front bench.

"Why are you wearing that, Clover?" the seated girl asked.

"I'm the saint," Clover answered.

We had learned from our program that the part of the saint was to be played by Clover Breuer, the director's daughter.

"Will you play football?" the girl on the bench asked.

"No, I dance," Clover said. "I can take you backstage if you like."

"What's a saint?" her friend asked.

"I don't know," Clover said, and she put her wreath on her friend's head, laughing wildly. She then ran off and put her wreath on the head of a small boy.

"That's the most insouciant saint I've ever seen," a young woman nearby remarked.

"What do *you* think a saint is?" one of the pale young men in pseudo-military coats asked the little girl sitting on the front bench.

"It's kind of like an angel," she said. "There are two kinds: ones that are dead, and ones that are alive, like *this* one." She added, "It's hard to explain," with the air of one who would be glad to go into the matter more deeply but doesn't have the time.

The show began with a thunderous tattoo from the drums in a band that was installed in a bleacher in one corner of the field house, about a hundred yards from the audience, and this led into a booming medley of tunes from the full band, which included fifes and trumpets along with the drums. At the conclusion of the tunes, a group of people installed in a bleacher in another corner of the field house raised placards that were blank, and waved them around. Next, a young black woman was brought out on a platform on a forklift truck and hoisted about fifteen feet in the air, where she sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" in an unusual, grandiloquent way, using three or four octaves of her voice instead of the usual two. Then she was taken off, and a fanfare sounded from the trumpets. At this, Clover Breuer danced out in front of the audience with a white football in her hands, put it on the floor, and ran back into the waiting arms of a member of the cast. A whistle blew, and players appeared. The role of the saint was over; the rest was football.

BY DESTINY DENIED

(NOTES FOR AN EIGHT-HUNDRED-PAGE NOVEL—THE BIG BOOK THEY'RE ALL WAITING FOR)

BACKGROUND—Scotland, 1823:

A man has been arrested for stealing a crust of bread. "I only like the crust," he explains, and he is identified as the thief who has recently terrorized several chophouses by stealing just the end cut of roast beef. The culprit, Solomon Entwhistle, is hauled into court, and a stern judge sentences him to from five to ten years (whichever comes first) at hard labor. Entwhistle is locked in a dungeon, and in an early act of enlightened penology the key is thrown away. Despondent but determined, Entwhistle begins the arduous task of tunnelling to freedom. Meticulously digging with a spoon, he tunnels beneath the prison walls, then continues, spoonful by spoonful, under Glasgow to London. He pauses to emerge at Liverpool, but finds that he prefers the tunnel. Once in London, he stows away aboard a freighter bound for the New World, where he dreams of starting life over, this time as a frog.

Arriving at Boston, Entwhistle meets Margaret Figg, a comely New England schoolteacher whose specialty is baking bread and then placing it on her head. Enticed, Entwhistle marries her, and the two open a small store, trading pelts and whale blubber for scrimshaw in an ever-increasing cycle of meaningless activity. The store is an instant success, and by 1850 Entwhistle is wealthy, educated, respected, and fighting a morals charge by two sixteen-year-old Indian girls. He has two sons by Margaret Figg—one normal, the other simpleminded, though it is hard to tell the difference unless someone hands them each a yo-yo. His small trading post will go on to become a giant modern department store, and when he dies at eighty-five, from a combination of smallpox and a tomahawk in the skull, he is happy.

(Note: Remember to make Entwhistle likable.)

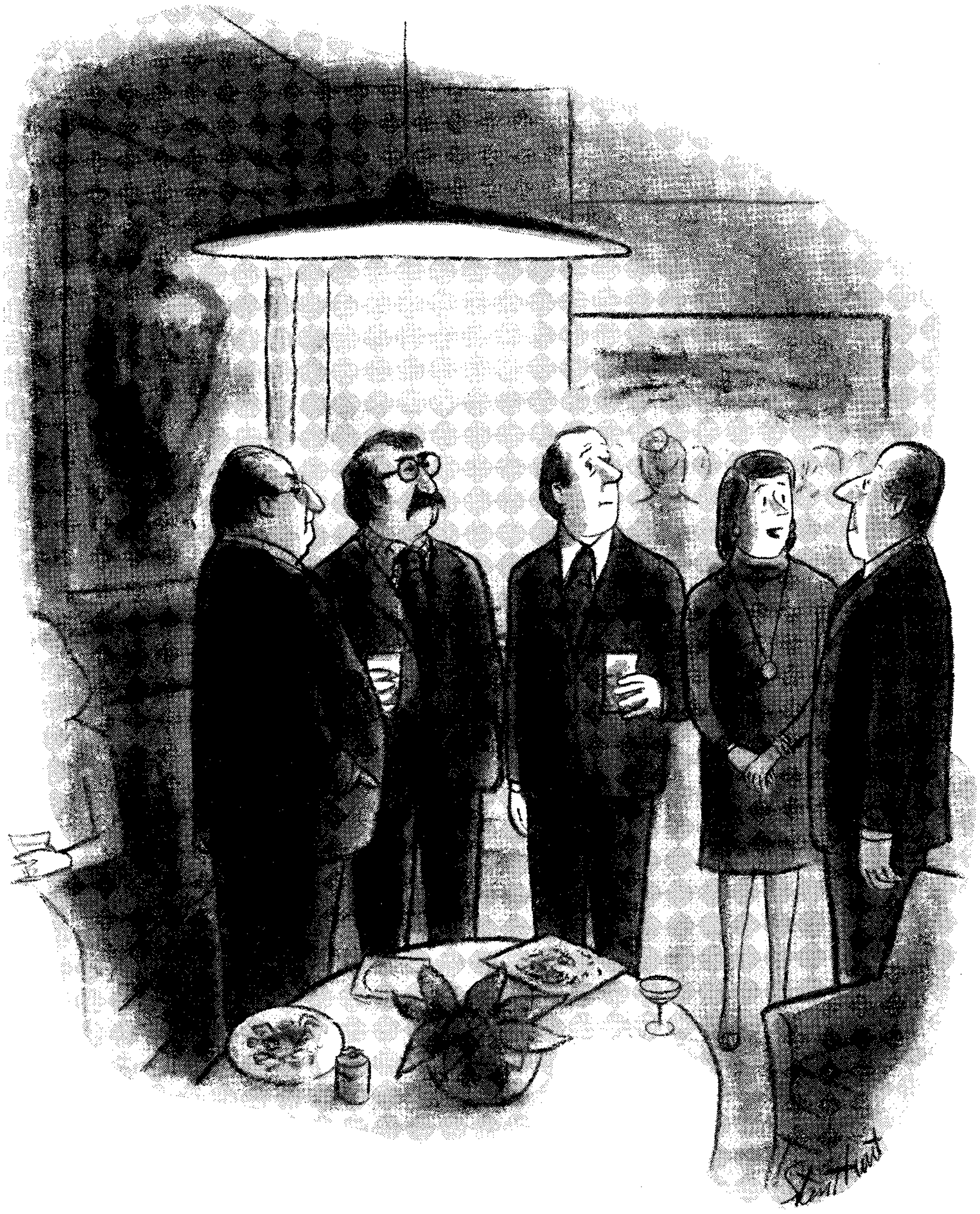
LOCALE and observations, 1976:

Walking east on Alton Avenue, one passes the Costello Brothers Warehouse, Adelman's Tallis Repair Shop, the Chones Funeral Parlor, and Higby's Poolroom. John Higby, the owner, is a stubby man with bushy hair who fell off a ladder at the age of nine and requires two days' advance notice to stop grinning. Turning north, or "uptown," from Higby's (actually, it is downtown, and the real uptown is now located crosstown), one comes to a small green park. Here citizens stroll and chat, and though the place is free of muggings and rapes, one is frequently accosted by panhandlers or men claiming to know Julius Caesar. Now the cool autumn breeze (known here as the santana, since it comes every year at the same time and blows most of the older population out of their shoes) causes the last leaves of summer to fall and drift into dead heaps. One is struck by an almost existential feeling of purposelessness—particularly since the massage parlors closed. There is a definite sense of metaphysical "otherness," which cannot be explained except to say it's nothing like what usually goes on in Pittsburgh. The town in its way is a metaphor, but for what? Not only is it a metaphor, it's a simile. It's "where it's at." It's "now." It's also "later." It's every town in America and it's no town. This causes great confusion among the mailmen. And the big department store is Entwhistle's.

BLANCHE (Base her on Cousin Tina):

Blanche Mandelstam, sweet but beefy, with nervous, pudgy fingers and thick-lensed glasses ("I wanted to be an Olympic swimmer," she told her doctor, "but I had some problems with buoyancy"), awakens to her clock radio.

Years ago, Blanche would have been considered pretty, though not later than



"I'd like to have you meet Mr. Birchnauer, who is a member of the business community; Mr. Strichner, a member of the intellectual community; and Mr. Bagby, who says he is just a member of the human race."

NUMBERED APARTMENT

In every room rubber bands turn up loose
on dusty surfaces
witnesses

travellers in stopover countries
not knowing a word of the language
each of them
something in particular to do with me
who say laughing that I
was born here one William
on the last day of one September

to whom now it is again a January a Thursday
of an eleven year and
who has forgotten that
day and to whom that week is inaccessible
and this one is plain this
one

and though I say
here
I know it was not
for even at that time it was
ninety-nine streets to the north by the river
and now it is three wars back
and parents gone as though at once

the edifice in the antique
mode of kings of France
to which they took her to give birth
torn down as I
in my name was turning forty-four
and the building did not from that age go alone
into pieces wheeled away
but all through these years
rubber bands have continued to come to me
sometimes many together
arriving to accompany me although
the whole country has changed
means of travel accelerated
signs almost totally replaced traffic re-routed every
love altered
the stamps re-issued and
smells of streets and apples
moved on

the stone city in
the river has changed and of course
the river
and all words even those unread in
envelopes
all those shining cars vanished
after them entire roads gone like kite strings
incalculable records' print grown finer
just the names at that followed by smoke of numbers
and high buildings turned to glass in
other air o one clear day

I am a different
foot of a same person in the same river
yet rubber bands lead to me and
from me across great distances
I do not recognize them coming nor remember them going
and still they continue to find me and pass like starlight

—W. S. MERWIN

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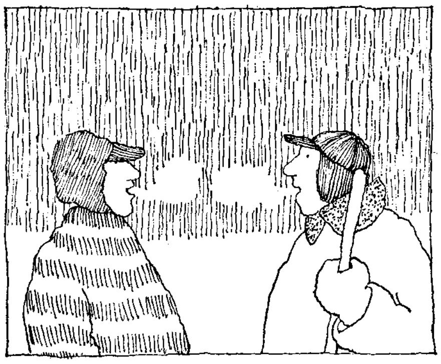
the Pleistocene epoch. To her husband, Leon, however, she is "the most beautiful creature in the world, except for Ernest Borgnine." Blanche and Leon met long ago, at a high-school dance. (She is an excellent dancer, although during the tango she constantly consults a diagram she carries of some feet.) They talked freely and found they enjoyed many things in common. For example, both enjoyed sleeping on bacon bits. Blanche was impressed with the way Leon dressed, for she had never seen anyone wear three hats simultaneously. The couple were married, and it was not long before they had their first and only sexual experience. "It was totally sublime," Blanche recalls, "although I do remember Leon attempting to slash his wrists."

Blanche told her new husband that although he made a reasonable living as a human guinea pig, she wanted to keep her job in the shoe department of Entwhistle's. Too proud to be supported, Leon reluctantly agreed, but insisted that when she reached the age of ninety-five she must retire. Now the couple sat down to breakfast. For him, it was juice, toast, and coffee. For Blanche, the usual—a glass of hot water, a chicken wing, sweet-and-pungent pork, and cannelloni. Then she left for Entwhistle's.

(Note: Blanche should go around singing, the way Cousin Tina does, though not always the Japanese national anthem.)

CARMEN (A study in psychopathology based on traits observed in Fred Simdong, his brother Lee, and their cat Sparky):

Carmen Pinchuck, squat and bald, emerged from a steaming shower and removed his shower cap. Although totally without hair, he detested getting his scalp wet. "Why should I?" he told friends. "Then my enemies would have the advantage over me." Someone suggested that this attitude might be considered strange, but he laughed, and then, his eyes tensely darting around the room to see if he was being watched, he kissed some throw pillows. Pinchuck is a nervous man who fishes in his spare time but has not caught anything since 1923. "I guess it's not in the cards," he chortles. But when an acquaintance pointed out that he was casting his line into a jar of sweet cream he grew uneasy.



Pinchuck has done many things. He was expelled from high school for moaning in class, and has since worked as a shepherd, psychotherapist, and mime. He is currently employed by the Fish and Wildlife Service, where he is paid to teach Spanish to squirrels. Pinchuck has been described by those who love him as "a punk, a loner, a psychopath, and apple-cheeked." "He likes to sit in his room and talk back to the radio," one neighbor said. "He can be very loyal," another remarked. "Once when Mrs. Monroe slipped on the ice, he slipped on some ice out of sympathy." Politically, Pinchuck is, by his own admission, an independent, and in the last Presidential election his write-in vote was for Cesar Romero.

Now, donning his tweed hackie's cap and lifting a box wrapped in brown paper, Pinchuck left his rooming house for the street. Then, realizing he was naked except for his tweed hackie's cap, he returned, dressed, and set out for Entwhistle's.

(Note: Remember to go into greater detail about Pinchuck's hostility toward his cap.)

THE MEETING (rough): The doors to the department store opened at ten sharp, and although Monday was generally a slow day, a sale on radioactive tuna fish quickly jammed the basement. An air of imminent apocalypse hung over the shoe department like a wet tarpaulin as Carmen Pinchuck handed his box to Blanche Mandelstam and said, "I'd like to return these loafers. They're too small."

"Do you have a sales slip?" Blanche countered, trying to remain poised, although she confessed later that her world had suddenly begun falling apart. ("I can't deal with people since the accident," she has told friends. Six months ago, while playing tennis, she swallowed one of the balls. Since then her breathing has become irregular.)

"Er, no," Pinchuck replied nervously. "I lost it." (The central problem of his life is that he is always misplacing things. Once he went to sleep and when he awoke his bed was missing.) Now, as customers lined up behind him impatiently, he broke into a cold sweat.

"You'll have to have it O.K.'d by the floor manager," Blanche said, referring Pinchuck to Mr. Dubinsky, whom she had been having an affair with since Halloween. (Lou Dubinsky, a graduate of the best typing school in Europe, was a genius until alcohol reduced his speed to one word per day and he was forced to go to work in a department store.)

"Have you worn them?" Blanche continued, fighting back tears. The notion of Pinchuck in his loafers was unbearable to her. "My father used to wear loafers," she confessed. "Both on the same foot."

Pinchuck was writhing now. "No," he said. "Er—I mean yes. I had them on briefly, but only while I took a bath."

"Why did you buy them if they're too small?" Blanche asked, unaware that she was articulating a quintessential human paradox.

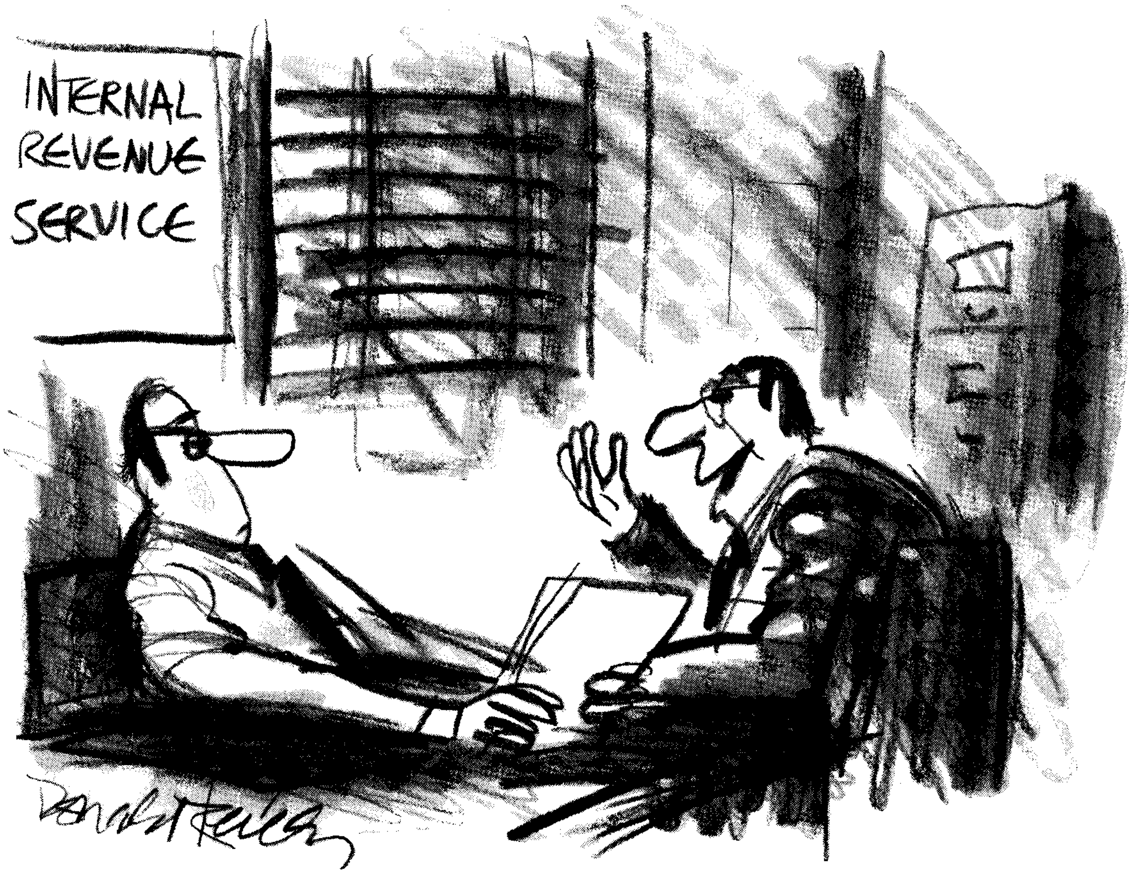
The truth was that Pinchuck had not felt comfortable in the shoes but he could never bring himself to say no to a salesman. "I want to be *liked*," he admitted to Blanche. "Once I bought a live wildebeest because I couldn't say no." (Note: O. F. Kugelmass has written a brilliant paper about certain tribes in Borneo that do not have a word for "no" in their language and consequently turn down requests by nodding their heads and saying, "I'll get back to you." This corroborates his earlier theories that the urge to be liked at any cost is not socially adaptive but genetic, much the same as the ability to sit through operetta.)

By eleven-ten, the floor manager, Dubinsky, had O.K.'d the exchange, and Pinchuck was given a larger pair of shoes. Pinchuck confessed later that the incident had caused him to experience severe depression and wooziness, which he also attributed to the news of his parrot's wedding.

Shortly after the Entwhistle affair, Carmen Pinchuck quit his job and became a Chinese waiter at the Sung Ching Cantonese Palace. Blanche Mandelstam then suffered a major nervous breakdown and tried to elope with a photograph of Dizzy Dean. (Note: Upon reflection, perhaps it would be best to make Dubinsky a hand puppet.) Late in January, Entwhistle's closed its doors for the last time, and Julie Entwhistle, the owner, took his family, whom he loved very dearly, and moved them into the Bronx Zoo.

(This last sentence should remain intact. It seems very very great. End of Chapter 1 notes.)

—WOODY ALLEN



"*Oh, maybe a dollar rounded off here and there, but nothing like what you fellows are used to.*"

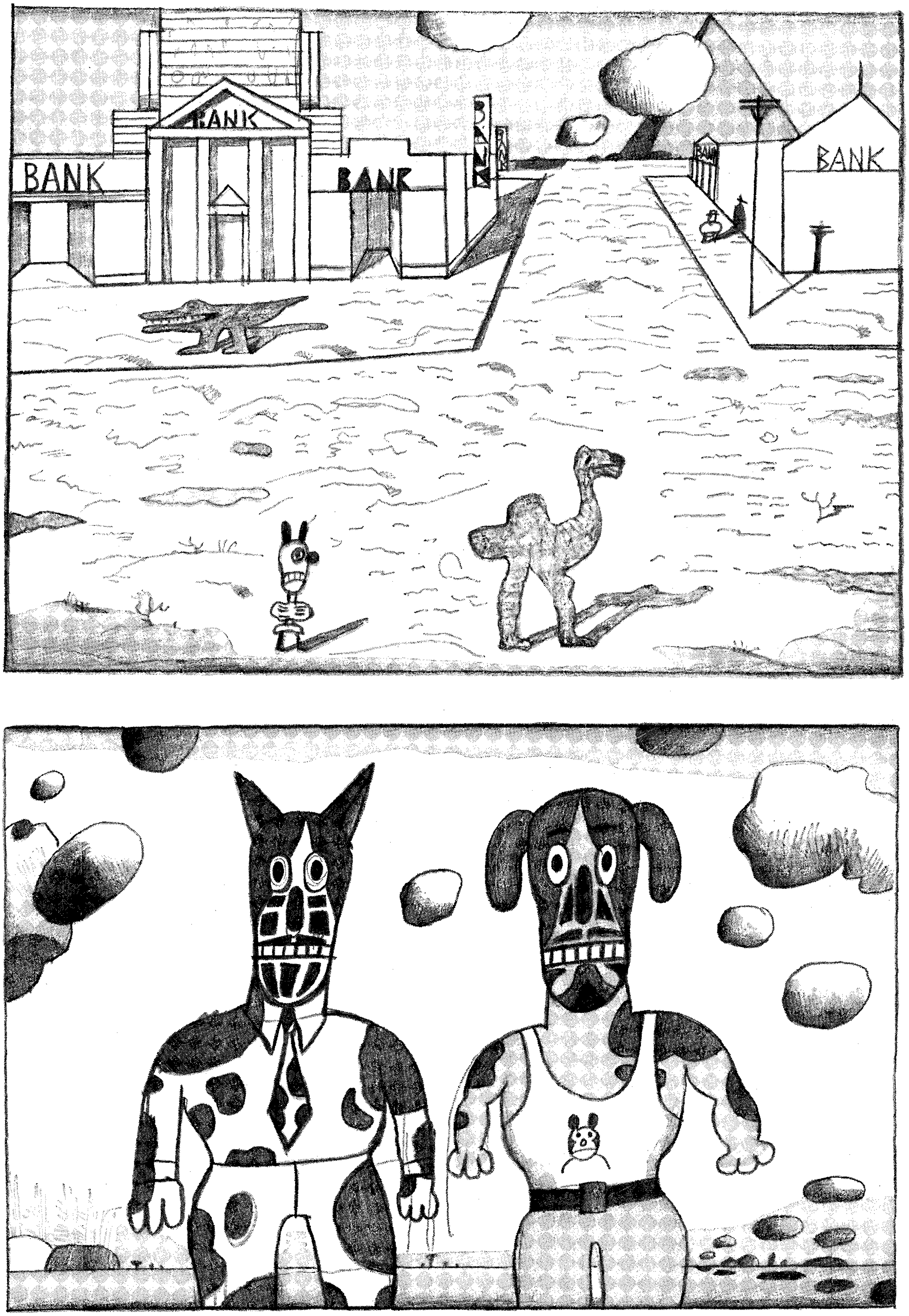
• •

•

Mr. Trudeau attacked Mr. Porter in Parliament, Canadian officials boycotted his official farewell party, and both President Ford and Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger sent shooting messages to Ottawa stressing United States-Canadian friendship.—*The Times.*

Let's see—who was Porter?

FAST FOOD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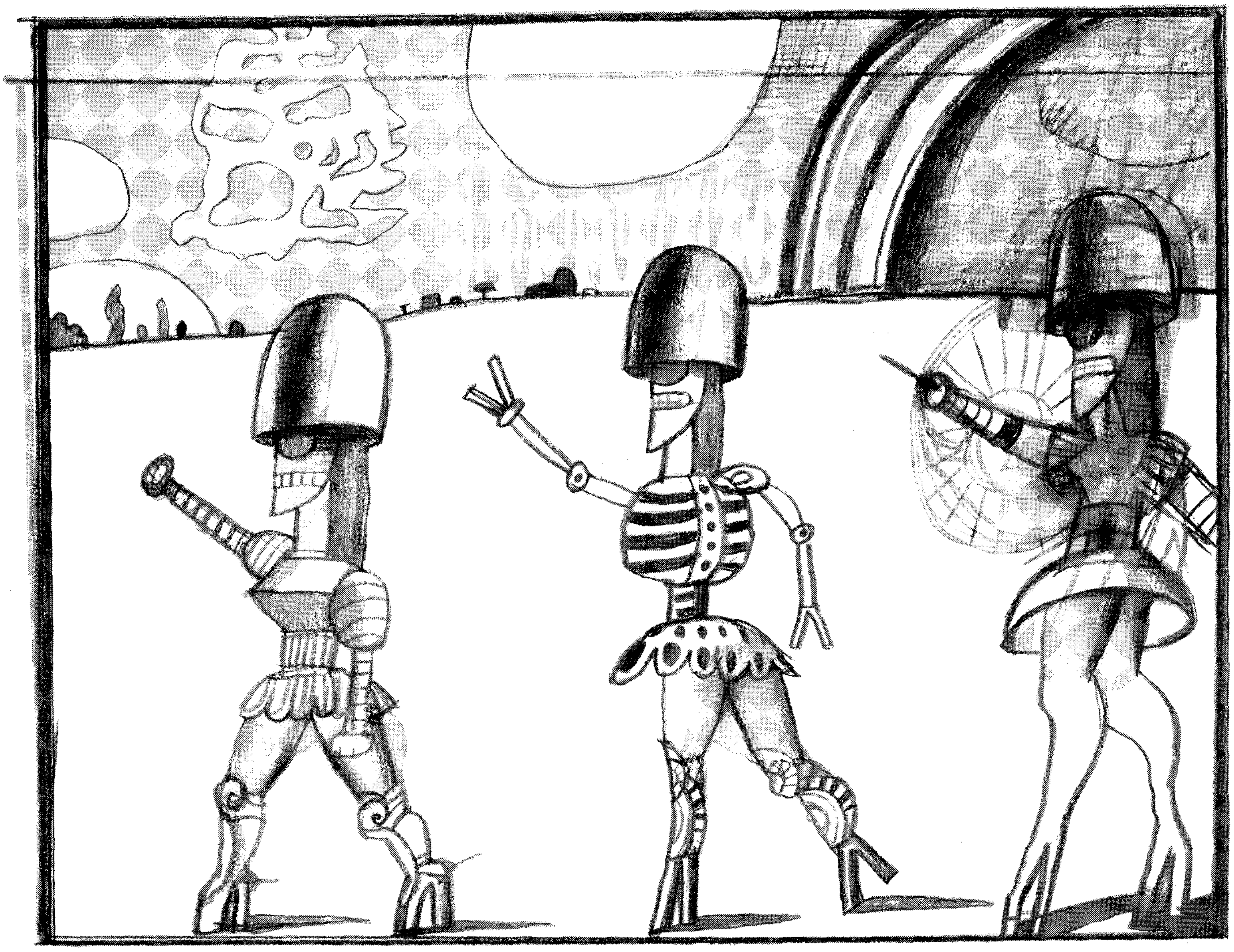

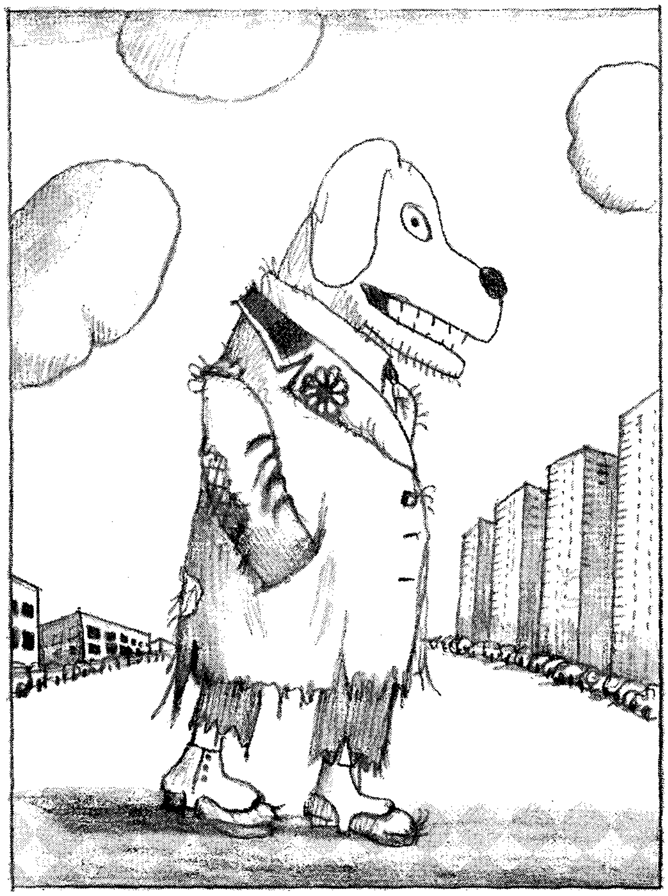

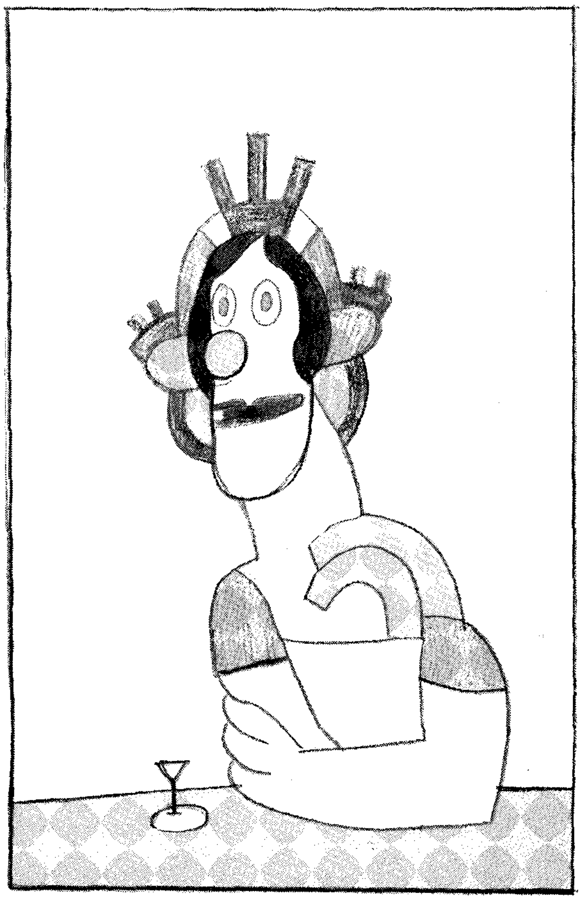

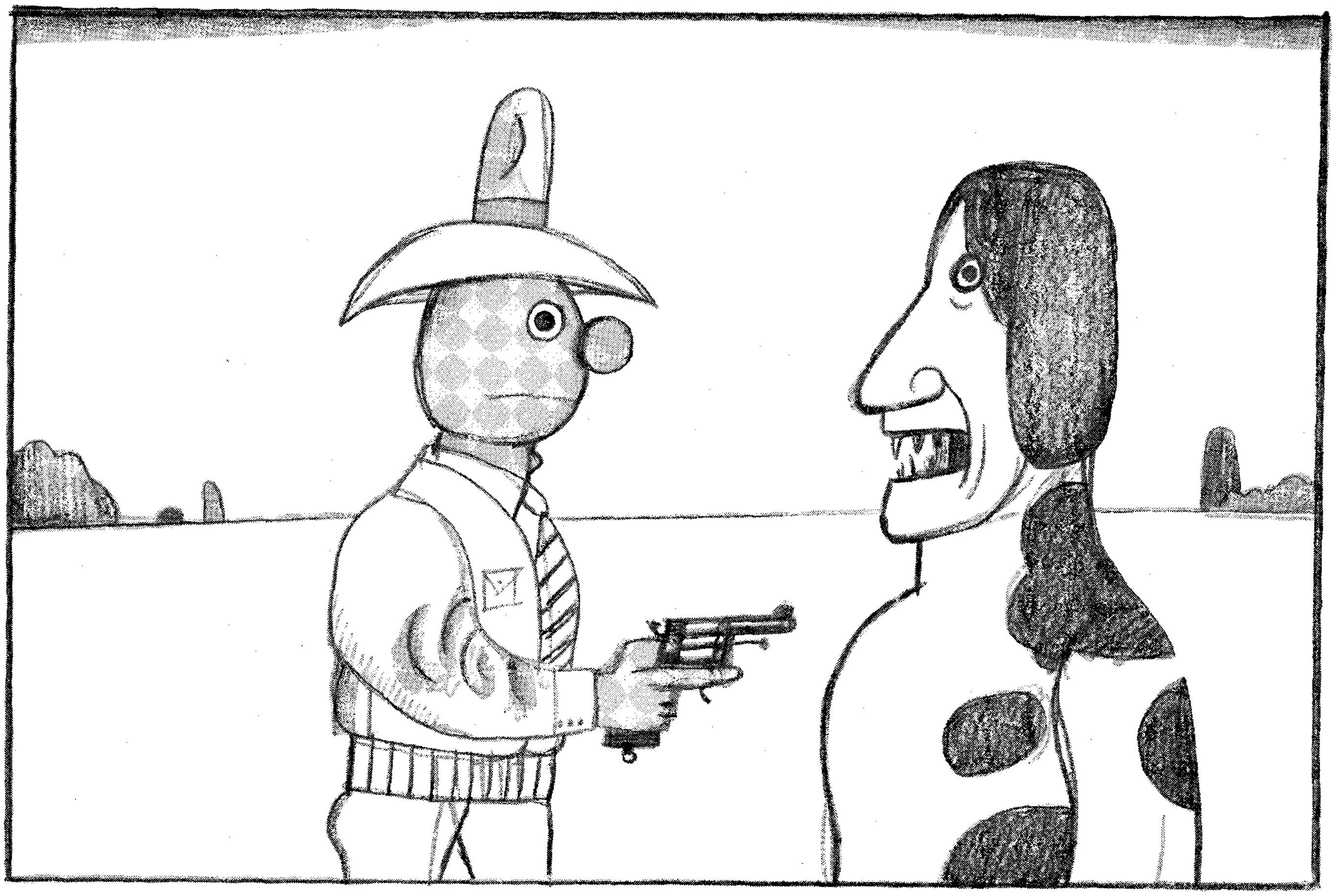

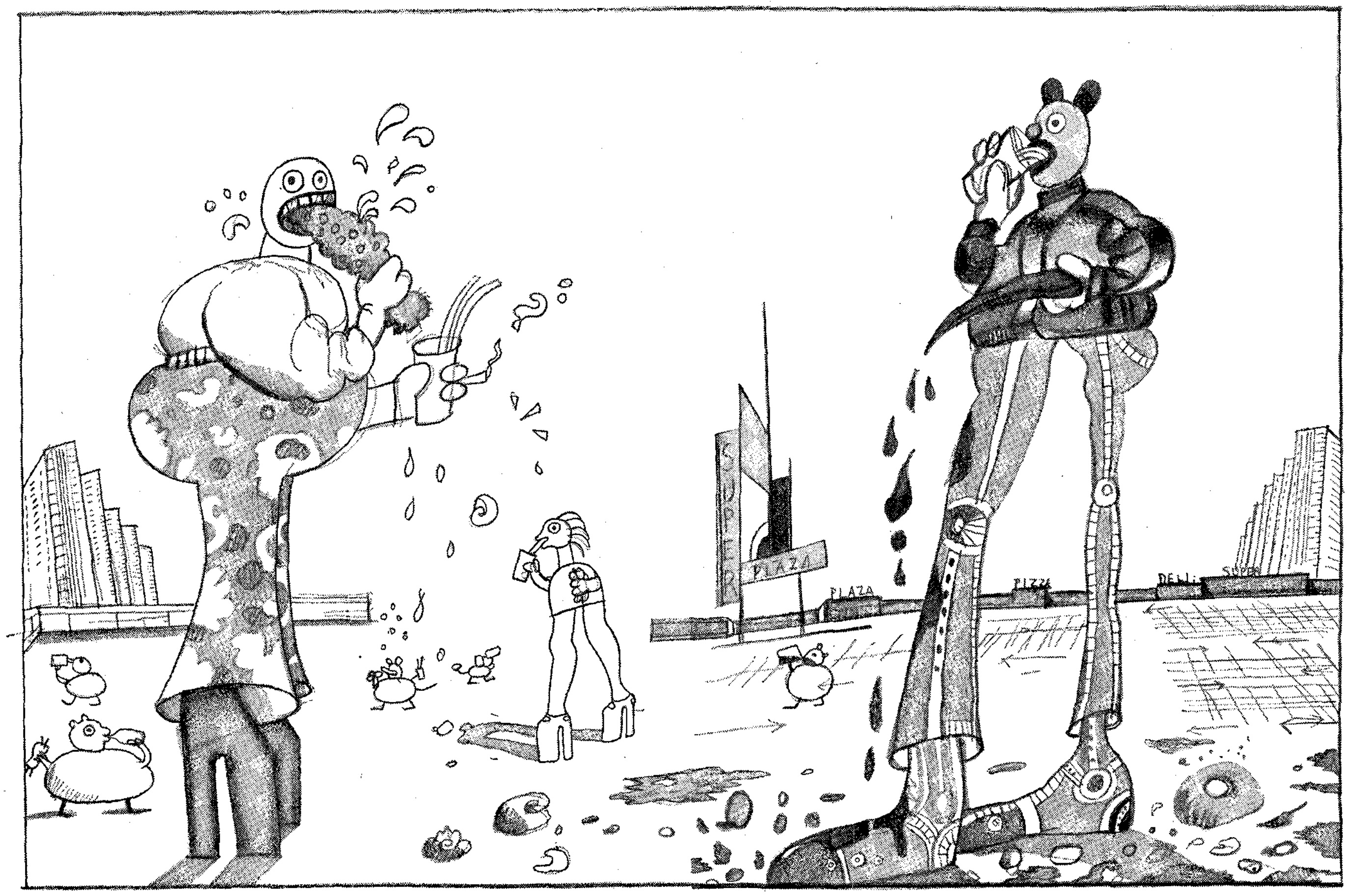
SUPER
PLAZA
PLAZA
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DELI
SUPER

STEINBERG

NOTES ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

DURING my boyhood, from my eighth year to my eighteenth, my father lay all day in the next room. His left hipbone was tubercular, his thigh depressed by a suppurating wound like a bullet wound, and thick gauze dressings were taped on it morning and evening. He had a white bed in a second-story bedroom, not large, with bay windows under a maple tree, and he could look out over a quiet street toward a long slanting lawn where the afternoon sunlight lay, and beyond that to a grove of elms. There were days when his fever ran high. The doctor would then draw up to the curb in his black electric runabout—an old gentleman with gray mustaches who wore a wing collar and well-brushed derby and chesterfield. He would be shown upstairs, where he would fold up his snowy cuffs and wash his fine liver-spotted old hands three times before he proceeded to probe the wound, without anesthesia. On other occasions, when the sickroom was closed and nurses came and went, there was talk of "scraping the bone." One night, when no one knew if my father would live, I woke up and saw for a long time a cigarette glowing and glowing again in the darkness where my aunt, for whom I had a passion, was sitting. My father's suffering was not so real to me as the death I understood to be tugging at him. I had a very good, direct sense of what it meant to die; it meant not to be there at all anymore. My mother had died when I was three, my younger brother when I was seven, and they had been removed as by a razor. Sometimes I lay awake at night, desolate with an exact and intimate foreknowledge of my own extinction. I was no more than eight or nine when it had come home to me that the fate of the breathing person was to be hurt and then annihilated.

Pain and danger I had met in the fresh world long before, in the first time I remember, before my father became bedridden: after my mother's death, when my grandmother gave him and his two small boys a home. I find that I am removed from my mother's room, there is a freckled nursemaid named Georgia, and sunny orange juice is being squeezed for the baby in a kitchen with a dumbwaiter. Then it is summer in another place near a calm blue lake, where they make up a bed for me outdoors on a porch swing, and I go to sleep in summer evening listening, for the first time that I will remember, to katydids and crickets, the grassy world in choir. The house then changes to the house known thereafter as ours. There is always, now, the short front yard falling away in a low terrace, the maple tree round which the buckling front walk divides, and the street down which will sometimes come, on his rattling wagon, a ragman who has only holes where a nose should be. If we are playing outside we run and hide in the dusty cellar, and our hearts beat high in terror that the rattling noise may stop within our hearing. But that woeful death's-head is the only danger that haunts the street; all else is pastoral, accustomed. The reins passing through a slit in the front of the tall milk wagon are left slack, and while the milkman passes clinking behind the houses his old horse moves slowly along the curb, lipping the grass and tearing it with long yellow teeth. On hot and breathless evenings the wicker chairs are set out on the lawn, and we are allowed to sit up late as we drowse, watching the full moon rise over a low cottage and corn patch to the southeast. As dusk comes on the Fourth of July, Father props himself on his crutches in the street to pluck out the colored tissue-paper folds of a balloon, the last and most important of fireworks. A dim stout figure comes from across the street, our neighbor, and helps hold out the rustling pleated thing, all aglow within from the tiny bonfire lit on crosswires at its open base. When the tissue paper at last bells out firmly with heated air, the balloon is lifted between fingertips and let go; it floats up swinging above the treetops to drift away in a dark sky where there are others, dozens, of these luminous travellers.

A humorous and tender, lame personage, our father. He is a Sunday-afternoon friend who will take us to the park in Grandmother's electric and make us acorn pipes, sitting on the grass with his worn crutches beside him; or an evening friend who has a cigar cutter on a black silk ribbon, and tells us stories before bedtime—about Bronco Billy and his horse who came to his whistle, or Captain Ferguson the stagecoach driver, his Winchester across his knees, bringing the bags of gold dust safely to Fort Laramie. Those weighty chamois bags! It amuses my father to get Charlie Chaplin costumes for my brother and myself—baggy trousers, tight little jackets, derbies, canes, and even black mustaches affixed with spirit gum—and, hanging on his crutches over his big Kodak, his shadow pooling at his feet, he will squeeze the rubber bulb with care to record this fantasy. He is attentive to the children's observances of Easter and Christmas, as well as the Fourth of July. The life of Santa Claus we learn from him in such elaborate detail that it will be years before the reindeer disappear from the winter sky. One Christmas Eve they become actually visible, jingling down the street between the snowdrifts to stop and toss their antlers in the starlight in front of our house. Then, sure enough, we see a portly figure get out of the sleigh, and we are so excited we can no longer bear to stay at the window; there is a thunderclap of laughter at the door, and Santa Claus in scarlet and white tosses a great armload of small packages and nuts and oranges into the room. I wonder if that apparition, staged with such professional art, predisposed me to faith in the mythical and magical.

But our father, in this earliest time, is sometimes another personage. How can I draw this one with accuracy and piety? His father, too, my grandfather, had been one of those Irishmen who when they drink go blindly under some wave that has been mounting inside them, or as if behind them, and are different men in the violence of the wave. There is, therefore, not often but often enough, a changed and redolent stranger of whom one has to be afraid. He comes out of mystery, for the child knows nothing of his early crippling in

Wm Hamilton

"You never heard Thomas Jefferson apologize for being a wealthy liberal."

• •

body and hope, of his later loss and blackness. All the child knows is that something shameful can overcome his father. I am sent to fetch him from what I sense to be degrading company—not very, in fact; only a few men playing poker in a shabby office downtown, with whiskey and syphon bottles beside them, old cronies who have not triumphed, clubbing together for small consolations. Or he does not come home, and I wake in the bluish-gray light before sunup and see my grandmother peering out between blind and window frame. There are three men loitering and talking at the corner of the driveway under the street lamp, and one of them has the outline of my father, though I do not see how my father can belong to this silent and sinister world of exhausted night. Then a whole spring season is filled with my grandmother's distress, for he has not made his Easter duty nor gone, for some time, to Sunday Mass. And one more image, to conclude: my father in a whiskey-fragrant reverie is putting us to bed in the glaring bedroom where the windowpanes are ink-black after dark, and my little brother Monty has misbehaved in some way, so that in a groggy heartbroken voice my father says, "I'll kill him," and when in fear I beg him not to, he says, and repeats, "For your sake I won't."

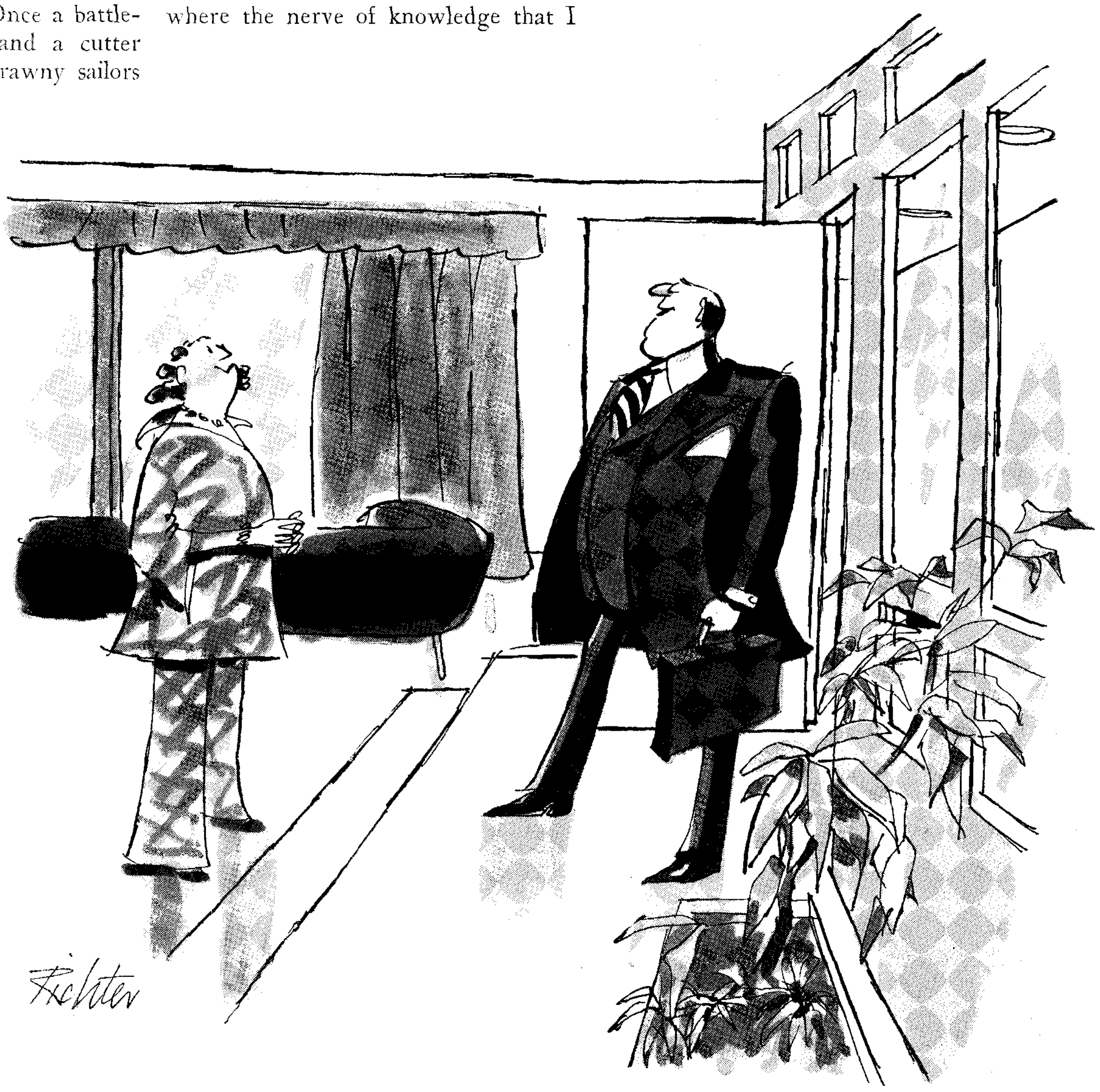
Not until many years later could I get control of this nightmare in my mind. It began to make a kind of sense, insane enough, when I learned that my mother had died of puerperal fever after my brother's birth. I turned away then from imagining my father's misery, and could not imagine it now if I did not remember the mild, gay man—later so distinguished for fortitude and patience—gone crazed and sodden, cut off from himself. I remember, too, the terrible ambiguity in my own heart on that occasion, a satisfaction, mingled with my fear, in the favoritism shown to me. There should be a reticent surface to life, but I must allow phantasmata like these to break it if I am to make myself in any serious way intelligible. No general view of things would ever seem just to me unless it comprehended Heaven and Hell—a range in experience at least as great as that between my exaltations as a child and my glimpses of anguish and evil.

OUR street was a short one, on a gentle rise, sloping to end at the west corner in an avenue beyond which were the level grounds and elms around the Edwards place, an old russet-colored house where Lincoln had been married. Eastward the street went down to cross the railroad. On the other side of the tracks there was another very old brick house with old low walls where the mortar was unchinking around a wild garden—a private school for girls. Midway in my childhood the Edwards place was torn down to make room for an enormous State building, a fortune in brickwork and cut stone and marble paving, and a clangorous Ford garage replaced the private school. But my small brother and I spent the early years in an old-fashioned country. The foliage of the tree at our window, dusky in summer or thrashing wet in summer storms, brought living nature into the room on which we closed and opened our eyes. Our white iron cribs with barred sides had been repainted unskillfully, so that drops of paint, still plastic, could be fingered on every bar. Close by was the smooth texture of wallpaper tinted with pale leaves and flowers. Downstairs the windows of the entrance hall, facing south, had panes of colored glass, and sumptuous lights of purple or red gold would be found brightening or fading here and there in the room. Outside there was the quietude of the street, shady or snowy, broken by wagons, by a rare automobile, and by the slow heavy metre of the freight trains clanking by at the corner, by day or by night—one of the great sounds the world made.

The world was not in fact bounded for us by our little street in the provincial capital town. My mother's family lived in the East, where people did not pronounce "r," and my father's pretty sister and her husband were in London or New York. Jaeger sweaters and winter caps, almost too warm and soft, came to the children for Christmas. In my sixth and seventh summers we travelled, a night and a day and another night—for my grandmother saved railroad fare by choosing inconvenient routes—from the cornland to the seashore. That was another world indeed, as I knew the evening I was first carried, half asleep, up to a strange veranda that faced high dunes and beyond them a low thunderous sound, deepening and then hushed at regular intervals. I would not forget that sound, nor the odor of brine in the night air and in the light blankets I went to sleep under. From our windows we then grew accustomed on waking to see beyond the sand hills the bulk of ocean, blue or gray or flecked with whitecaps or gun-colored under curtains of fog. Sand and rock, burning to the feet or wetted with foaming water, dune grass that seemed to cut and barnacles that did, profusions of seaweed streaming, crabs in the shallows moving in a slantwise silent scuttle—these took the place of the hot odorous grape arbors, bitter bark, cool roots and loam, the caterpillars and grasshoppers and ants of back-yard play in the Midwest. At daybreak we watched the lobsterman in his dory making out to sea from the inlet, past the rock jetty where gulls were dipping and calling. Sails passed slowly on the sea's fine ultimate line. Once a battleship anchored offshore and a cutter came in to the beach; brawny sailors at the oars backed her in through the surf until two of them, barelegged, jumped out in the water and carried in on their shoulders a petty officer with a mailbag. It was 1917 or 1918, and once nearby at Newport and once farther south at New London Cousin Francis had his submarine, but for all our hopes we never saw that marvel.

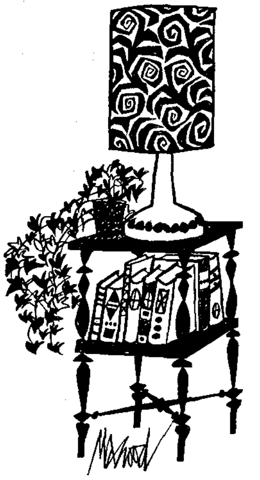
The long coast of wild dunes curving to the south, the ocean ever moving and aloof, a light far out, flashing at dusk—these were the earth's visible frontier. Aside from the first star, and the enthralling full moon of harvest time, the heavens that achieved their glory after dark went unnoticed by the child. I think it was, above all, the daylong and nightlong travelling train that made me know the world's extent and mystery. Strange: strange—the word wears out its meaning, but it applies to a great part of the real at all times, as the eye of childhood perceives truly. The heavy blind at the window of the lower berth, gripping its runners at either end, would be pushed up an inch or two during midnight jars and couplings, and there to be spied upon would be empty stations, sidings, streets asleep under forsaken lamps in the great night, or a brakeman going by with a tiny flame in his lantern. Then at dawn the train is passing along a crest of country and I look out over a grand hollow in the world—later hauntingly named for me the Lehigh Valley—where there are whole towns far away and smoky in the depth. Or dawn light is coming over farmlands and forests where no human being can be seen for mile on mile, only the earth and things of earth going about their cool business, quail rising, streams running, mist in pools on the fields. No thought or style would ever ring true to me unless I found within it somewhere the nerve of knowledge that I gained in this way—that other souls, and their ways and habitations, are very many and unknown, that the earth's body is vast to our humbling, and multiform in life indifferent to us.

One went out of oneself to know such things. Of oneself, my self, however, I knew and was accustomed to knowing how dependent it was—often in Grandmother's or someone's hands being shirted and shod, washed, fed, wiped, admonished; and how small—familiar with sidewalks and floors and the undersides of things, getting on tiptoe to look out of windows, subject to bloody abrasion of the forehead and knees. In the daydream of the self already there were effortless heroisms, feats of escape and conquest like those of Douglas Fairbanks, whom we had seen—our first movie—at Watch Hill. A long-barrelled toy pistol felled in windrows all the Redskins or Germans of the bushes and the living air. While Grandmother at the tiller steered her



"Today, on a vote of seven to five, the board of directors wished me a happy birthday."

beautiful electric homeward after calls on old lady friends, and while my brother and I sat together under the little glass vases and the black silken blinds that ran on cords, we were ourselves pilots of that airship passing over hostile terrains; we might hold our breath if the juice ran low and the massive craft went sluggishly or bucked. Imagination like a mercurial fluid ran where it would, as if to make up for the sense, minute and exquisite, of a physical reality implacably given, far beyond the child's power to understand or manage. Communication with grown-ups had to be laconic or sportive, since no language existed for the way things really happened, no means of learning what was common in experience and what was not. So the small creature pushing up concealed a kind of madness. The spirit that shivered alone in the wide world found other mysteries in its own being, and by these it could be isolated more forlornly still.



A tie of the flesh had been broken early for this child, and where there had been young sweet-smelling warmth to cradle it there were now the homely nursemaids and the kind old woman who fussed. When I was still in my crib I squirmed out of my nightclothes in the middle of summer nights for the diffuse erotic comfort of nakedness. A little later my passion for the young and dashing aunt whom I rarely saw was certainly erotic, a passion for her perfumed and rustling presence, her daring cigarettes, her cosmetics. I became aware of seductive display in the theatre when we children were taken to Saturday matinées of vaudeville. We would sit in a box close to the rosily lit stage and watch the acrobats and jugglers whom we were meant to see; but there were also comedians in striped suits whose barking and leering dialogue would make everyone laugh, whereupon they would sing and shuffle and twirl their canes and doff their gay straw hats. In some of this they were assisted by light ladies with eyes like diamonds, and the quivering beauty of these actresses, so much of it bare and powdered, made the diaphragm ache. If others were affected by the carnal enchantment, it would not have occurred to me that anyone else could be so intoxicated as I. At times my own thin body clung to me like a sensuous shirt of Nessus; and in any reckoning with the flesh or estimate of its power I could not, afterward, disregard the helpless excitement at such times of that small figure, consumed by mirrors, furtive and flushed and horrified, in the savagely empty house in the warm afternoon.

Angry shame came over me often as I found out my gamut of weaknesses. I feared the rough boys I desperately fought. I feared the cold sea I breasted. I feared the shapes of the dark. I was self-conscious and hyper-fastidious. Once we had a maid whose fingertips had cracked in cold weather and were covered by a tracery of black lines; I could barely force myself to eat what she had touched. Sometimes my brother and I would visit the watchman at the railroad crossing, a sad old man with a drop at the tip of his nose and a cap with earflaps, who sat by an iron stove in a little hut powdered with coal dust. When a train was coming he would take his big STOP sign off the nail and go slouching out to hold it up in the middle of the street. Once or twice he offered us bacon from his shiny lunchbox, and my brother would take it courteously but I had to refuse in an agony of distaste and self-dislike, trying not to look at the old man's black thumb. I felt myself cut off by timidity and squeamishness from all easy common life, but had no moral advantage to make up for it. I was proud with no reason for pride. On the contrary, I often lacked the stomach to stand out against crowds. One instance, the worst, would be like a lump in my body for years. There was a children's party in a big stuccoed ivy-covered house somewhere, at which a collection of many small children ran wild in strange passageways and stairs and bedrooms, and I went with a pack who scared and tortured my little brother by locking him in a closet. He was five years old. When we got home he had a fever, and a week or so later he died of influenza. My father woke me up in the middle of the night to tell me this, bending over sober and sad in the dim light reflected from the hall, and saying, too, that what had happened to Monty must happen to us all. I understood him well, but even then I think I wondered in my heart—as I would later wonder articulately—why I should go on living instead of my brother, who was a sturdier child and a braver and more open human being. A polished small coffin took the center of the parlor, and there the small boy lay, turned to pale wax, an utter stranger in his Eton collar. I do not remember the funeral Mass or what happened at Calvary Cemetery. One day not long afterward my father stayed home with a boil. Since it was not a boil but the sickness of the bone working outward, he never went back to his office, nor to any poker game, nor again to the church or cemetery—not, that is, until ten years later, stilled and blinded in his turn, he went.

These were the years of my going to school in that town while in the room next to mine my father lay, every evening my companion. He did not die when they thought he would, and after that there was a kind of adjustment or quiescence of illness when he even seemed to mend, so that invalid though he was he no longer had constant pain. My mother and my brother had been taken from me; now my father was given to me, and the gift was beyond estimation. He was freed now of his bitter demon, restored to himself and to patience, unconscious of his own courage, utterly without spiritual side. He had everything to impart, as I had everything to learn, of the discipline, humility, and humor proper to a man.

—ROBERT FITZGERALD

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COUNTRY STARS

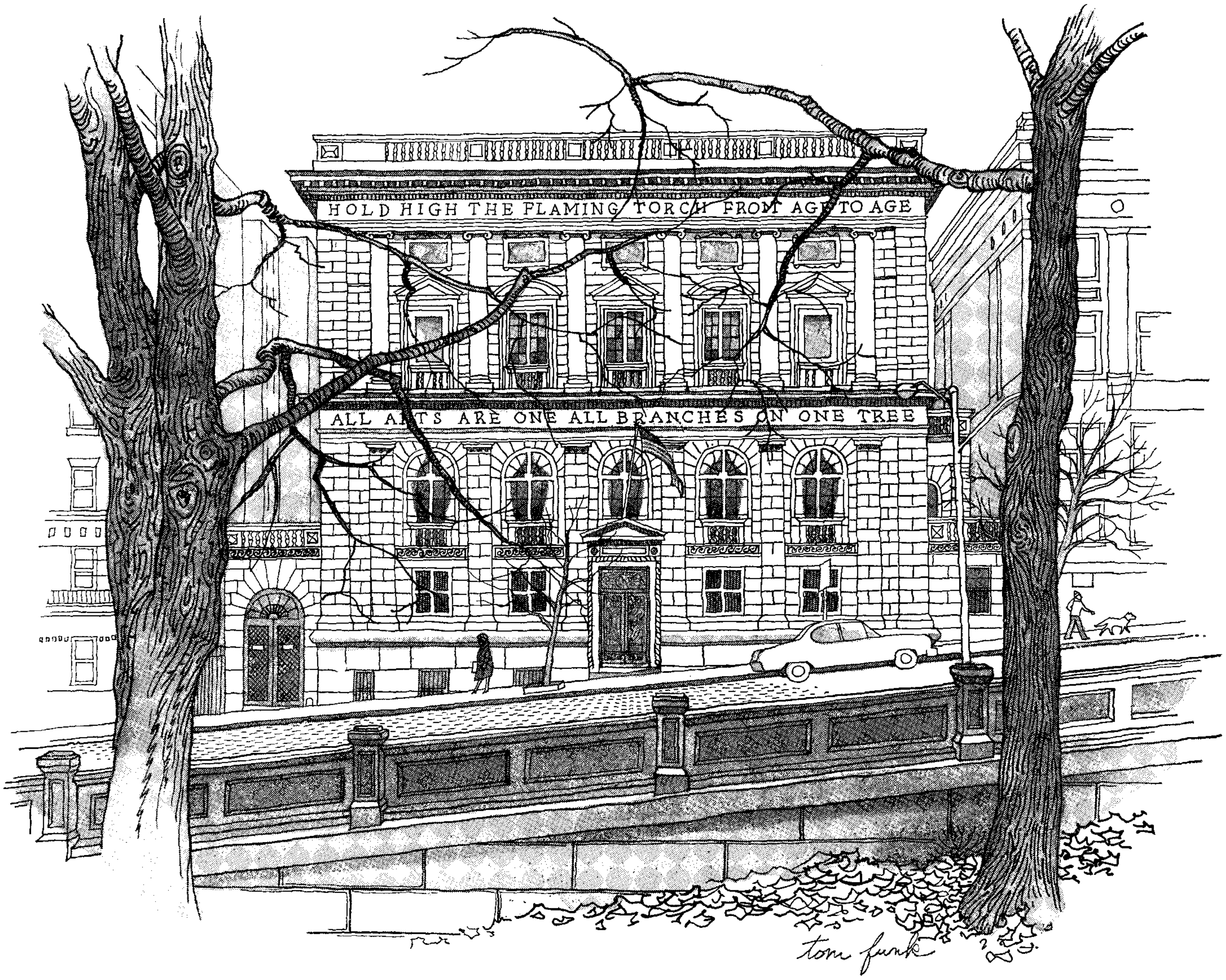
The nearsighted child has taken off her glasses
and come downstairs to be kissed goodnight.
She blows on a black windowpane until it's white.
Over the apple trees a great bear passes
but she puts her own construction on the night.

Two cities, a chemical plant, and clotted cars
breathe our distrust of darkness on the air,
clouding the pane between us and the stars.
But have no fear, or only proper fear:
the bright watchers are still there.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

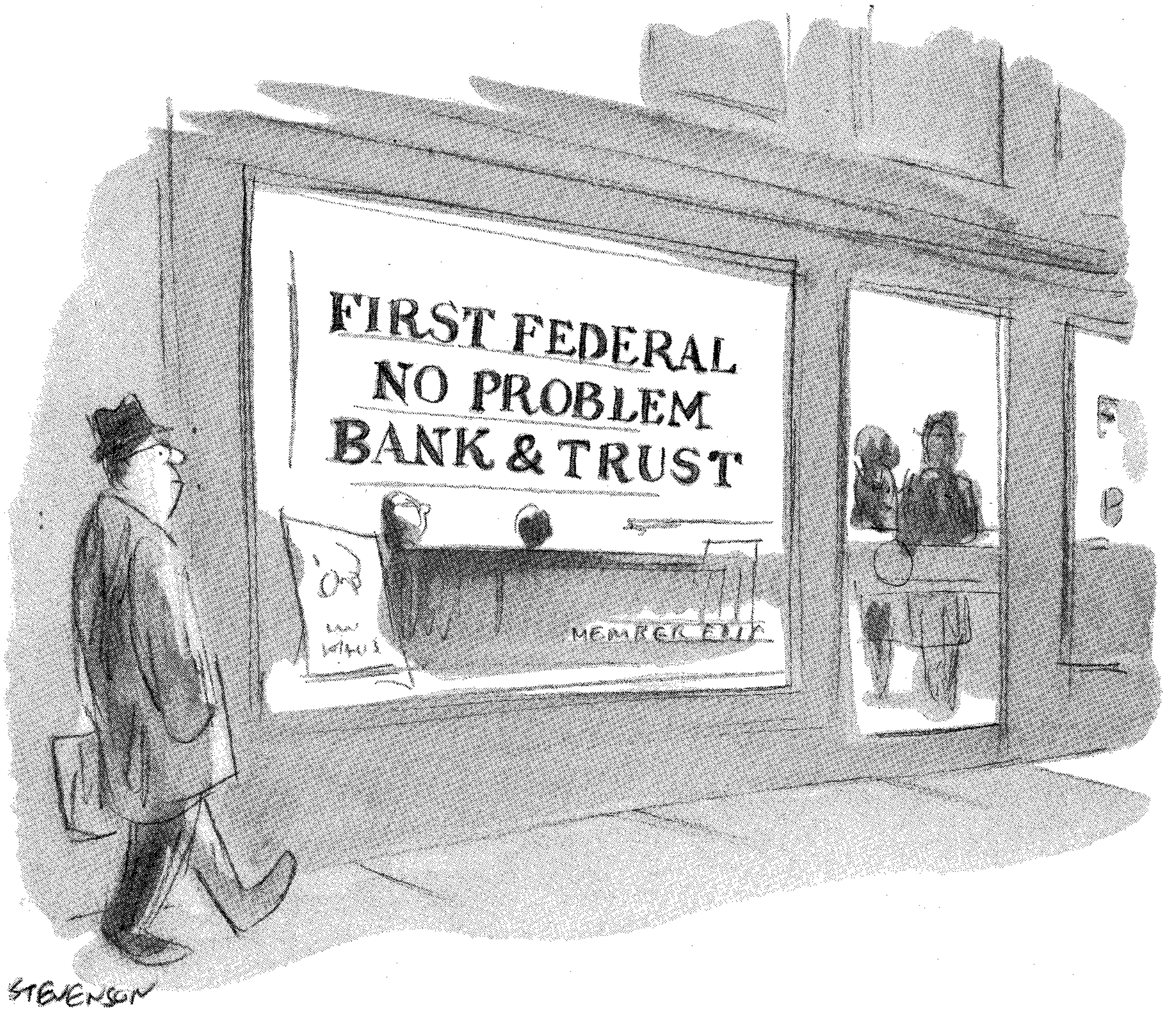
PROFILES

SOME SPLENDID AND ADMIRABLE PEOPLE


HOLD HIGH THE FLAMING TORCH FROM AGE TO AGE
ALL ARTS ARE ONE ALL BRANCHES ON ONE TREE
tom funk

THE American Academy of Arts and Letters (fifty members) and the National Institute of Arts and Letters (two hundred and fifty members)—two intertwined groups of men and women "qualified by notable achievements in art, music, or literature" and chosen by an affirmative vote of their peers—jointly occupy two stately, classically designed homes that face each other across Audubon Terrace, on the west side of Broadway between 155th Street and 156th Street. The two buildings, both of which are owned by the Academy, are connected under the Terrace by a passageway hung with studio photographs, arranged alphabetically by subject, of past and living members of both societies. (Because, by bylaw, the Academy's fifty members must be chosen from the Institute's two hundred and fifty members, and have sometimes waited as long as thirty-five years for their elevation, their average age is considerably greater than that of the nonpromoted members of the Institute.) In the northerly building are the double-barrelled organization's art gallery and an entrance to its auditorium—a subterranean auditorium, under the Terrace, that seats seven hundred and sixty, and is the scene of a yearly rite known as the Ceremonial. The southerly building, which is known as the Administration Building, contains on its first floor the commodious office of the executive director of the two outfits and a big room housing the director's staff, as well as a long, narrow chamber that is called the Hassam Room because it is hung with about forty paintings by Childe Hassam, a founding member of the Institute. The second floor is given over to an Academy Members' Room and a library of some fifteen thousand books. The third floor is occupied by a large, high-ceilinged exhibition room, known as the Museum, which is lined with cabinets of correspondence, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of past members of both societies. (Files of living members are kept in an office downstairs.) A fourth floor is mostly office space. The Administration Building, a Venetian Renaissance fortress in the Palladian style, is the work of William M. Kendall, a member of the Academy and a partner in McKim, Mead & White (Institutionalists all in their day); the northerly building, also of Italian Renaissance derivation, was designed by Cass Gilbert, a member of the Academy.

Audubon Terrace, a gray stone plaza on a steep hill that runs down to the Hudson River, is named after John J. Audubon, whose last home, a farm of almost fifty acres, included the territory now occupied by the Terrace. Its current inhabitants, along with the Academy-Institute, are the Ameri-



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can Geographical Society, the American Numismatic Society, the Hispanic Society of America, and the Museum of the American Indian, all of which, like the Institute and the Academy, were given their plots and buildings by Archer M. Huntington, a stepson, adopted son, and heir of Collis P. Huntington, who was a founder of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads, the builder of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company, and one of the great post-Civil War robber barons. The scion, an indifferent poet but an elegant scholar of Spanish literature and history and an author of many articles and translations in this field, was elected to the Institute in 1911 and gave the Academy—the Institute's senate, or upper house—its land and a hundred-thousand-dollar endowment in 1915. But there was still no money for a building, and the notable achievers in art, music, and literature, who had been meeting for the most part in a back room of the Century Club, on West Forty-third Street, had to wait until March, 1921, when Huntington handed the Academy's directors two two-hundred-thousand-dollar checks—one from him, the other from his mother—for the erection of a permanent home: the Administration Building. A few weeks later, he provided, as an interim domicile, a three-story house he had been using as an office, on Eighty-first Street near Central Park West, facing the American Museum of Natural History. (In 1923, when the Academy moved to Washington Heights, it rented this perch to its donor for fourteen thousand dollars a year; in 1928 it sold it for a quarter of a million dollars.) Between 1921 and 1930, Huntington, now a director of the Academy, gave it around two million dollars in checks, securities, and real estate; seven hundred thousand dollars of this—a sum apparently realized from his sale to Sir Joseph (later Lord) Duveen of Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," inherited by Huntington from his mother—paid for the second building, which opened in 1930. The rest of the two million went toward furniture, running expenses, an exhibition fund of a hundred thousand dollars, and such extras as a fifty-three-thousand-dollar organ, which is never used by its owners but is occasionally rented out, along with the auditorium, to choral groups, the Harlem Philharmonic Society, and the neighborhood Catholic Church, for a few hundred dollars a year. Between 1930 and 1936, the notable benefactor gave the Academy a million dollars more.

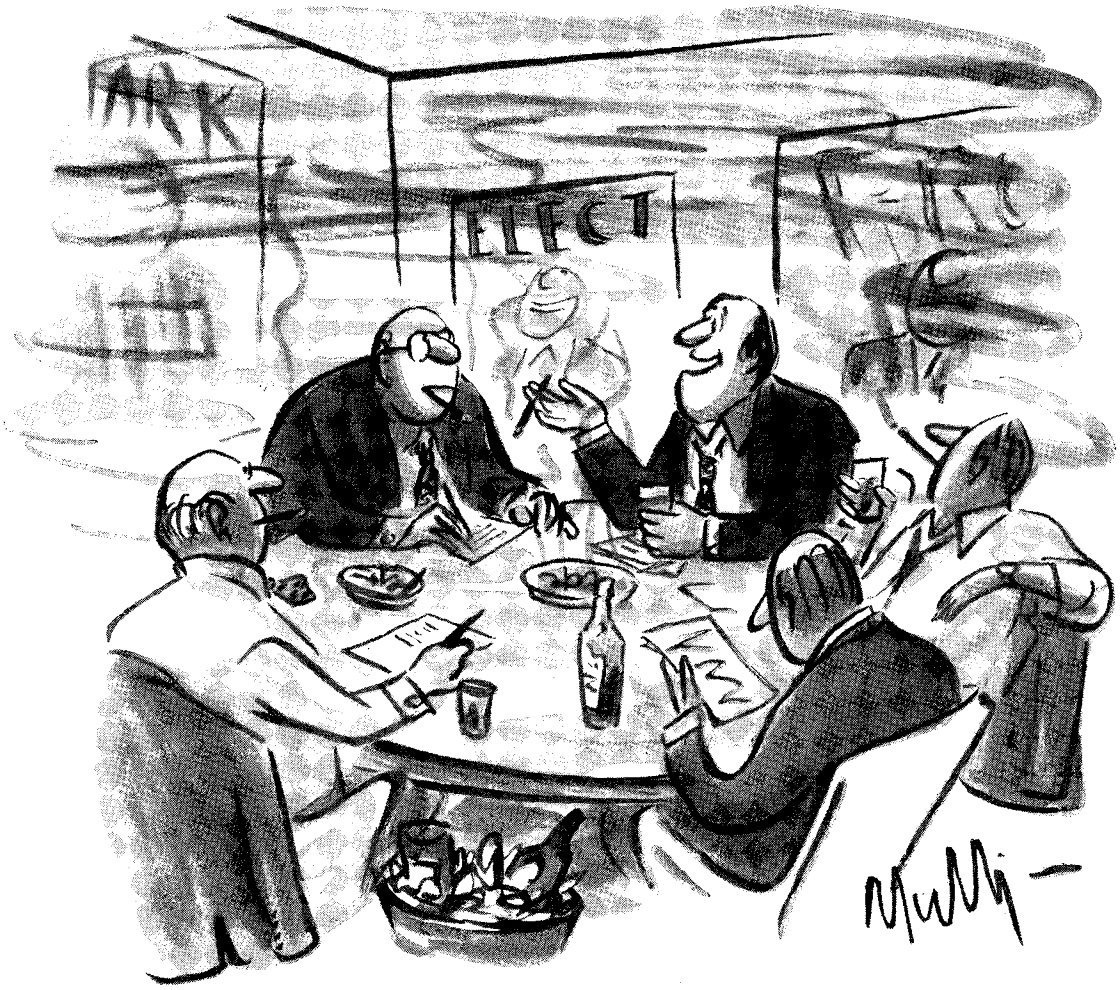
Manhattan in the early nineteen-hundreds showed signs of developing grandly up Riverside Drive, and Archer Huntington may have thought that he was establishing a kind of Parnassus, but the neighborhood today, although it boasts Trinity Church Cemetery, rich in names like Astor, Schieffelin, Parsons, Gallatin, Samuel Seabury, and Clement Moore, is scarcely conducive to worship of the Muses. The vicinity in general is marked by ratty-looking stores and drab, graffiti-covered apartment houses, a couple of which disharmoniously back up against the Hudson River end of the Terrace. In this unlikely spot—so remote from even a decent coffee shop that the handful of devoted women who run the housekeeping and administration of the two societies, declining to explore the possibilities of the nearby New Fat Man Steak Salad & Beer Cocktail Lounge, have an Academy handyman fetch from a delicatessen cold cuts, cheese, potato salad, and fruit for their lunch; so inconveniently situated that house exhibitions have for decades been generally ignored by critics and public alike; so hazardous at night that members (and their wives or husbands) attending occasional dinner meetings are taken home safely at ten o'clock by a fleet of chauffeured limousines—in this improbable oasis (the Administration Building must be the only one in town where the ladies' room is hung with Speichers and the men's room with Childe Hassams), a financial portfolio of between eight and nine million dollars is titularly managed by a finance committee that has been occasionally staffed by a fiscally savvy Academician (James Truslow Adams, the historian of New England, once had a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, and Douglas Southall

Freeman, the biographer of Robert E. Lee, was also a director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Southern Railway; but more often is manned by persons with such fiduciarily exotic names as Van Wyck Brooks, Chauncey Brewster Tinker, Archibald MacLeish, Mark Van Doren, Douglas Moore, Deems Taylor, and Stephen Vincent Benét. ("The Finance Committee doesn't know much about finance, as you can imagine," one of the administration ladies once said, over her potato salad.) The mail of these financial innocents is sometimes enriched by their novel responsibilities. "Dear Tink," Miss Felicia Geffen, then assistant to the Academy president, wrote in 1951 to Professor Tinker,

> The enclosed is self-explanatory. The bank was to sell 100 shares of Corn Products Refining Company preferred stock and to purchase 100 shares of Bethlehem Steel Corporation cumulative preferred stock. They were, however, unable to sell more than 10 of the 100 shares of Corn Products Refining stock, and, therefore, want your approval to buy back the 10 they sold in order to keep the lot of 100.
>
> I think there is no choice but to agree to their proposal since they cannot sell the 90 shares and it is much better to have the lot of 100 than an odd number. Therefore, if it pleases you, will you kindly sign the enclosed letter and mail in the attached envelope.

Professor Tinker was seventy-five and his health was failing; Miss Geffen treated the Johnsonian scholar gently. "Dear Tink," she wrote later that year, "Would you be an angel and sign the enclosed and return in the attached envelope to the Guaranty Trust Company. . . . There is no need to send me back the accompanying material."

The Academy and the Institute forgather separately many times during the year, but their exhibitions (six annually) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, books, and manuscripts—often the work of members, as well as portraits and sculptures *of* members—are jointly sponsored. And every May, in the auditorium, which is used for Academy-Institute business only once a year, they unite to lay on the Ceremonial, which costs between ten and twelve thousand dollars. It is preceded by a cocktail party in the Museum and a members' lunch on the Terrace, held under a yellow-and-white striped tent. (Rental, fifteen hundred dollars; thank Heaven for the great robber baron!) The ritual itself, which starts promptly at three o'clock, is attended by several hundred guests. More than a hundred members, prospective members, and others slated for attention of one sort or another sit gravely across a big stage, in six rising tiers of seats, their names keyed to a numbered seating plan that is slipped into the program; the event is opened by the president of the Academy and in due course is addressed by the president of the Institute. Newly elected honorary members—"foreign citizens distinguished in the arts"—are inducted, with brief citations. (Honorary members are more often welcomed in absentia than in situ; among the foreign citees who mostly did not show up over the years are Sir Isaiah Berlin, Jorge Luis Borges, Pierre Boulez, Elizabeth Bowen, Benjamin Britten, Marc Chagall, André Malraux, Jacques Maritain, Darius Milhaud, Joan Miró, Henry Moore, Dmitri Shostakovich, Stephen Spender, Louis Aragon, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Rebecca West, and Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn.) Next, newly elected *regular* members of both organizations (who must be American citizens) are inducted, with another round of citations. (These have included, since 1960, Leon Edel, James Baldwin, Bernard Malamud, Hannah Arendt, Truman Capote, Ralph Ellison, Harrison E. Salisbury, Barbara W. Tuchman, John Updike, Joseph Mitchell, Leonard Bernstein, Duke Ellington, Richard Lippold, I. M. Pei, Philip Johnson, Joseph Hirsch, Jacques Lipchitz, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Willem de Kooning, Leonard Baskin, Jean Stafford, Alexander Calder, Samuel Eliot Morison, Saul Steinberg, and Buckminster Fuller.) Next, cash awards and scholarships, to the tune of around a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, are presented to promising nonmembers, often little known, "to honor and encourage [them] and help them to continue their creative work." (More citations.) "We delight especially to praise and honor those of whatever age who have avoided fame



"Say! I've got a great idea for a dark horse—me!"

by luck or cunning," Jacques Barzun, then president of the Institute, said a few years ago as he passed out three-thousand-dollar checks to fame-avoiders in art, literature, and music.

Next (we are still at the Ceremonial) comes the presentation of a couple of Gold Medals for belles-lettres, criticism, music, and such; an occasional Howells Medal for "the most distinguished work of American fiction" published during the preceding five years; an Award of Merit Medal, "given to an outstanding person in America, not a member of the Institute;" plus several Institute Awards of Specified Purpose (more cash). (*More* citations; at the 1975 Ceremonial, fifty-two were intoned.) Recipients of Gold Medals, who may or may not be members but generally are, have included Augustus Saint-Gaudens, James Whitcomb Riley, John Singer Sargent, William Dean Howells, John Burroughs, Daniel Chester French, Eugene O'Neill, Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Walter Damrosch, Robert Frost, Cecilia Beaux, Willa Cather, Paul Manship, Igor Stravinsky, Thornton Wilder, Marianne Moore, John Dos Passos, Arthur Miller, William Carlos Williams, Lillian Hellman, Andrew Wyeth, Walter Lippmann, Tennessee Williams, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, Samuel Eliot Morison, Saul Steinberg, and Buckminster Fuller. What a revolving cast of characters! No wonder that many a distinguished recipient, after receiving a trophy, turns around at a later Ceremonial and presents (with a citation) a similar one to someone else—in some cases, to the person who gave the medal to *him*. In 1956, Virgil Thomson pressed the Gold Medal for Music upon Aaron Copland; ten years later Copland handed a replica to Thomson. What a love fest! What a plague of citations!

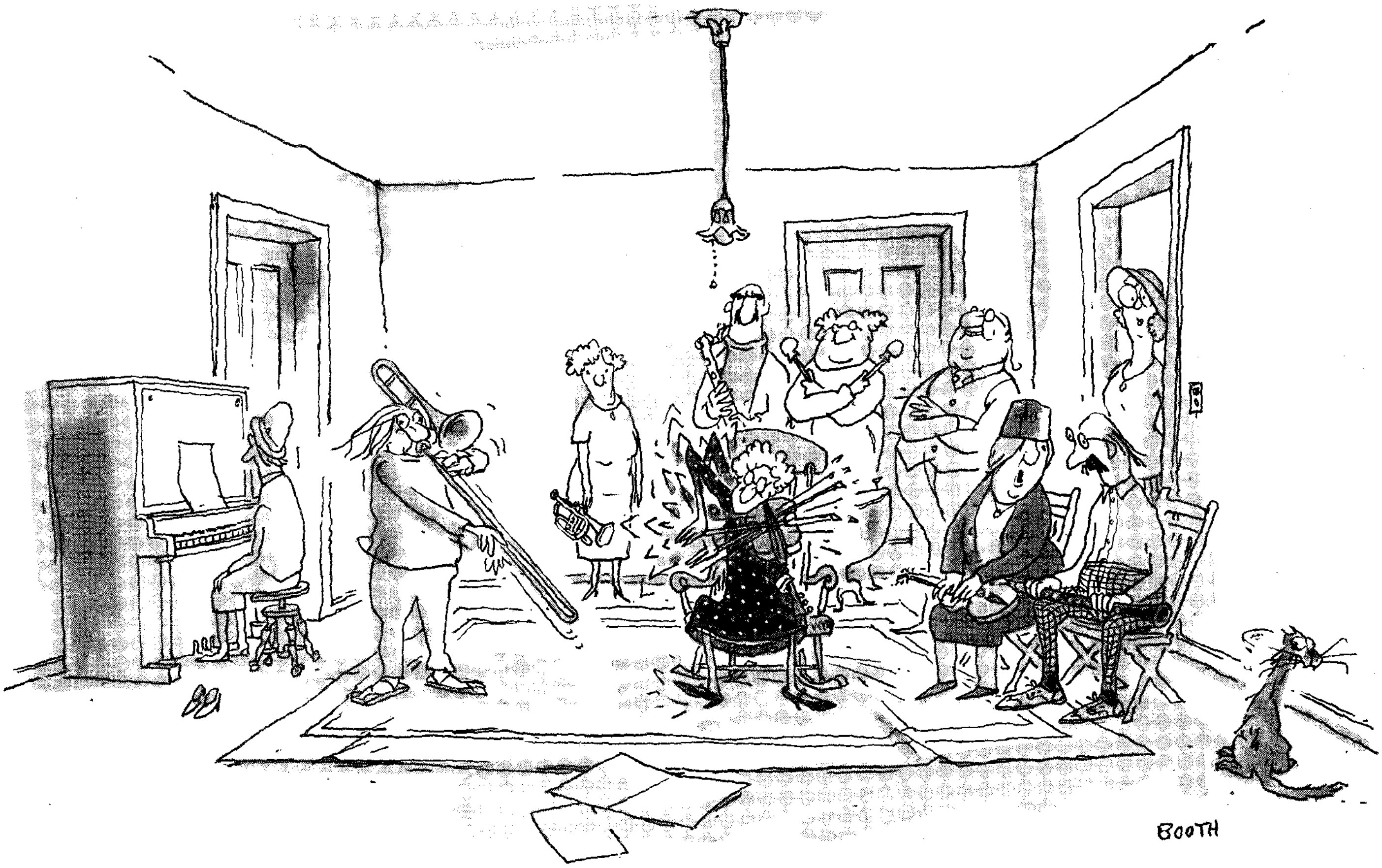
Next (we are *still* at the Ceremonial; it takes two hours), a substantial address "on some aspect of arts or letters by a distinguished speaker" (frequently a member, sometimes a Gold Medallist), often conducive to a substantial nap but always rewarded by a thousand-dollar honorarium that is financed in part by the income of a fund established in 1916 by Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield, the wife of a celebrated mural-painter Academician. After this address, known on the campus as "the Blashfield," other improving events take place, followed by drinks, peanuts, potato chips, cheese crackers, and cookies on the Terrace. More ambitious refreshments used to be provided, but so many neighborhood ladies came in off Broadway, equipped with paper bags for gourmet pilfering, that the fare was downgraded a good many years ago.

THE Academy, though senior in prestige, is actually the Institute's child, its junior by six years. The Institute, for its part, started out, in 1898, as the offspring of a heterogeneous, Saratoga-based society called the American Social Science Association (its departments embraced jurisprudence, health, finance, emigration, education, prisons, charities, and a few other things), some of whose members felt that it ought to have a branch devoted solely to literature and the arts. The new body, when it was set up, was predominantly literary and entirely composed of men, many of whom liked to spell out their middle names—William Dean Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Charles Dudley Warner, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Paul Leicester Ford, Daniel Chester French, Charles Dana Gibson, Arthur Twining Hadley, Robert Underwood Johnson, Henry Cabot Lodge, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Alfred Thayer Mahan, and James Whitcomb Riley. But this nomenclatural style was not a prerequisite for membership, and other 1898ers included Henry and William James, Albert Bierstadt, John Burroughs, Walter Damrosch, Reginald De Koven, Edgar Fawcett, Walter Gay, Robert Grant, John Hay, Frederick MacMonnies, St. Clair McKelway, Howard Pyle, Theodore Roosevelt, Carl Schurz, Woodrow Wilson, Owen Wister, Hamlin Garland, and Brander Matthews (who had dropped his first name, James). Why, with this majestic start, did the Institute find it necessary to have an Academy? Malcolm Cowley, twice president of the Institute and now chancellor of the Academy ("a handsome term for vice-president," he calls this title), explained matters a few years ago in an article in *The Southern Review:*

> One of the first arguments was occasioned by the size of the Institute: wasn't it too large to confer enough dignity on its individual members? "Dignity" was a great word in those days of gray-bearded, frock-coated worthies. It was felt—felt by whom? first by Edmund Clarence Stedman, the stockbroker poet, then by the composer Edward MacDowell, by Robert Underwood Johnson, the assistant editor of the dignified *Century Magazine,* and by a number of others—that there should be a smaller and more exalted body, this time on the model of the French Academy. Its object would be "to give greater definiteness to the work of the Institute in protecting and furthering the interests of literature and the fine arts"—that was the orotund phrase.

The Academy got under way early in 1904, thanks to an election scheme thought up by Robert Underwood Johnson, then secretary of the Institute. Seven men—Stedman, Howells, MacDowell, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, John La Farge, Mark Twain, and John Hay—were chosen by secret ballot. Their first meeting—a lunch given by Stedman at the Century Club—took place in January, 1905, but only five of them (along with Johnson) appeared. Howells was in Italy, and Mark Twain was in bed—"whence," Hay wrote in his diary, "any amount of telephoning failed to arouse him." At the Century lunch, Stedman was voted chairman, and eight more men were elected—Henry James, Charles Follen McKim, Henry Adams, Charles Eliot Norton, John Quincy Adams Ward, Thomas R. Lounsbury, Theodore Roosevelt (then President), and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The title of Preliminary Secretary was given to Johnson, who, although he was not voted into the Academy until 1908 (when the qualifying adjective of his post was changed to Permanent), was the most consistently busy participant in its affairs for the remaining thirty-three years of his life. (He was just as busy in the Institute, but he relinquished its secretaryship in 1909, to avoid dual office.)

Who was Edmund Clarence Stedman, the first man to recognize the need for an Academy? His name rings few bells today, but an early (1893) volume of the National Cyclopædia of American Biography states that "he is, since the death of James Russell Lowell, the most prominent man of Ameri-



"There are few moments in music so thrilling as when Brucie and Mrs. Ritterhouse start riffing in tandem."

• •

can letters." In 1935, the Dictionary of American Biography called him "easily the most popular and most highly esteemed member of the New York literary circle of his day." Born in Hartford in 1833, Stedman entered Yale at fifteen but was invited to leave at the end of his sophomore year; "beer, skittles, and other amusements caused his downfall," says the D.A.B. Twenty years later, the former scalawag was restored to his class and granted a retroactive degree. During the Civil War, he served first as a front-line correspondent and then as a pardon clerk in the Attorney General's office. Stedman published several books of poetry, but he was primarily an indefatigable *compiler* of poems. His "Victorian Anthology" and "American Anthology," issued in 1895 and 1900, generously rounded up nine hundred and nineteen poets and some thirty-three hundred titles, and managed, between them, to cover sixteen hundred and twenty-two pages. (Their tables of contents alone came to fifty-seven pp.) "It was Stedman's habit to consult with genuine poets in regard to their selections," according to the "Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman," a two-volume, twelve-hundred-and-ninety-two-page production by Stedman's granddaughter, Laura Stedman Gould, and her husband. In the "American Anthology," after consulting with himself, Stedman included sixteen of his own poems—one more than Walt Whitman—but, as he wrote in its twenty-page introduction, "this book was not designed as a Treasury of imperishable American poems," and names like St. George Tucker, St. John Honeywood, Sarah Josepha Hale, William Augustus Muhlenberg, and Christopher Pearse Cranch quite excusably abound. *Has* Cranch been forgotten? Let us hope not. Here is the opening quatrain of one of his works, "The Bobolinks":

When Nature had made all her birds,
With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh, and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

"The amiable, self-important, little broker with the pompous but attractive manners, the beautifully sculptured beard, and the brilliant eyes, was full of quick vitality," Leonard Bacon, another poet (Institute 1941, Academy 1951), wrote of Stedman forty-seven years later, and in Academy circles the fact that this captivating dude had a seat on the Stock Exchange was something that had to be treated tactfully. Mr. Stedman himself treated it tactfully: in the first (1899-1900) edition of *Who's Who in America* he lists himself as "poet-critic." "That a man so fine, so learned in letters as he should be forced to descend into Wall Street and fight for money with which to keep the roof above his books and manuscripts was sadly disconcerting," Hamlin Garland wrote in his "Roadside Meetings" (whose title page, under the author's name, bears the legend "Member of the American Academy"). Brander Matthews, the son of a millionaire who lost his fortune after the panic of 1873, was even more tactful. "Stedman was a poet who was prevented by adverse circumstances from giving his whole heart to poesy," he wrote after Stedman's death in 1908.

At a meeting (for which Twain *did* get out of bed) subsequent to the Century lunch, the first fifteen Academicians chose five more—Richard Watson Gilder, Joseph Jefferson, John Singer Sargent, Horace Howard Furness (a Shakespearean editor), and John Bigelow. The twenty then elected ten more—all chosen from the Institute—bringing the total up to thirty, the original quota. This was raised to its present fifty in 1908; that year, Julia Ward Howe was elected. She was eighty-nine; she had written "The Battle

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Well, if there's nothing wrong with you, what's wrong with you?"

Hymn of the Republic" forty-six years earlier; she was to remain the Institute's only female choice for nineteen years, and the only woman on the Academy rolls for twenty-two years. (She died at ninety-one.) The members of the smaller and more exalted body were assigned, titularly, to numbered chairs—Chair No. 1 to Howells, No. 2 to Saint-Gaudens, No. 3 to Stedman, No. 4 to La Farge, and so on—which descended, on the death of the occupants, to their successors. As actual pieces of furniture, however, these *fauteuils* did not exist until 1923, when they were installed in the new Administration Building. In 1911, on a visit to Paris, Johnson had been invited to an Académie Française reception for the dramatist Edmond Rostand; the American took a good look around. "I had been all anticipation to see the celebrated *fauteuils* which had been occupied by the most distinguished savants of France," he wrote in his memoirs. "I fancied that I should see a beautiful armchair with the names of the occupants inscribed on the back of it. I was therefore astonished to find that the *fauteuil* exists only in the imagination, and that the armless chairs have no claim to unusual beauty.... My disappointment concerning the *fauteuils* led me to propose to our own Academy the armchair which we have adopted." Twelve years later, the chairs were financed by a gift of five thousand dollars, obtained by Johnson from Mrs. Harry S. Bowen, a rich New Yorker, after a long face-to-face and epistolary courtship. The Bowen chairs are in the Members' Room, where their occupants can look out on the Trinity Church Cemetery. On the chair backs are plaques listing their occupants, titular and corporeal, together with dates of tenure that have been comfortingly left open for the living. To wit, Chairs No. 12 and No. 26, for example:

John Quincy Adams Ward 1905-1910
Abbott Lawrence Lowell 1910-1943
Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. 1943-1957
Reinhold Niebuhr 1958-1971
Arthur Miller 1971-

John Burroughs 1905-1921
Charles Dana Gibson 1921-1944
Douglas Southall Freeman 1945-1953
E. E. Cummings 1953-1962
Georgia O'Keeffe 1962-

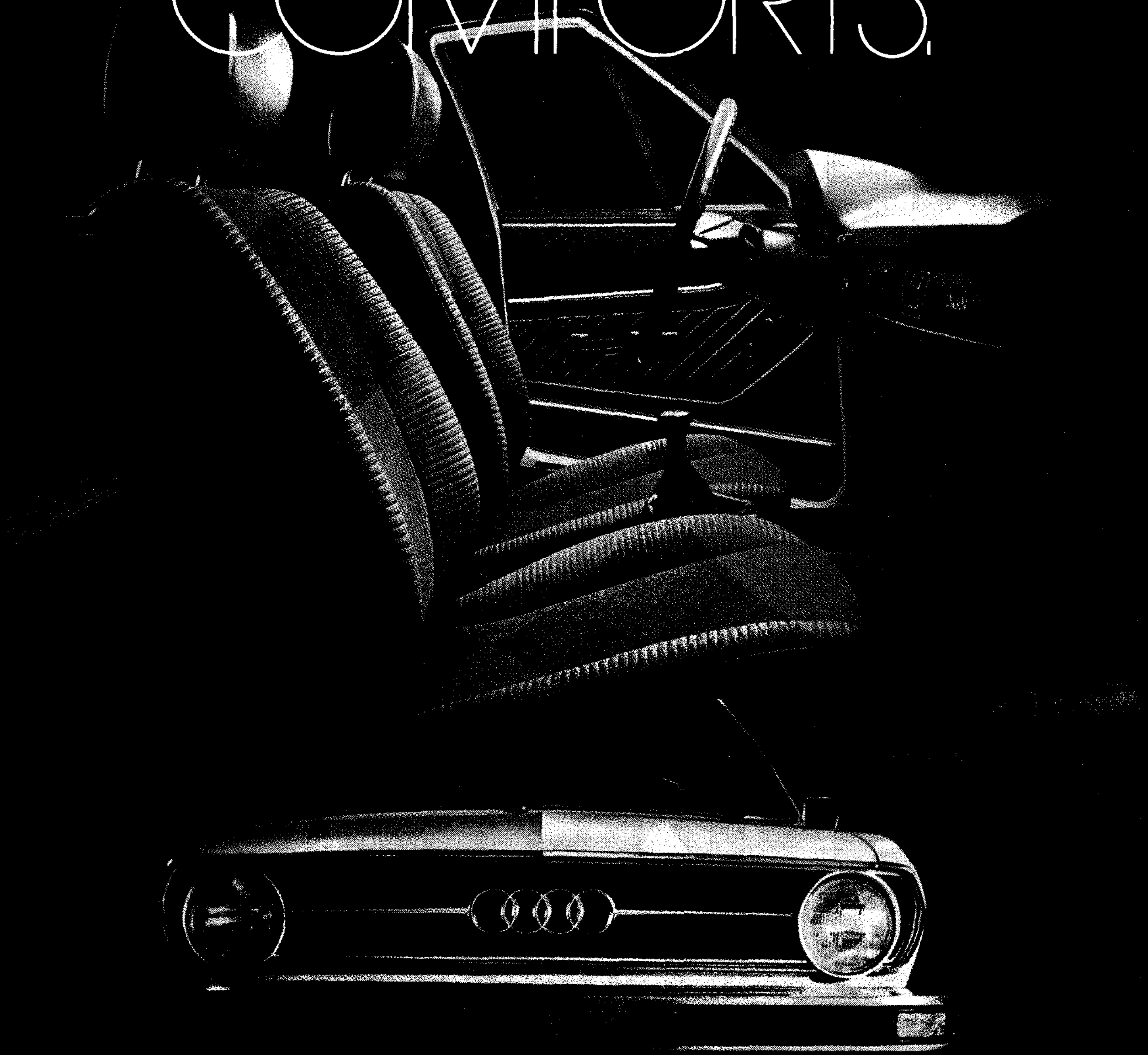
Under the name of each deceased Academician and opposite the name of each living one, the Institute-Academy yearbook lists his or her chair number and the numerical designation of his or her occupancy. "Miller, Arthur 12-5," for example, means that Mr. Miller is the fifth person to have title to Chair No. 12. When a member dies, the Academy sends out a notice featuring his chair affiliation. "The Directors of the Academy announce with sorrow the death of John Dos Passos on September 28, 1970, in Baltimore, Maryland," one reads. "Mr. Dos Passos was elected to the Academy on November 25, 1947, and was the fifth occupant of Chair Fourteen"—thus conjuring up a vista, to students of chair taxonomy, of Theodore Roosevelt, Maurice Francis Egan, Henry Hadley, and Willa Cather. The fact that admission to a given chair is fortuitously assigned by death does not keep some chairholders from suspecting that the fame of a renowned predecessor may have rubbed off on them. "I occupy the chair of Mark Twain," Leon Edel happily and metaphysically remarked a few years ago, when he gained access to Chair No. 5; he neglected to mention his immediate predecessor, Padraic Colum. Has Virgil Thomson ever paused to reflect that he has the *fauteuil* of John Hay, inherited in the first instance by Robert Underwood Johnson? Indeed, Johnson—"the master and slave of protocol," Cowley calls him—had welcomed *himself* to this seat, in a letter that ran:

> SIR: I have the honor to inform you that on the 28th instant by vote of the Academy of Arts and Letters you were duly elected a member of that body.... Will you have the kindness to inform me of your acceptance of the election.
>
> Very respectfully yours,
> ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON
> Preliminary Secretary of the Academy
>
> to: Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson
> Academy of Arts and Letters.

The kindness was forthcoming in a second Johnson-to-Johnson letter, in which the writer also respectfully thanked himself for his promotion from Preliminary to Permanent Secretary.

There were two refusals to the

NOT WITHOUT ITS CREATURE COMFORTS.



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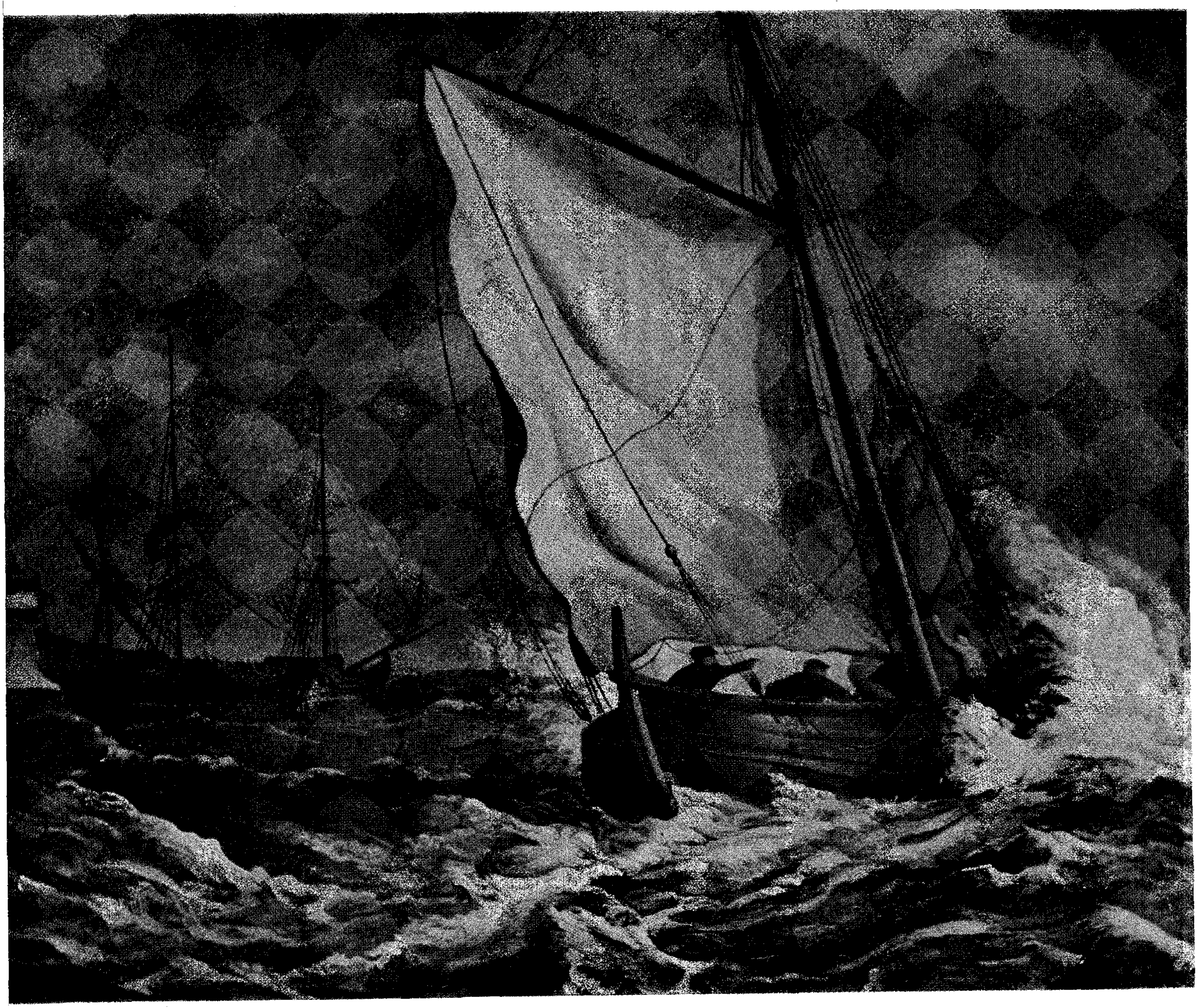

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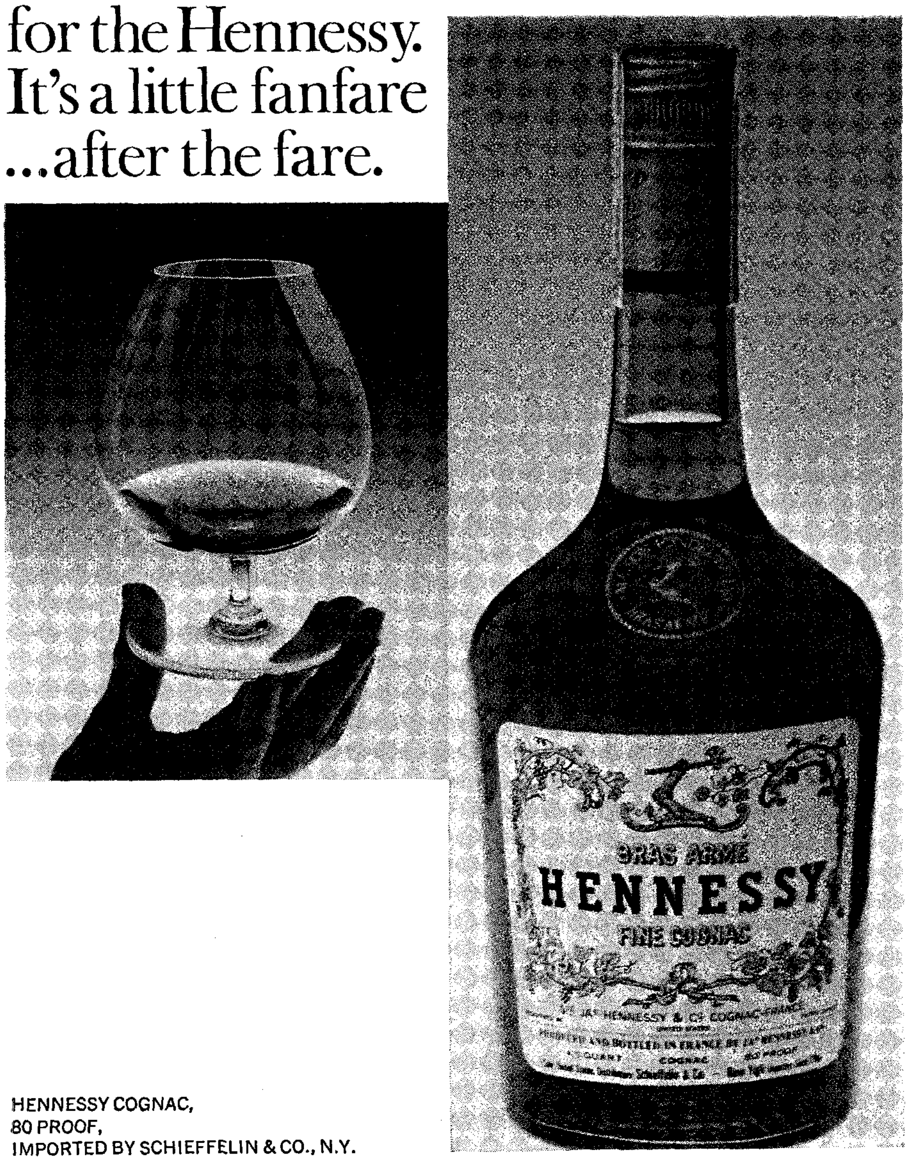

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Academy's pristine thirty—that of S. Weir Mitchell, the Philadelphia neurologist and novelist, and that of William James. The latter's letter of refusal has been given a good deal of literary currency. Elected to the Academy *three months* after his brother Henry, in 1905, he wrote the Preliminary Secretary, "Just back from three months in Europe, I find your letter of May 16th awaiting me, with the very flattering news of my election into the Academy of Arts and Letters. I own that this reply gives me terrible searchings of the heart." His search went on as follows:

> On the one hand, the lust of distinction and the craving to be yoked in one social body with so many illustrious names tempt me to say "yes." On the other, bidding me say "no," there is my life-long practice of not letting my name figure when there is not some definite work doing in which I am willing to bear a share; and there is my life-long professional habit of preaching against the world and its vanities.
>
> I am not informed that this Academy has any very definite work cut out for it of the sort in which I could bear a useful part; and it suggests *tant soit peu* the notion of an organization for the mere purpose of distinguishing certain individuals (with their own connivance) and enabling them to say to the world at large "we are in and you are out."... On the whole it seems to me that for a philosopher with my pretensions to austerity and righteousness, the only consistent course is to give up this particular vanity, and treat myself as unworthy of the honour, which I assuredly am. And I am the more encouraged to this course by the fact that my younger and shallower and vainer brother is already in the Academy, and that if I were there too, the other families represented might think the James influence too rank and strong.
>
> Let me go, then, I pray you, "release me and restore me to the ground." If you knew how greatly against the grain these duty-inspired lines are written, you would not deem me unfriendly or ungenial, but only a little cracked.
>
> By the same token, I think that I ought to resign from the Institute (in which I have played so inactive a part) which act I herewith also perform.
>
> Believe me, dear Mr. Johnson, with longing and regret, heroically yours,
>
> WILLIAM JAMES

"There were two points on which William was being neither consistent nor truthful—with himself—in writing this letter," Leon Edel wrote in "The Master," the final volume of his Henry James biography.

> A deeper and more palpable reason existed than those he gave for his refusal to accept election to the Academy. He had in effect articulated it by his characterization of his "younger brother." The Academy had elected Henry James—"younger, shallower, vainer"—ahead of the older brother, who considered him-

self wiser, more serious-minded, and without vanity. The letter seemed to imply once again that it was impossible for Jacob and Esau to live under the same roof, to be in the same room—or Academy—and occupy seats side by side.

"*Miss Clark! My brains are here, but where's my brawn?*"

The Edel interpretation led to a literary schism in the high command of the Institute. "This melodramatic scenario has no basis in fact," Jacques Barzun, professor of history at Columbia, signing himself as president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, wrote to the *Times Book Review* in the spring of 1972, anent the diagnosis of his distinguished colleague, who had been the Institute's secretary a few years before, and he characterized William's letter as "conversational in tone and marked from the outset by the mixture of self-irony and playful exaggeration characteristic of all the Jameses."

Edel thereupon riposted in the *Times:*

> As for the famous Jamesian "irony," [Barzun] knows (for he has written on Freud) that the ironic can be one of the most delightful forms of aggression. It was William James's most characteristic mask. He used it constantly to put parents and brothers in their place (as in this instance), to annihilate friends and to vanquish enemies.

This did not vanquish Dr. Barzun. A few months later, after a review of "The Master" in the London *Times Literary Supplement* also accepted the Edel scenario, he returned to the fray with a magisterial "This interpretation of William's character, thanks to remote 'analysis,' is Mr. Edel's most original contribution, since it is at variance with all previous accounts."

A third Institute professor, Lionel Trilling, now jumped into the melee, defending the view of his Columbia colleague. Professor Edel, writing from the University of Hawaii to answer both his adversaries in the *T.L.S.*, again invoked Freud, and suggested a more comprehensive perusal of the Edel biography:

> In quoting this letter in "The Master" . . . I was not interpreting it *de chic*, as [Barzun and Trilling] have done. As a biographer, I had to consider all the evidence; and much of this evidence . . . is spread through my entire work. . . . It is to be noted that Professor Trilling uses the word "aggression" to describe certain phases of William's behaviour to Henry. Why does he refuse to pursue the meaning of this word? Freud showed long ago how wit and humour can be the product of hidden animus. . . . I rest my case with the readers of my "Life of Henry James" who may want to look at *all* the evidence, not that of a single document.

Dr. Barzun remains unconvinced. "I later learned that Edel has a younger brother who is a distinguished professor-philosopher," he said recently, with a Freudian smile.

Let us leave this uncomradely mixup for a glimpse of Henry James as an active non-resident member of the Academy. "I enclose the Ballot paper I have just received with the only name on it that means anything to me—out of the list that accompanied it," he wrote Robert Underwood Johnson in January, 1912, from London.

> I have unfortunately never heard of the others & can obtain here no such information about them as would be a proper basis for my vote. The situation renews my lively sense of the radical defect in our constitution—our deplorable mixture & confusion of arts & interests, which demands of writers that they shall competently vote for architects, of architects that they shall do the same for musicians, of musicians that they shall do it for painters, & so on reciprocally & viciously. . . . I can estimate Owen Wister only—& I do. I have an impression that Mr. Augustus Thomas is a dramatist, but has his Theatre been *published*? is what I ask myself; can we take cognizance of the *Text* on which his claims are based? That seems to me essentially to concern us—but I have never come across his works.

Well, as a remark by the failed dramatist whose "Guy Domville" had been a London flop seventeen years before, this was pretty snide—Thomas had been a successful playwright for twenty years—but the radical procedural defect *was* a fact, and still is, to some extent, although it has been partly cured. Today, departmental nominating committees in the Institute screen the names of candidates before the dispatch of ballots to the membership at large, but the Academy still makes its choices without any such machinery.

NOT only the general public—often exposed to references to the Academy and the Institute in newspaper obituaries of their members—but the members themselves have sometimes found it difficult to tell the two organizations apart. On June 4, 1910, after George de Forest Brush, a painter of Indians and Madonnas, had been notified of his election to the Academy, he wrote Permanent Secretary Johnson:

> I am in receipt of your letter of June 1st, 1910, informing me that I am today

> duly elected a member of the Academy. I don't know whether to accept with thanks or whether to give it away that I have been a member almost ever since it started. What had I best do?
>
> By the way, that little button which you enclosed is charming, much prettier than the old one that we used to wear years ago.
>
> Give my love to all the boys down there when you see them.

"My dear Brush," Johnson replied two days later. "The joke is on you. You never were a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters until June 1, 1910. You were only a humble, retiring, and unwilling member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters." It was presumably the Institute's purple-centered rosette, with a solid-yellow field, that Brush found less attractive than the Academy's smaller, purple-and-yellow-quartered insignia.

Time has not tempered the confusion of Academy-Institute members. On November 22, 1951, the sculptor Carl Milles, whose Swedish birth may account for his spelling and locutions, wrote Paul Manship, the Academy's president:

> Your telegramme which came yesterday I do not understand—but I answered it as good as I could. I have been member of the American Academy since years. I travell so much, work so hard, have terrible much to do, so I cannot vote in all academies where I belong as membre, as I do not know the candidates.... I am soon 77 and as I have difficult works to do, do you not think it is more important that I do my best as sculptor instead of reading, voting, answering letters—where I cannot give a serious answer.... I think you have forgotten that I am long ago member of both Academies.

Milles, who had been a member of the *Institute* for four years, was persuaded to join the inner circle.

Five days after this letter, Thomas Mann, similarly notified, wrote Mark Van Doren, the Academy's secretary, from California:

> Please forgive the probably quite improper surprise with which I received this news. You see, I had imagined [myself] to *be* a member of your Academy for some time now.... It now appears that I had a wrong impression of the situation. But no harm is done.

Had Mann (like Brush and Milles) had in mind his induction into the Institute, the year before? Or did his bewilderment stem from the fact that in 1938 he had been elected an *honorary* member of the Academy? Honorary members are spread all over the lot—besides Mann, Gerhart Hauptmann, Solzhenitsyn, Pablo Neruda, Rebecca West, and others, they include, or have included, Georges Braque, Benedetto Croce, Hu Shih, Nehru, Diego Rivera, Sigrid Undset, Sibelius, Franz Werfel, Georges Simenon, and Jan Christiaan Smuts—so it is no wonder that the Academy not only sometimes gets their names wrong but occasionally loses track of them altogether. Domestic members have also been lost sight of from time to time. "Dear Chase," Johnson wrote William M. Chase, the painter, in the fall of 1916. "I wrote you an important letter the other day to Shinnecock Hills, and getting no answer went down there to see if you were still there. They told me you had been gone eighteen years!" If the Academy was a bit casual about Chase during his lifetime, its files have kept his memory green. His folder in the Museum contains a tintype of four men in silk hats on a leafy terrace; two of them are Chase and Whistler. "Original tintype . . . taken in the street in London," an accompanying card reads.

> The particular interest is that it *proves something*. One summer in Paris Mr. Chase had a straight-brimmed silk hat made. The next year Whistler began wearing a straight brim, and after that never went back to his curly-brim top hat—but always said that Chase had copied his. This group shows Chase in the straight and Whistler in the curly brim and so proves that Mr. Chase had it first. Mr. Chase always kept the little tintype for the fun of it.

Confusion arising in the Academy itself antedates the misplacing of Chase. "I have just received from you a Ballot-paper for two New Members to the American Academy," Henry James wrote the indispensable Johnson in November, 1912, from Lamb House, Rye, Sussex,

> which I should have been glad to deal with to the best of my poor (by which I mean my so apt to be unenlightened) ability, had any List of Candidates accompanied it. The enclosing envelope contains none—it has been somehow inadvertently left out; and I am therefore helpless.

The Permanent Secretary was no man to take a hint. In 1913, we find James writing him, this time from London:

WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS

> DEAR R. UNDERWOOD JOHNSON:
>
> I have again to-day a letter from you . . . asking for my ballot in the pending election for two members of the Academy. But again I am helpless, your first letter, of some time since, having enclosed no list of the candidates, and this enclosing none either. So I am quite in the dark, you see, as to whom it is at all a question of. I searched both your envelopes in vain for the least light.

Worse than envelope trouble was to come. "I have to acknowledge your letter touching a subscription to $100,000 for the Academy," Brooks Adams wrote in 1919 to the fund-seeking Johnson.

> The sum is large and considering the large claims which are made on all of us at this time it seems to me an inauspicious moment to ask for large sums of money.... More than this, I believe that I am not a member of the Academy, and therefore it does not seem to me to be my business to contribute for a "projected home of the Academy." This seems to me to be the work of the members themselves.

Brooks Adams' more famous brothers Charles Francis and Henry had both been Academicians, and the omitted sibling was not pleased. He was a widely disregarded writer on economics. "A nervous creature with little self-control . . . Uncle Brooks dearly loved to wallow in gloom," his niece Abigail Adams Homans wrote in her memoir "Education by Uncles," and Brooks himself once wrote an acquaintance, "My dear fellow, I am a crank; very few people can endure to have me near them." His brother Henry, more polite, was a concerned Academician ("Did it ever occur to you," he wrote Johnson soon after Mrs. Howe was elected, "that if we put Julia Ward Howe on our membership, we are subject to much criticism for neglecting other women? I do not see how we justify omitting Edith Wharton, for example, and I've no doubt that a dozen more would claim much higher literary credit than Mrs. Howe can claim"), but Brother Charles Francis, a biographer, historian, and onetime president of the Union Pacific Railroad, who had been made a member of the Institute in 1905, was a victim of institutional befuddlement. In June, 1908, he wrote Hamilton Wright Mabie, associate editor of the *Outlook* and the Institute's treasurer:

> I have received the enclosed [another ballot].
>
> Will you be so good as to inform me what the National Institute of Arts and Letters is, and what function it performs in the scheme of the universe as at present developed?
>
> My recollection wholly fails to recall

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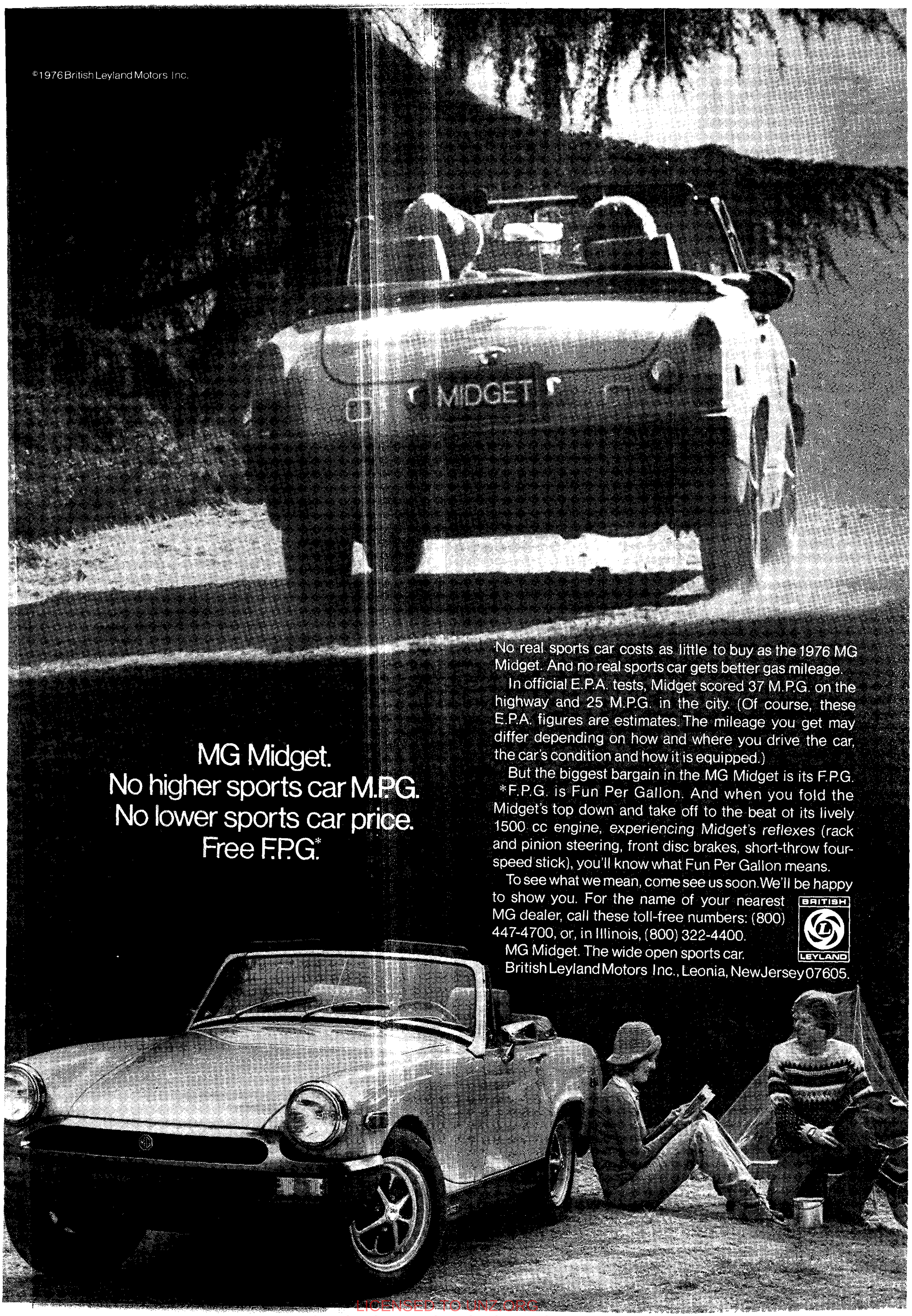

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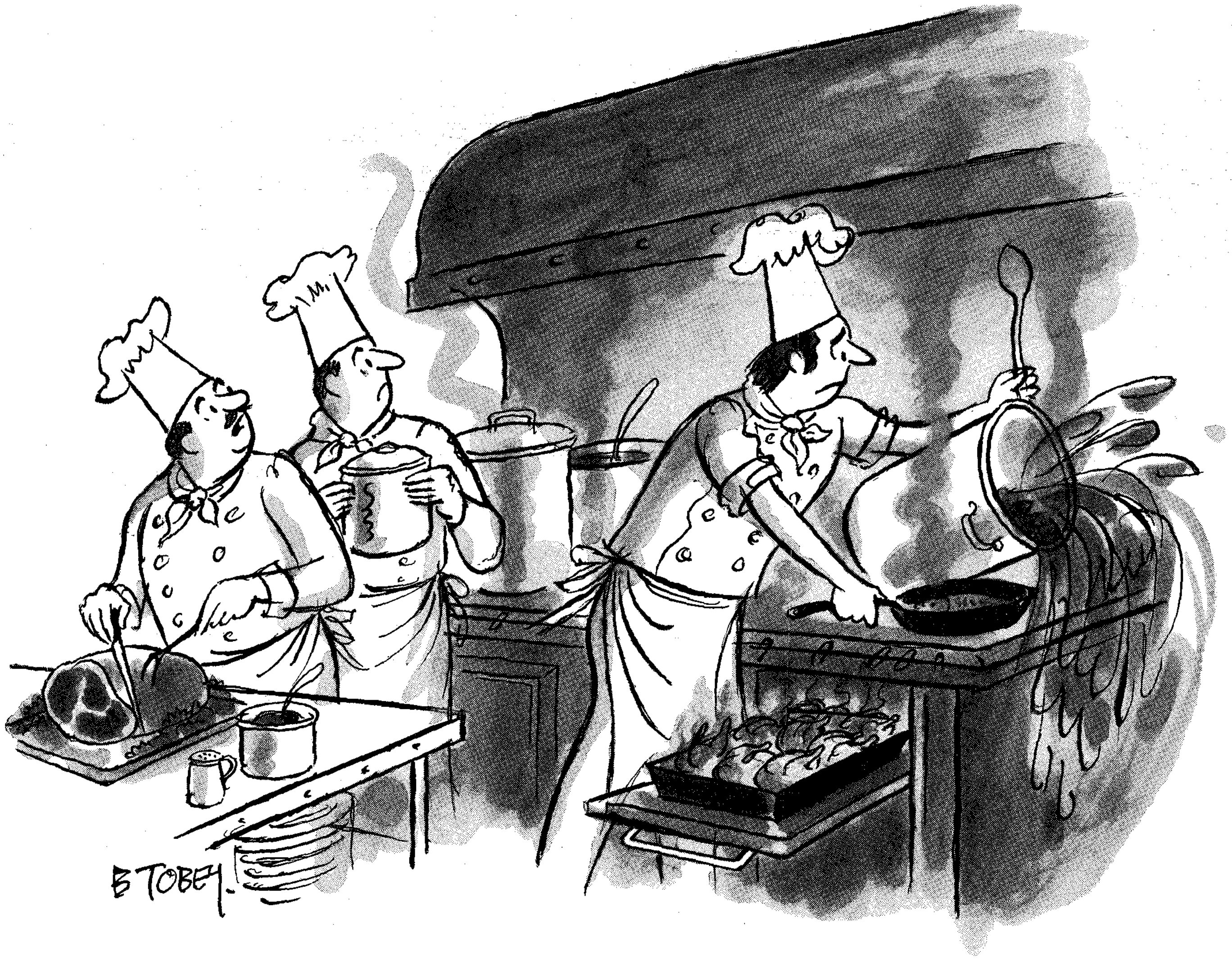

"Of course he's nervous. It's his first thousand-dollar-a-plate dinner."

• •

> that I ever heard of the Institute; that I am a member of the same; or the circumstances under which, if I am a member, I became such.
>
> Will you kindly send me a list of members of the Institute, as I would like to ascertain, if I can, with whom I am associated.

Promoted to the Academy the next year, Charles Francis was "very happy" to join up, but this only added to his perplexity. "Three of the four members for which you have voted are not eligible," Johnson wrote him in 1910. "Perhaps you have confused our election with the vote for the Hall of Fame."

Johnson did not hold Adams' behavior against him. In 1914, he sent the railroad man a copy of his collected poems. Adams, who was seventy-nine, thanked him for the "very attractive little volume," and wrote:

> I regret deeply to say that poetry has become a practically lost taste with me. While I relish nothing that is new, my taste for that which is old is fast vanishing, until, at present, I might almost say, little remains. . . . I propose . . . to take your volume with me the next time I have occasion to make a railroad journey.

Adams, whose works included "Railroads: Their Origin and Problems" and "Notes on Railroad Accidents," died the following year, too soon to take the journey.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS' dislike of the new, if not his vanishing taste for the old, was typical of the early Academy. Carl Sandburg, for instance, made the Institute in 1933 (and the Academy in 1940), but his election took place in the face of strenuous opposition from the Old Guard, led by Secretary Johnson, whom Father Time was beginning to take care of. (Johnson died in 1937.) "As for the Institute dinner, the election of Carl Sandburg ought to have been recorded in the Goncourt Journal," Van Wyck Brooks wrote to Lewis Mumford in 1933. "You should have heard poor old Mr. Johnson rising to read aloud a poem of Sandburg's, on shaving in a Pullman car, to show that the election of such a man would represent the ruin of the ancient faith. It was a great scene." H. L. Mencken, who had been exuberantly lambasting the sacred cows of the Academy for years in his series of "Prejudices," and was continuing to do so in his volumes of "The American Language" and in his magazine *American Mercury*, was also nominated that year for the Institute (for the second time), and Johnson took it upon himself to address a circular letter to the membership opposing the candidacy; Mencken was again voted down. In 1935, he qualified for the final ballot, but he indicated that he did not care to stand for election. "The conservative critics . . . as a group were characterized by an iron gentility," one of Mencken's biographers, Carl Bode, has written. Royal Cortissoz, the art editor of the *Herald Tribune* and a staunch foe of the new in art (he took a dim view of Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Rodin), joined the Institute in 1908 and was raised to the Academy sixteen years later, after some diligent electioneering by Johnson. ("He is in active sympathy with our best traditions and will help guard our gates against the eccentrics who are pressing to the front in every direction.") Promoted to the upper house, Cortissoz justified the secretary's confidence. In 1932, he wrote Johnson:

> As to [Stephen Vincent] Benét. My hand is on my heart and intellect when I say that I can't bear the thought of his being in the Academy. I remember my skepticism when "John Brown's Body" first came out. It deeply disappointed me.... There is not a line of true poetry in it.... In a word, I am thoroughly opposed to him and will vote against him. I am glad that there are others like yourself... in the same mood.

Benét, defeated in 1932 and again vainly nominated in 1935, was admitted to the Academy in 1938, a year after Johnson's death.

The conservative attitude of the Academy-Institute's dominant Old Guard toward art was vigorously expressed in a paper, "Recent Tendencies in Sculpture," read by the sculptor Lorado Taft at a 1910 meeting. "In place of a self-respecting art worthy of its ancient lineage," Mr. Taft said,

> we find in Paris today the puerile effronteries of Matisse and of Maillol, delighting through their very ineptitude a public avid of new sensations. Realism and unbridled cleverness have run their course, and the jaded critics find refreshment in willful bungling and pretence of naïveté.

A bit more than two years later, some of the effronteries journeyed to these shores and joined their American opposite numbers at New York's watershed Armory Show of paintings and sculpture. This event produced consternation in Academy circles. (A few members of the Institute, but no Academy members, were in the show.) It prompted three Institutionalists—Cortissoz himself; Kenyon Cox, a painter of monumental decorative pictures for the Library of Congress and several state capitols; and E. H. Blashfield, whose murals of symbolic and historical figures embellished an absolute galaxy not only of state capitols and courthouses but of supper rooms and libraries of the rich, and who himself was so grand that he signed his letters "Blashfield"—to air their views. "The things [in the Armory Show] are quite indescribable and unbelievable," Mr. Cox wrote, and he went on:

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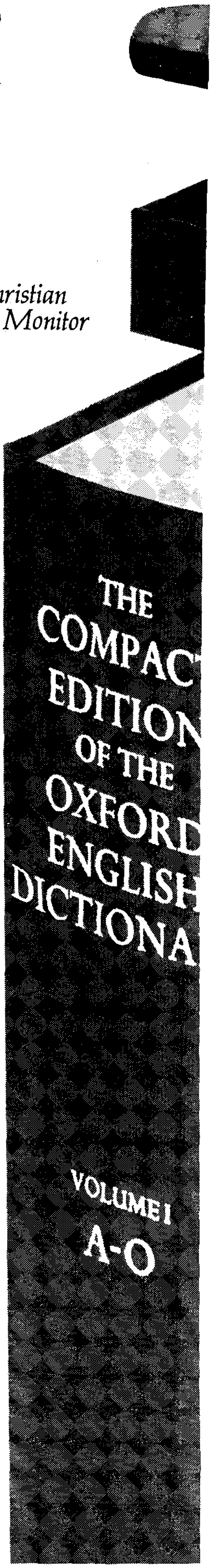

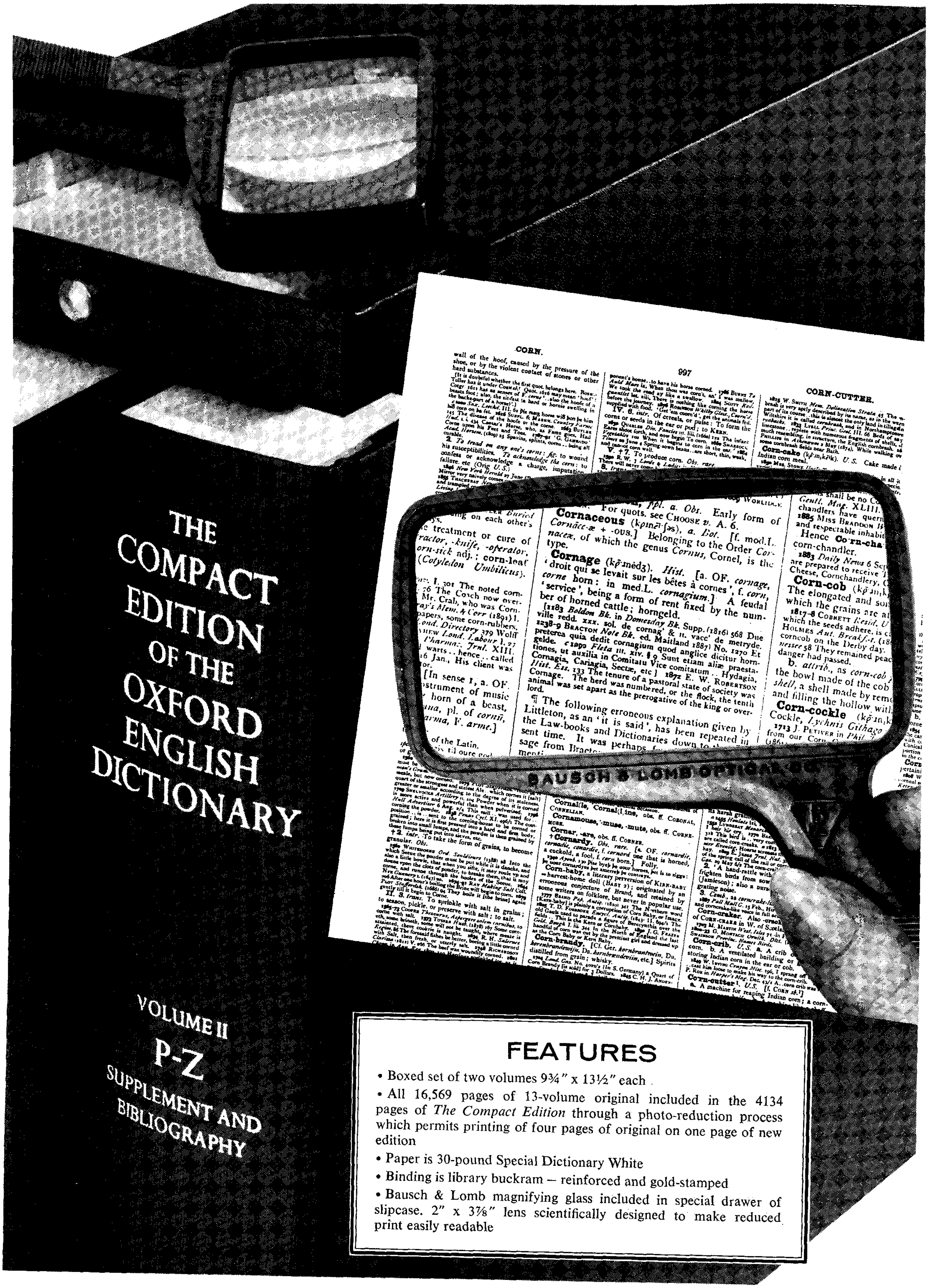
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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

> sible. . . . I meant to make a genuine effort to sort out these people, to distinguish their different aims and doctrines, to take notes and to analyze, to treat them seriously if disapprovingly. I cannot do it. Nor can I laugh. This thing is not amusing; it is heartrending and sickening.

Mr. Blashfield's digestion was more tolerant—"Many of [the Armory exhibits] seemed to have virtually no relation to art; others seemed beautiful"—but Cortissoz sounds definitely queasy:

> One would recognize in [Cézanne] a rather crotchety man of talent, many of whose pictures should have been discarded as crude attempts. . . . As for Matisse, and Picasso the Spaniard, with whom the more pronounced humors of Post-Impressionism come into view, their entanglement in the eccentricities of a kind of Barnumism is visible at a glance. . . . If Matisse were the demigod he is assumed to be, there would be at least some hints of an Olympian quality breathed through his *gauche* puerilities. Picasso, too, the great panjandrum of the Cubist tabernacle, is credited with profound gifts. Why does he not use them? . . . The oracular assertion that the statues and pictures are beautiful and great is merely so much impudence.

In 1955, the Academy and the Institute put on an exhibit of painting and sculpture "commemorating the Armory Show of 1913 and the first exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in 1917, with works by members who exhibited there." The accompanying catalogue described the 1955 show as "a partial re-assemblage of the work of our members done forty-odd years ago," and it printed a list of thirty "members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters who exhibited at the Armory Show of 1913," but it did not point out that of these thirty only seven had been members at the time. The Institute, let alone the Academy, does not often elect painters and sculptors who are in the first flush of middle age. Among the twenty-three Armory Show exhibitors who were later elected to the Institute, William Glackens had to wait twenty-three years, Mahonri Young had to wait twenty-two years, Guy Pène duBois and John Marin had to wait twenty-nine years, Eugene Higgins had to wait thirty years, Jo Davidson had to wait thirty-one years, Edward Hopper had to wait thirty-two years, and William Zorach had to wait forty years. Davidson was sixty-one when he was elected, Hopper was sixty-three, Glackens and Zorach were sixty-six, Higgins was sixty-nine, Marin was seventy-one. Albert P. Ryder, one of the seven artists represented in the Armory Show who *were* in the Institute, had been elected at sixty-one, five years before the show; he never made it to the Academy.

THE Academy-Institute has an official policy of extending financial help to the creative needy. The instrument of this policy is an Artists' and Writers' Revolving Fund, which "shall from time to time set aside such sums as may be available to lend to artists, musicians, and writers of distinction and ability who by reason of financial embarrassment are unable to pursue their artistic and literary endeavors without aid." Recipients need not belong to the Institute or the Academy, but some famous members down on their luck have benefitted from these "loans," which are seldom repaid. The Institute (which administers the fund) is essentially good-natured, and in succoring those in want it has been known to turn the other cheek. A case in point is that of Ezra Pound. Pound was elected to the Institute in 1938. "In accepting election," he wrote Secretary Henry Seidel Canby, from Rapallo, Italy,

> permit me . . . to show perhaps more interest in the aims of the Institute than is generally supposed to be habitual with its members. . . . *The composition of the Academy* is such that DEAD hand must be very strong. . . . One member of the Academy in particular is a living infamy and does more harm to the propagation of truth in America than any one man should [be] in a position to do. . . .
>
> And lastly I don't quite make out what the Institute DOES. Is it a purely otiose body having merely a name? Or does it in any way active[ly] or even languidly conduce to the greater health of American letters and music?
>
> Is it a body to which its individual members can in any way look for action against patent evils and infamies and deadnesses in the present mercantilist treatment of letters?
>
> ad interim, candidly yrs
> EZRA POUND

Who was the infamous Academician? Another 1938 letter from Pound, to the Academy librarian, offers a clue. In it, he refers to "the low, the unspeakably low state of American culture in the past, say during the dominence [sic] of W. D. Howells and the still unjailed N. M. Butler," and suggests that the Institute was "a joke." To this, Dr. Canby replied:

> If you do not like [the Institute's] scope and activities, as to which you do not seem to be very well informed, it is always possible for you to resign. In any case, I would suggest that scurrilous attacks upon its members and officers are not the best means of elevating American culture.

Far from resigning, the new boy continued to treat the officers of the

Institute to messages suggesting that several of "the better and BEST writers . . . are notoriously and flagrantly omitted from our number," and that what "the Inst. and Ac." need are more funerals, and asking "How the hell can you claim the Institute upholds an ideal of literary merit when you fill it with duds and leave out the two best poets in the U S A namely Cummings and W C Williams?," later adding, "It is a disgrace to the Institute that two men of greater distinction than many of the Academy members shd/ not yet [in 1941] have been invited to join us." (Both men were later elected.) In 1943, when Pound was indicted for treason, his expulsion was suggested by several members, among them James Truslow Adams, the Academy's treasurer, who later remarked in a letter:

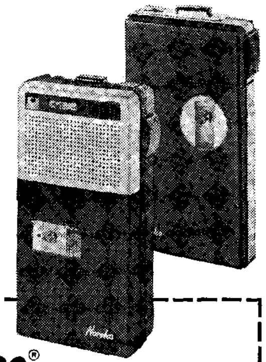
> I wonder whether anything has been done about the membership of Ezra Pound. . . . It does grate a little on me when a man who has been indicted as a traitor by the United States government can still be a member of the Institute. He has now been captured and in due course will be tried and perhaps killed.

The Institute declined to prejudge the case, and Pound, who was never tried, remained a member. He was confined in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington in 1946; his release, in 1958, was secured largely through the intervention with the Attorney General of an Institute group that included Robert Frost, Conrad Aiken, E. E. Cummings, Robert Penn Warren, Malcolm Cowley, and Archibald MacLeish. Pound celebrated his freedom by resigning from the Institute. President Malcolm Cowley asked him to reconsider; no reply. In 1959, President Glenway Wescott asked him to reconsider. "My dear ole Weskitt (of the Institute)," Pound began a letter from Rapallo, continuing:

> Neither you nor Cowlip [Cowley] have adduced ANY reason, valid or even invalid, for my continuing to associate with a gang of writers opposed to every principle that I think valid, or, indeed, that wd/, in a civilized era, be considered as claim to membership in humanity.

The Institute accepted the resignation, and turned the other cheek: at the suggestion of MacLeish, the Revolving Fund sent Pound five hundred dollars.

Until 1936, when it abandoned dues altogether, the Institute levied an annual charge of five dollars. This modest sum caused many people to resign, or to decline election. "Although I had the honor of an invitation to join your Institute of Arts and Letters, I did not



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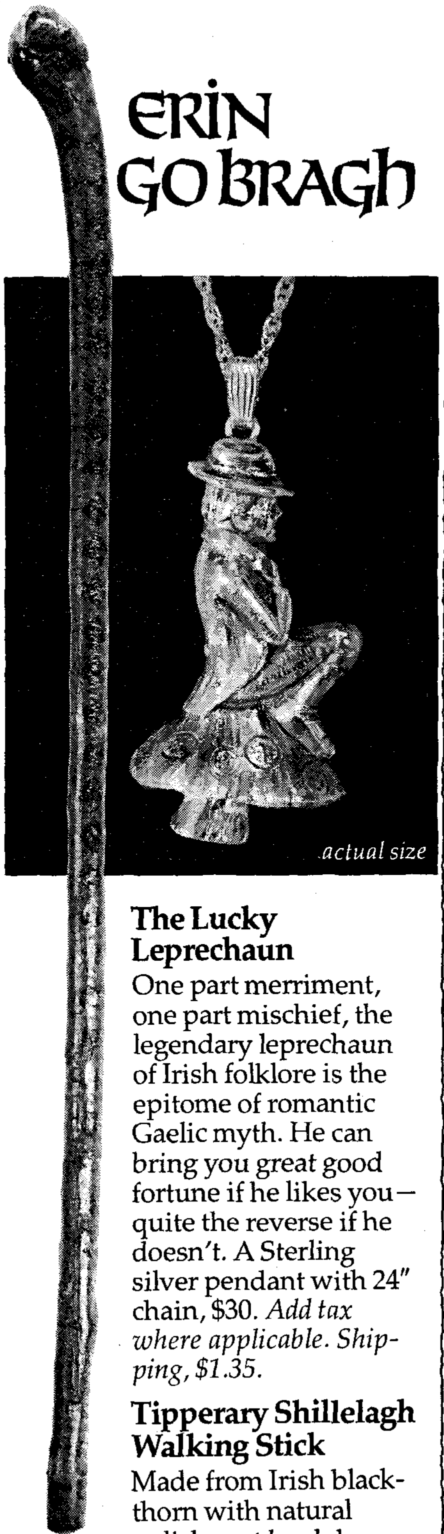

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feel that I could afford to do so and made no application," Thomas Eakins wrote Hamilton Wright Mabie in 1908. "Will you kindly scratch off my name." Institute policy toward dues delinquents was erratic. Finley Peter Dunne was threatened with expulsion in thirty days in 1915; he paid up, but he was repeatedly delinquent again in the nineteen-twenties, and finally resigned, in a state of morose grace, in 1931, after paying accumulated dues of thirty dollars. In 1929, Percy MacKaye, the poet, was pressed, in vain, for eighteen years' arrears, and then allowed to settle by paying for the current year. Robert Frost, deferentially reminded in 1932 of twelve years' fiscal neglect, was offered the choice of paying up or starting anew as of 1931, without penalty. He failed to adopt either plan, and was permitted to stay on. Margaret Deland resigned, or tried to resign, during the Depression; she was famous and she was seventy-seven and she was invited to stay on, exempt from the annual nibble. A number of notable achievers have (like Theodore Dreiser and Edmund Wilson) declined election—or resigned, or tried to resign—for reasons other than financial. In 1956, the poet Yvor Winters, having been persuaded to join the Institute, wrote an acceptance letter from California that did not augur an enthusiastic member:

> I do not know whether I can pull myself together and get back to your ceremony or not. . . . The one ceremony which I attended a few years ago [he had been given a grant in 1952] left me exhausted by three hours of excessively bad oratory and rather angry at the rudeness of the various masters of ceremonies.

Winters resigned from the Institute before any improvements could be made. "After watching the proceedings for a year, I find that I disapprove of the organization for reasons which I will explain below," he wrote President Cowley.

> The trouble with the organization is briefly this: the membership—and this is especially true of the literary portion—is much too large; and as a result the group is predominantly undistinguished. . . . The literary people whom I respect most highly are not in the Institute and are unlikely ever to be there. There are only three or four members of the Institute (literary members, I mean) whose work interests me even a little, and they and I have no critical principles or judgments in common so far as I can see. . . . I do not wish to continue as a member of an organization which is supporting the kind of writing which I most dislike.

On to J. D. Salinger, who in 1957 sent the Institute a telegram of refusal ("I AM MOST INEXPRESSIBLY GRATEFUL . . . BUT RESPECTFULLY SUBMIT THAT I DO NOT FEEL FREE . . ."), and to Vladimir Nabokov, who in 1960, in a letter to President Wescott, begged off with characteristic politeness:

> This is a difficult letter to write. I have to choose between bad manners and the betrayal of a principle. Sadly, but without hesitation, I choose the first. Believe me, I am deeply touched and feel greatly honored by the distinction you propose to confer upon me, and the little rosette is perfectly charming, but, alas, I must return it. . . . Socially, I am a cripple. Therefore all my thinking life I have declined to "belong."

It is the considered opinion of Peter De Vries, an active Institute committeeman, bestower of medals, and composer of citations, that the people who have turned the Institute down constitute a *third* club, more exclusive even than the Academy. "The idea of turning the Academy down is still more intoxicating," he says, "but this would involve infiltrating the Institute first, lying low for an indefinite period, and then perhaps never being asked to *join* the Academy—probably not practical." At all events, whatever the reasons—a more enlightened election policy? a more indulgent attitude among writers and artists?—the Institute has had few refusals in the past decade. (An exception was the poet W. S. Merwin, who resigned in 1972, three days after the Ceremonial at which he had been inducted.)

One more notable name remains to be added to the list of resounding naysayers, although the "nay" ultimately turned into a genial "yea." In 1922, the year he wrote "Babbitt" and two years after he wrote "Main Street," Sinclair Lewis turned down the Institute. Four years later, in a letter to the Pulitzer Prize Committee declining the prize for "Arrowsmith," he wrote, "Between the Pulitzer Prizes, the American Academy of Arts and Letters and its training school, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, amateur boards of censorship, and the inquisition of earnest literary ladies, every compulsion is put upon writers to become safe, polite, obedient, and sterile. In protest, I declined election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters some years ago." In 1930, the award of the Nobel Prize, which he accepted, caused him to mount a heavier and more concentrated attack on Audubon Terrace. The Academy, he said in his acceptance address before the Swedish Academy in Stockholm,

> does not represent the literary America of today; it represents only Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. . . . While most of our few giants are excluded, the Academy does have room to include three extraordinarily bad poets . . . two gentlemen who are known only because they are university presidents, a man who was thirty years ago known as a rather clever, humorous draughtsman, and several gentlemen of whom, I sadly confess my ignorance, I have never heard.

Grudges are not generally harbored on a policy level at Audubon Terrace, and in 1935 the Institute, now headed by Wilbur Cross, the governor of Connecticut, again offered Lewis election. This time, the news was good. "Delighted to accept," he said to Secretary Henry Seidel Canby, who had given him the message over the telephone. (Is there a New Haven axis? Cross, Canby, and Lewis were all Yale men.) In an interview with the *Herald Tribune*, Lewis took off his hat to an improved training school: "In the last few years, they have elected some splendid and admirable people." In 1938, expressing a "feeling of honor," Lewis accepted promotion to the Academy, where he landed in the *fauteuil* of John Russell Pope. This step up had been frowned upon by several of Lewis's brothers in the Institute. Robert Underwood Johnson, seven weeks before his death, had urged William M. Kendall not to vote for "the objectionable novelist, Sinclair Lewis." "I have no use for him," the Administration Building's architect replied. And Booth Tarkington wrote Wilbur Cross, then chancellor of the Academy, "Of course S. Lewis should never become a member of the Academy after what he said of it when he danced naked before the Swedes in rapture over himself, and I don't think he deserves it anyhow." To no avail; Lewis became a cozy, diligent, and responsive member of both the Institute and the Academy. His folders in their files bulge with letters giving his opinion of nominees and suggested grantees, and with polite correspondence about lunches and dinners.

IN May, 1948, the historian Charles A. Beard (Institute '39, Academy '46) was given the Institute's Gold Medal for History and Biography. "It is no mere love of formality which leads me to protest that I do not deserve the honor," he wrote President Douglas Moore, adding:

> Few if any lines from my pen are unmarred by grievous imperfections. Yet,

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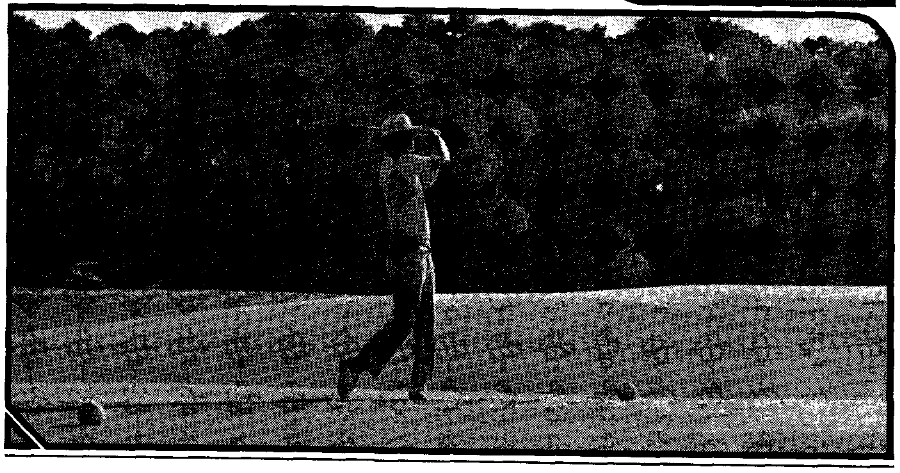


I can picture myself now, driving in the country in my new floral print pantsuit. It will mix so well with the scenery. The shirt jacket and pants make me feel ready for the springtime. And the cool cotton knit shell makes the whole outfit flower. Polyester and cotton voile shirt jacket, twin print cotton pants, and cotton knit shell, 8 to 16 sizes, $48. Sportdress Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

It's almost spring and here come the flowers. And they're from Saks Fifth Avenue

by declining, I should put my judgment above that of my colleagues and that would be lacking in grace. So I accept their verdict with due gratitude.

One colleague who agreed with Beard that he did not deserve the honor, and who had for some time been drawing attention to his grievous imperfections, was Lewis Mumford. "If there were a sense of honor among scholars, he would have been read out of every scholarly society, for his betrayal of scholarship," Mumford had written in 1947 to his old friend Van Wyck Brooks. "Instead, I note with sorrow and indignation, he is even up for a medal in history at our revered Institute of Arts and Letters. (If he gets the medal, I shall publicly resign.)"

Mumford was as good as his word: when the Institute's decision to award the medal was publicly announced, he resigned in protest. ("Don't do it, dear Lewis!" Brooks had written him.) Mumford had lost his only son in the Second World War; America's entry into the conflict had been opposed by Beard, who, Mumford stated in his letter of resignation (released to the press), had permitted "his isolationist position to influence him to the point of eliminating some of the facts of history." Henry Seidel Canby, slated to bestow the medal at the Ceremonial, bugged out. Sinclair Lewis was approached for the task, but he said he would be out of town. The job devolved on Brooks, who was on the committee that had made the nominations for the medal, and a painful exchange of letters between the two old friends took place.

Mumford to Brooks:

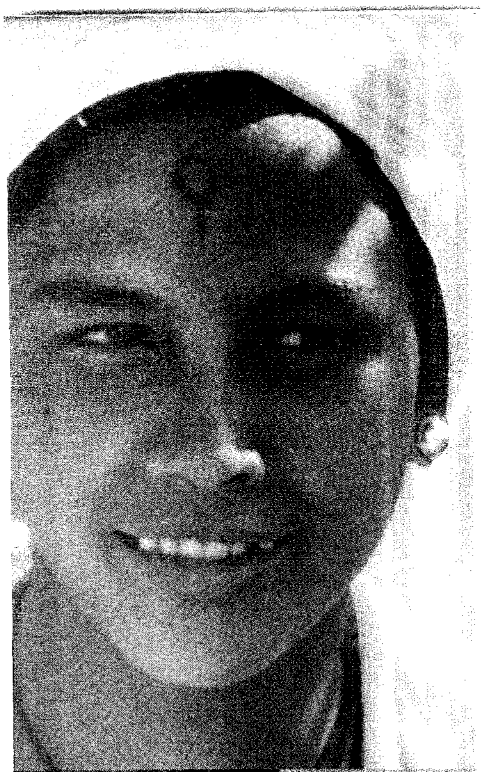
> Without being either a traitor or a fascist himself, Beard has served the purposes of traitors and fascists by his manner of presenting . . . the evidence, in supposedly objective works on American history. More outright enemies of the anti-fascist cause, people like Ezra Pound or Knut Hamsun, are much less dangerous than Beard; for they openly believed in fascism, while Beard's method was to give it the utmost benefit of the doubt whilst he insidiously attacked from the rear all who were prepared . . . to resist fascism. . . .
>
> All this may surprise you and distress you, dear Van Wyck; but the fact that you have been too absorbed in your great work to realize what has been going on about you does not absolve you. . . .
>
> When you, in turn, dear Van Wyck, vote a gold medal for Beard you are taking sides in this war: you are aligning yourself with the Beards and extending their range of influence, and at the same time you are turning your back to the Mumfords, and saying in effect that what they stood for was not important, and that in the main, people like Beard were probably right.

The gentle, literary Brooks was shaken. In a couple of letters to Mumford, he wrote:

> The idea that by voting for Beard I was voting against you was something that could never have entered my head. . . . I have never known him well, nor have I ever thought that he was a great historian. He has, to my mind, too little insight and feeling. I voted for him, in good faith, because of [his] "The Rise of American Civilization." I had no second thought, beside this, in the matter.
>
> I am in a peck of trouble over the C. A. Beard affair, which has developed into a horrid mess. He has published a book that appears to be monstrous, and several other members threaten to follow your example. I met Dean [Christian] Gauss [of Princeton] the other night at an *American Scholar* dinner. He said Beard's new book was "poisonous" and felt that you were pretty well vindicated. Then Frank Mather thinks of resigning, too; so does Allan Nevins. Meanwhile, I have to present the medal, for Canby, who was going to do it, has now refused to do so. Some of these protestations come with ill-grace, I think, and simply mean that the band-wagon has turned around; for the medal was voted by a fair majority. Still, I am sorry on behalf of the Institute and not just on my own account. I shall have to refer in my remarks to my total disaccord with Beard's later tendency (of which I was unaware). Then I can only fall back on my wholehearted admiration of the Beard I used to know and "The Rise of American Civilization."

"The news in your letter, dear Van Wyck, fills me with concern," Mumford replied,

> for I had no thought, when I began my protest, that you would have to bear the brunt of it; my first remarks to you were as a friend and confidant, rather than a member of the Institute. The mischief is that the Beard nomination for a medal was not nipped in the bud in committee; which means, really, that everyone on the committee had been wrapped in cotton-batting the last ten years and hadn't realized for a moment what Beard had actually been doing. I am chagrined to think that my erstwhile colleagues had to wait for the last poisonous opus to see that my protest was justified. . . .
>
> But what have you to do with all this, dear Van Wyck? It is unthinkable that you should bear the burden for the collective error of bestowing the medal: the role of scapegoat, or rather Sacrificial Lamb, doesn't become you, and what is more, is quite unjust. You should not be made to hold the bag while the more cowardly members of the Institute hastily run around the corner. The only way to repair the mischief . . . is for you to decide in advance that you will be officially ill, the day before the



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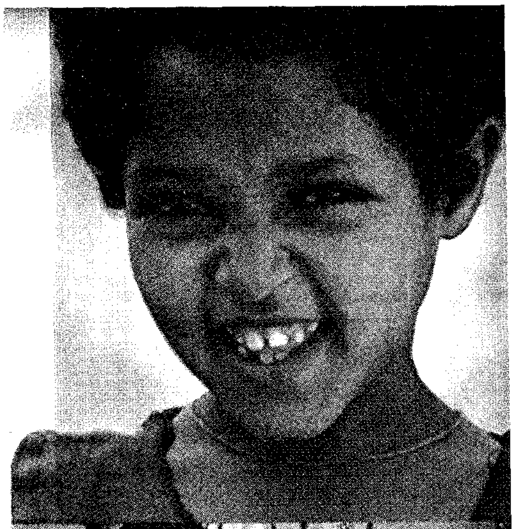

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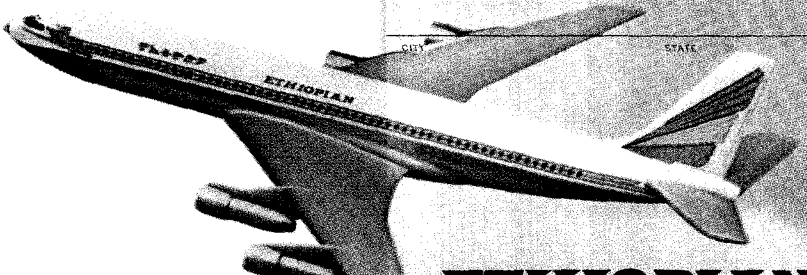

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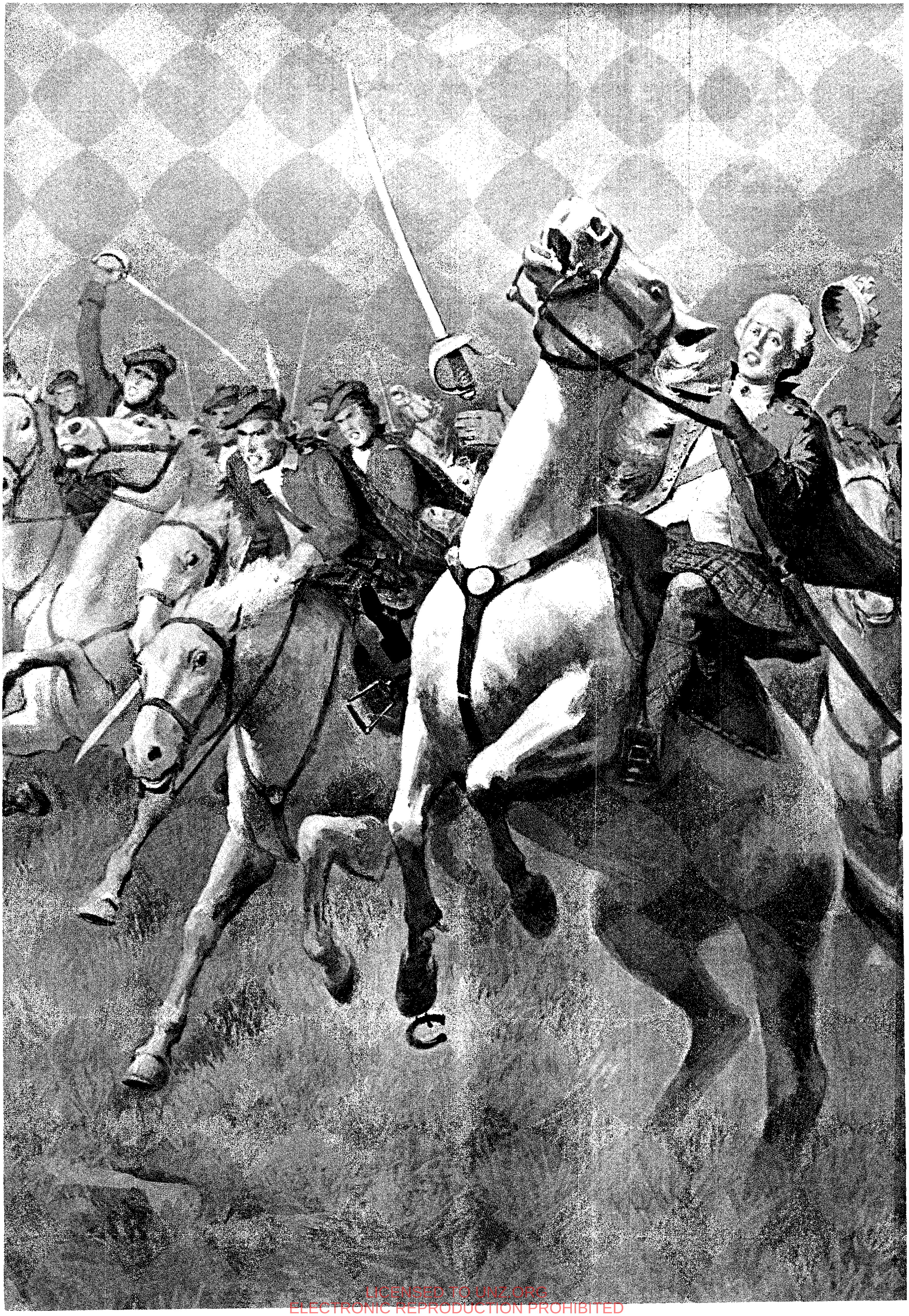

For the want of a nail...

For the want of a nail
the shoe was lost,

For the want of a shoe
the horse was lost,

For the want of a horse
the king was lost,

For the want of a king
the battle was lost,

For the want of a battle
the kingdom was lost,

And all for the want
of a horseshoe nail.

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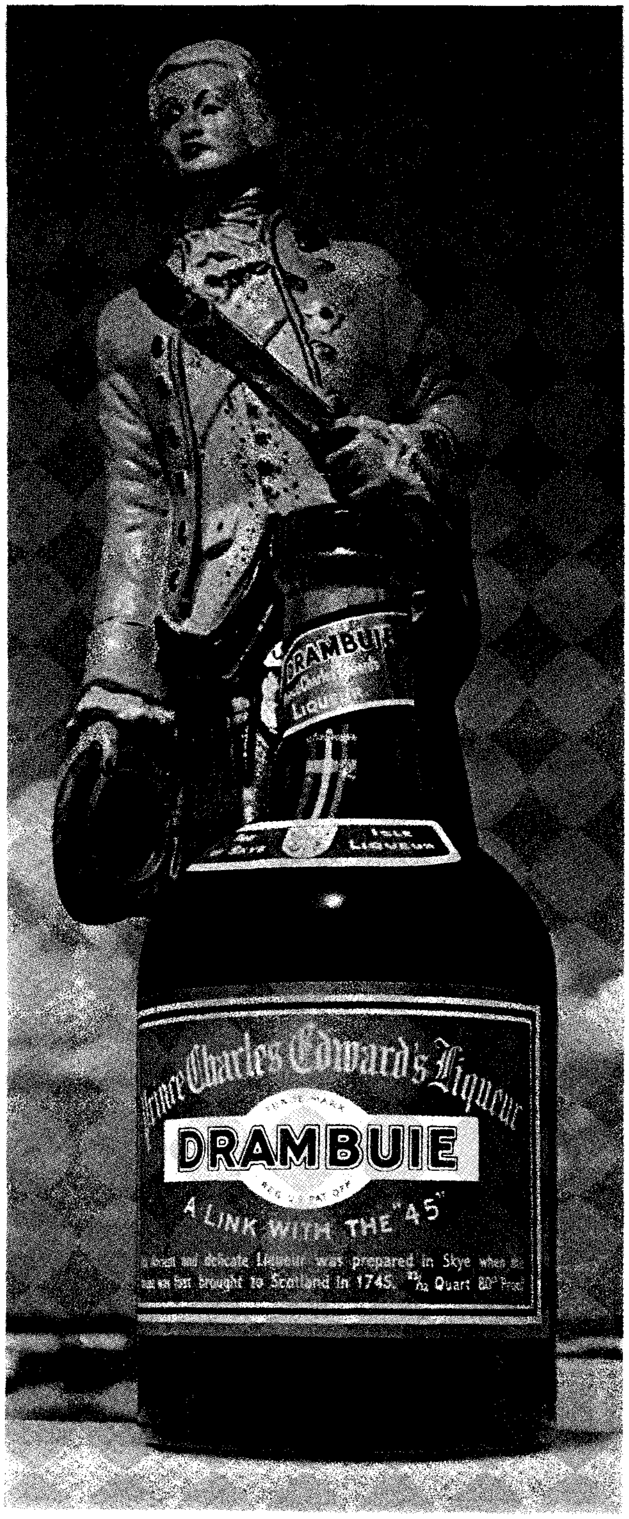
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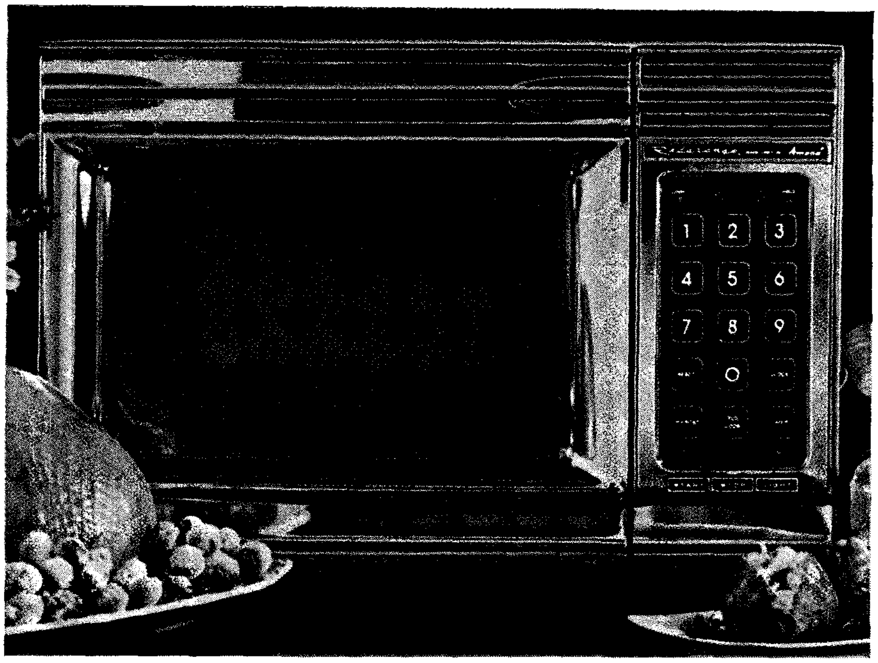

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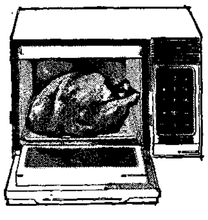

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affair comes off, and run away to the country till it's over.

The Sacrificial Lamb, however, resisted this proposal for a rural gambol. He stayed in town and presented the medal. Beard died soon afterward, and in 1954 Brooks persuaded Mumford to return to the Institute.

Mumford was elected to the Academy a year later, and what did he do in 1966 but resign from *it*, right after being its president! The occasion of *this* divorce was his opening address at the Ceremonial, which he devoted to excoriating America's political and military policy in Vietnam. The painter Thomas Hart Benton, who had been inducted into the Academy in 1963 by Mumford, left the stage, saying, "I'm not going to listen to this tripe [characterization bowdlerized]," and sent in a letter of resignation ten days later. His resignation was formally accepted, but in March, 1966, the directors unanimously voted to reinstate him. It was then that Mumford resigned. The autonomy of the two societies enabled him to stay mad at the Academy but remain friendly with the Institute. In 1970, he consented to be the hero of a Ceremonial ceremony billed as "Presentation to Lewis Mumford of the Gold Medal for Belles Lettres by Glenway Wescott of the Academy." (The medal, like all Institute Gold Medals, is awarded by the Institute "in the name of the Academy." Never mind.) Vietnam was still a horror, and Mumford, rising above belles-lettres, returned to the arena:

> I remember that five years ago I opened an Academy meeting . . . and now, today, I am on the same platform. . . . It took a little courage on the part of the Academy, I would say, to give me the medal and to ask me to appear again on this platform, when the affairs of the world have grown much grimmer, much more horrible, much more atrocious. We are all of us involved in atrocities that have been committed in our name by the government and by the military arm of this country. We have taken part in this moral debacle, and by our silence, insofar as we have been silent, we have sanctioned it.

If the Gold Medal was an attempt to butter Mumford up and get him back into the Academy, it did not succeed. Shortly after its bestowal, President George Kennan invited the impassioned belle-lettrist to return, but he declined:

> Behind this decision lies a feeling of doubt I have always had about the separate existence of the Academy. . . . I regard the elevation to the Academy from the Institute as an invidious and meaningless distinction. . . . So I am content to remain a member of the parent body,

without feeling any special sense of separation from the Academy.

IF Mumford and Lewis were, on occasion, indignant critics of the Academy-Institute, surely the leading contender for a Stormy Petrel Medal was John O'Hara, who was elected to the Institute in 1957 after complaining for years that he was not a member. In 1954, in a weekly Sunday column, "Sweet & Sour," that he contributed for six months to the Trenton, New Jersey, *Times-Advertiser*, he wrote that he had not given much thought to the Institute

> until a friend of mine told me he had put me up and that I'd been voted down. I think I have been put up eight times, maybe more, and always been given the cough drop. I'm not supposed to know this, but I have been put up by Philip Barry, Deems Taylor, Chauncey Brewster Tinker, Struthers Burt, William McFee, and Louis Untermeyer, among others. . . . Indeed, Untermeyer once announced that he was going to get up and read all of my published works backwards until they elected me. That may have been a tactical error. There are some members of the Institute who would think my stuff reads better that way, and they don't want me to sound good. . . .
>
> The members are chosen in much the same way that a form player picks horses: they go by performance in order to decide who among American writers have lasting, or staying, qualities. On that basis I probably qualify, since two of my gems, not just one, had early foot and are still legging it quite well after twenty years and fourteen years, with no immediate signs of tiring. I cannot, of course, say the same for anything at all that was written by some of the boys and girls who are in the Institute.

O'Hara's public plea for election was rewarded three years later. "Thank you for the notification of my election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which I accept," he wrote Secretary Louise Bogan, rather tersely, but on the same day he addressed Deems Taylor more expansively:

> DEAR SMEED:
>
> I am not likely to get haughty about the Institute when I consider with pride and pleasure—all right, and prejudice—the men . . . who have been going to bat for me all these years . . . so many of you and so good. Even Struthers Burt, whom I didn't know very well, was indignant when I referred to the elections as My Annual Snub; he thought I had been a member all along.
>
> Well, I got the notification in the same mail that your note came in and I plan to spend the afternoon with a razor blade, slitting the stitching in my lapel buttonholes to make way for the rosette. (Ready-made clothes, you know.)

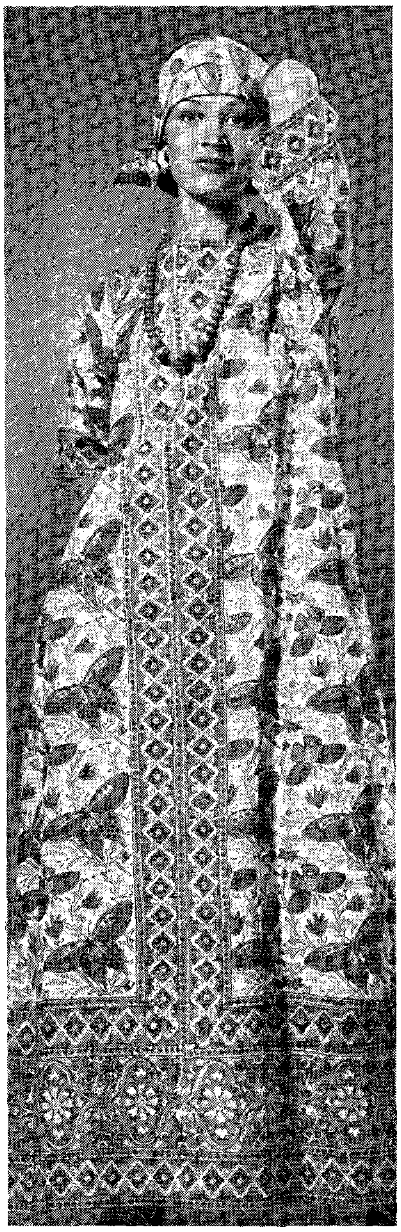
On November 7, 1961, O'Hara wrote President Wescott, "I hereby tender my resignation from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, this resignation to take effect immediately." The Institute had just mailed out ballots for the 1962 Gold Medal for Fiction, and O'Hara's name was not on the ballot. (The medal went to Faulkner.) Wescott took no action on the resignation; he was about to relinquish his presidential post to Malcolm Cowley, who had hardly been installed before the Gold Medallist *manqué* returned to the assault: "When I was finally elected to the Institute, *in 1957* [italics O'Hara's]," he wrote Cowley early in 1962,

> there was just about no one left on the outside. The Institute had already taken in ahead of me a considerable number of men and women whose work, in my opinion, did not qualify them. But I said to myself, Better late than never—and became a member, with a secret mental reservation: that I would wait three years for election to the Academy, and if at the end of three years I was not in the Academy, I would get out of the Institute.
>
> Well, I forgot about my mental reservation, or rather I forgot to look at the calendar. The Howells medal was awarded, but not to me [it went to James Gould Cozzens]; and then, last Fall, came the ballot with the four names of authors who were to be voted on for the Gold Medal. Then I looked at the calendar and said to myself, What the hell? You have been passed over . . . for the Howells medal, and you have been passed over for the Gold Medal. Time to get out. . . . My resignation stands.

The Institute tried to change O'Hara's mind. In 1964, it voted him the Academy's Award of Merit Medal for the Novel, which is at least Gold-Plated. It was presented at that year's Ceremonial by John Hersey. What a presenter! Yale 1936! Chairman of the Freshman Prom Committee! Lizzie Club! Fence Club! Skull and Bones! Friend of the Yale Library! The fifth man to succeed to the *fauteuil* of Carl Schurz! O'Hara, disgruntledness out the window, burst into tears as he received the medal. His gratitude continued. In the foreword to the collection of short stories "The Horse Knows the Way," published in 1964, he wrote:

> Thirty years after the publication of my first novel I have been given the Award of Merit of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the highest honor of my professional career. . . . That Award has made a hell of a difference to me. It was given to me in spite of the fact that I had resigned from the National Institute of Arts and Letters three years earlier. It was a complete surprise of a kind that I badly needed, how badly I did not realize until I was able to think about it.

Now the members of the Academy



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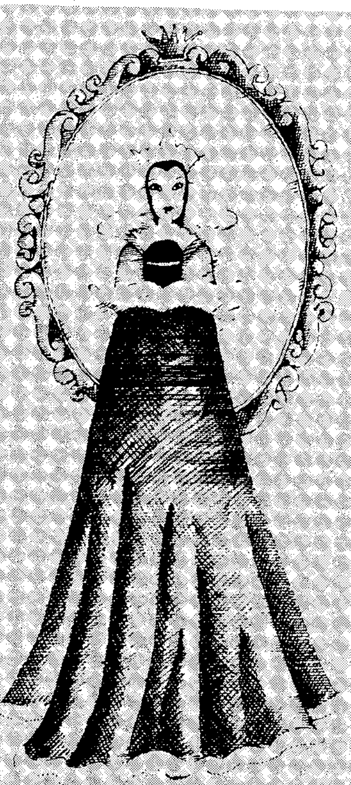

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(who are not what I contemptuously refer to as the academics) did not play it safe. They gave me an honor that had previously been given to Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Mann, Ernest Hemingway, and Aldous Huxley, and to no one else.

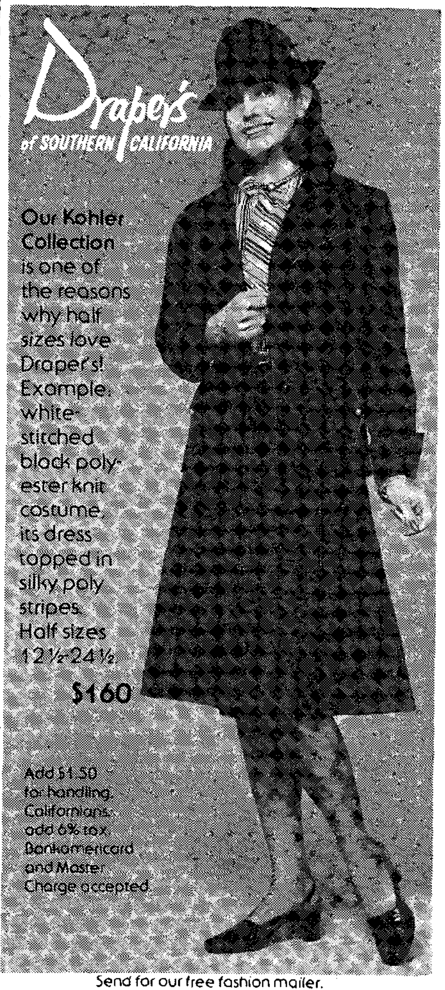
Later that year, he even made known his willingness to rejoin the fold, and Cowley at once, writing from Yaddo, welcomed him home: "I shouldn't like to go out of office with the feeling that such a fine novelist was not a member." O'Hara, in reply, was all sweetness, light, and pomposity itself:

> As I told John Hersey, my resignation from the Institute (which was not capricious but was well considered) made my point. Feeling as strongly as I did, it was the only thing I could do. If I did nothing, I lost my claim to self-respect. But the Award of Merit, made freely and spontaneously and completely to my surprise, changed all that. As a friend of mine in the Institute put it, justice was done.

"I am glad to be back," he added, "and when I go out to dinner tomorrow night I shall wear the rosette proudly. Again as I told John, unlike J.-P. Sartre I have no fear of being Institutionalized or even Academized."

The Academy did not take this repeated hint, but the emotional rosette fancier gave no sign of further ultimatums. He lived in the antechamber six years more, without visible protest. During this period, only two fiction writers were moved up—Katherine Anne Porter and Glenway Wescott.

IN 1915, Mrs. William Vanamee, a thirty-nine-year-old Massachusetts-born schoolteacher, recently widowed, met Robert Underwood Johnson at the home of John Burroughs and thereby began a connection with the Academy that lasted for twenty-six years. As secretary and then assistant to its president, she was its housekeeping and administrative lifeblood; she was also, for most of this time, assistant secretary-treasurer of the Institute. She was an unusual secretary: she was, or became, a prominent suffragist, a public speaker on political and literary topics, a contributor of poems to magazines, a founder and governor of the Women's National Republican Club, a chairman of the Republican Women's State Speaker's Bureau, and the recipient of the Gold Medal of the Italian Red Cross for services to Italy in the First World War. (She had been secretary of the Italian War Relief Committee in New York.) For a woman of such distinction, some of her early presidential-office duties were rather pedestrian. In 1921, the Academy moved to



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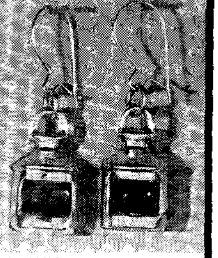

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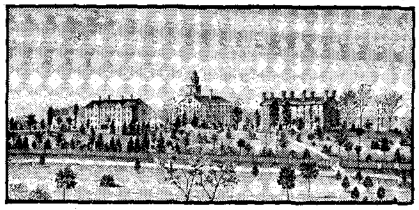

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its interim house on West Eighty-first Street, and she was kept busy getting this into shape. Her letters to Professor William M. Sloane, then president of the Academy, who was at his post in Princeton, are full of references to furniture, rugs, plumbing, curtains, linoleum, and electric-light bulbs. She brought along as her chief assistant Frank P. Crasto, Jr., who was to become, like Mrs. Vanamee herself, a remarkable fixture on Audubon Terrace. Her correspondence with Mr. Sloane in the spring and summer of 1921 is peppered with encomiums of this paragon, who is sometimes referred to as Captain. "I have just asked Mr. Crasto to telephone to you for me about a trifling matter of arranging some closets on the fourth floor," she wrote the president on April 23rd, four days after moving, and continued:

> Mr. Crasto is helping me in all departments of my work, and I am fortunate in being able to secure his services just now. He writes well, is an expert typist, understands mechanics, and is of great use in supervising the workmen. . . . Mr. Crasto is a Captain in the Reserves and knows what it is to inspect buildings and equipment and maintain discipline as well as order and cleanliness. Since I am speaking of Mr. C.'s qualifications, I think I should add that he is an old newspaper man, understands all about printing, and is an expert proof reader, and I make use of his special kind of information. . . . It has been because I . . . have been able to command Mr. Crasto's services . . . that I have been able to handle the heavy work which has been done; in an emergency I have been able to command evening work and often Sunday work . . . and in that way I have tided over many a difficult situation.

By 1923, when the Academy-Institute moved to Audubon Terrace, Mr. Crasto had received a double promotion—he was made librarian, and that year his boss wrote *her* boss "You will be glad to know that the Major is recovering rapidly from what seems to have been a most successful operation." Ten years later, the Major had been promoted again. "Reciprocating for us both your lovely greetings to Colonel Crasto and myself . . ." Mrs. Vanamee wrote Mrs. Gari Melchers in 1933.

The president's assistant loved to write long, chatty letters (of which carbon copies were made on lavender tissue paper) to Institute members and their wives and widows. One of her coziest pen pals was the actor William Gillette, who treated her to rousing holographs from his Connecticut castle. "Dear Madam," he wrote her in 1924, in connection with a newly formed Committee for the Medal for Good Speech on the Stage, on which he had been asked to serve:

> In response to your valued communication . . . I am going to request you to resign the Secretaryship to the President . . . and to do me the honor of becoming my agent and representative for the space of 42 seconds more or less; at the expiration of which period you will be free to re-enter the service of the President—should you care to do so after having discovered from your brief experience how singularly agreeable it is to be with me. This said 42 seconds more or less, will give you ample time while in my employ, to substitute your judgment for mine (which is what I greatly desire) in the matter of serving on the Diction Committee. . . . [A] handicap under which I suffer is a deficiency of enthusiasm on the subject which is supposed to require the attention of this committee.

The Good Speech award, originally limited to "those who set a standard of correct utterance in the use of language on the stage," went to Walter Hampden in 1924, and thereafter to, among others, Otis Skinner, Julia Marlowe, George Arliss, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Barrymore, Claude Rains, Fredric March, and Katharine Cornell. In the nineteen-fifties, it was broadened to provide "recognition of excellence in radio and television broadcasting," but the only broadcaster to get it was Edward R. Murrow. It was last given—to Julie Harris—in 1962.

Mrs. Vanamee was celebrated for her tact, which was so pervasive that a spot check of this trait must suffice. To the forgetful Oliver Herford: "I have to return your ballot for the award of the Institute's Gold Medal inasmuch as you have generously voted for three persons and there is only one medal." To Dr. Charles Downer Hazen: "Cheers and more cheers! I am glad you will bequeath your portrait to the Academy, but I hope that we won't receive it for a thousand years." In October, 1934, she sounded out William M. Kendall, the architect of the Administration Building, for a commemorative tribute to Cass Gilbert, but two months later he begged off:

> I have been pondering for a long time about this tribute to Cass Gilbert. . . . I confess the more I think of it the more difficult it seems to me to be. Gilbert was a great architect, and he had a great deal of personal force, but . . . he never appealed to me very much as a friend, although we always got along perfectly well together. I was wondering whether you could not think of somebody else. . . . Possibly Royal Cortissoz might be the man.

Gilbert had been one of Kendall's nominators to the Academy only a

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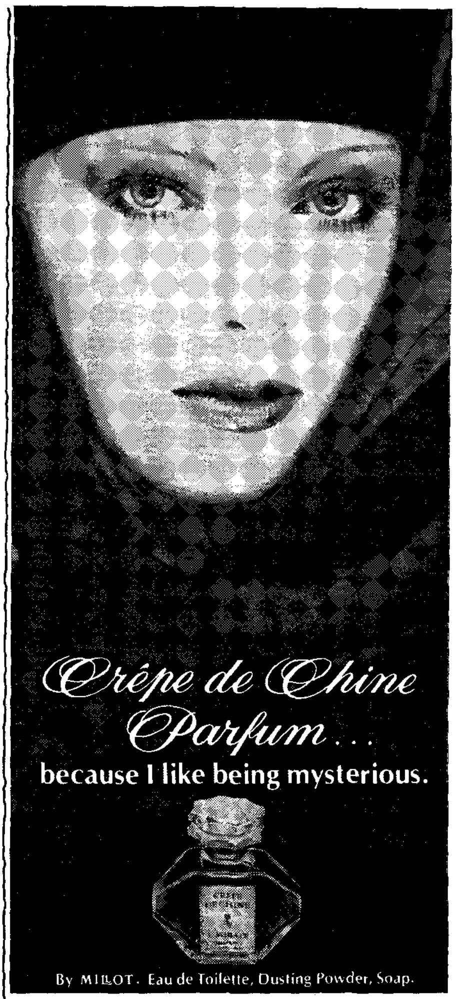
few years before, but Mrs. Vanamee wrote:

> I quite understand your feeling regarding the Commemorative Tribute to Mr. Gilbert but frankly the situation is an extremely delicate one. There is only one other architect in the Academy, Mr. [John Russell] Pope, and he always says that he would like to write but cannot. I doubt if Mr. Cortissoz would do it, but if you feel you really cannot do it I will ask him. It could be quite impersonal.

Cortissoz *was* the man, and he was not altogether impersonal. "Young, tall, handsome" is the way he began. When Kendall died, Cortissoz tried his hand at *him*. "He was an exacting gourmet," he wrote, in part.

All of Mrs. Vanamee's devotion, hard work, and exhibitions of tact came to an end on January 14, 1941, when she quit her Academy post—"to do literary work" is how she put it in *Who's Who*, but in fact because she had resigned in a monumental huff. This huff reached its climax at the end of a sixteen-month intramural battle known in its day and for many years afterward as "the Row." During the nineteen-thirties, the Institute's election of such advanced writers as Sandburg, Lewis, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Pound, Dos Passos, Sherwood Anderson, and Robinson Jeffers had increasingly disturbed the older and more conservative members of the Academy. By 1939, they had come to feel that the Institute was a lost cause, from which the Academy might do well to divorce itself. The president of the Academy, Nicholas Murray Butler, who was backed by Archer Huntington, had special reasons for favoring this move. For one thing, he wanted to get General John J. Pershing, then seventy-eight, into the Institute, as a stepping stone to the Academy. It was hard to fit him into the Institute's Department of Literature, Department of Art, or Department of Music, but if the Academy were to set itself up independently, with the power to choose members whether or not they belonged to the Institute, might not Pershing be admitted to the shrine? Another reason for Butler's desire for Academic autonomy was that this would facilitate his attempts, not always successful, to get members of the Columbia faculty (often underachievers in the creative arts) up on the Terrace. "Butler wanted the Academy to be an adjunct to Columbia," a survivor of this period has said.

At all events, things began to warm up in the fall of 1939. On October 13th, at a meeting of the Academy's directors—among them Herbert



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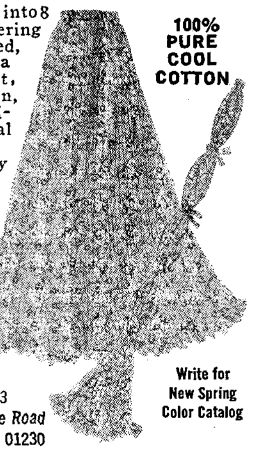

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Adams, eighty-one; Cortissoz, seventy; Butler, seventy-seven; Huntington, sixty-nine; and Robert Grant, eighty-seven—chaired by Butler, Huntington introduced a resolution that would free the Academy by the simple process of striking from its constitution the sentence "Only members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters shall be eligible for election to the Academy." This was carried with only one negative vote—Grant's—and all the other members of the Academy were informed by mail of the proposed amendment. One of them was Walter Damrosch, who was also president of the Institute. He was outraged by the idea of the upper-house child's leaving its lower-house parent, and he mounted an energetic opposition, supported at the outset by Stephen Vincent Benét, James Truslow Adams, and Arthur Train. On November 24th, the Messrs. Damrosch, Adams, and Train, as representatives of the Institute, called on Dr. Butler in his office at Columbia University. "He received us very courteously and immediately took charge of the discussion," Mr. Train wrote in a later memorandum.

He said the whole thing arose out of Mr. Huntington's insistence that greater dignity should be given to the Academy by its having this right to elect such members as it chose. While Dr. Butler did not say he was opposed to this proposition of Mr. Huntington, he did say that he had labored with him . . . giving the impression that Mr. Huntington was very obstinate, and that he had it so much at heart that if the amendment were not passed, he would resign from the Academy and would give no more contributions to the Academy and would alter the provisions of his will. . . . [Dr. Butler] said it was a vital matter affecting the future of both institutions, and it would seem a mistake not to concede to the donor's wishes, when such an immense plant and endowment were involved. He said Mr. Huntington plans the razing of two apartment houses to build a plaza from which the Hudson River could be seen from the Academy building. . . .

Mr. Damrosch asked what Dr. Butler's attitude would be to electing one member of the Academy every two years from outside the Institute. Dr. Butler jumped at this suggestion and said he thought he could have no difficulty in persuading Mr. Huntington to accept this compromise.

This compromise was brought up at a January, 1940, meeting of the Institute Council, but, according to Malcolm Cowley, in an article in *The Southern Review*, "it was unanimously voted down, and the battle resumed in all its polite fury." Cold letters were received by Damrosch and his lieutenants from Huntington and Butler; Dam-

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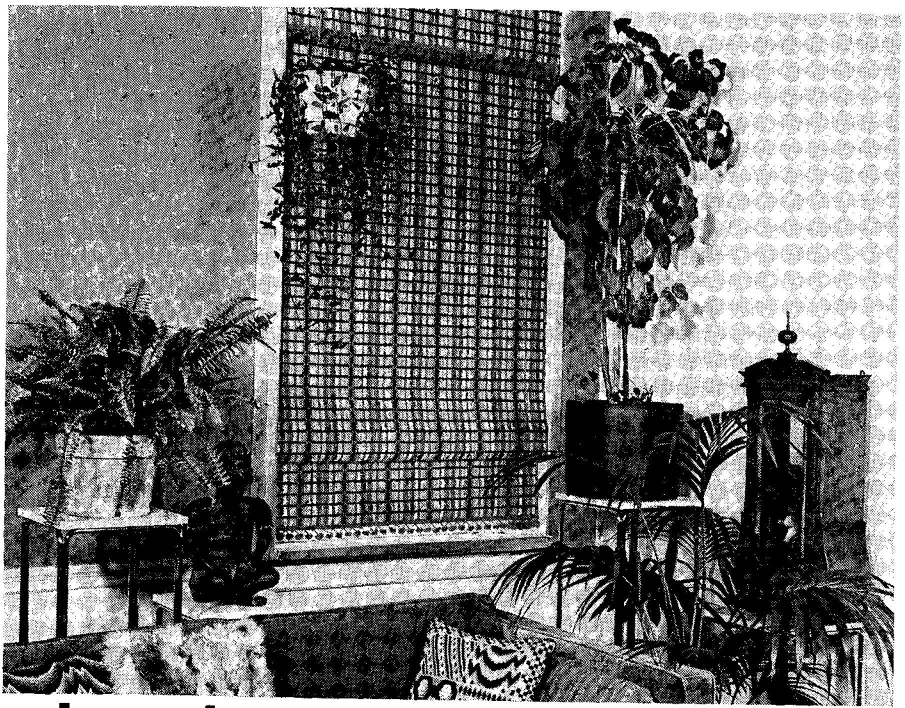
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rosch canvassed his fellow-Academicians by letter and telegram, asking them to express their opposition to the amendment, and most of them complied. But the Academy directors persisted; at their April meeting, the amendment was adopted. Two-thirds of the Academicians wrote in or wired that it should be rescinded. A good example of their polite fury is afforded by a May 2nd letter to Butler from Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.:

> I am distressed and amazed at the passing of the amendment by the directors in a small meeting and against the known and expressed wishes of a majority of the membership. The directors' statement that no opposition to the amendment from the members was known can only be characterized by a short and ugly three-letter word which I refrain from using.
>
> Believe me,
> my dear President Butler,
> Most respectfully yours,

Twelve days after this letter, the Institute's disloyal daughter gave up. At a meeting of the Academy's board, Huntington presented a resolution that was unanimously carried: "The Directors, acting for the Academy, for the time being, waive the right to elect members outside the Institute."

The phrase "for the time being" was not found acceptable. "The insurgents were determined to have the amendment repealed and to restore the close relation of the Academy and the Institute," Cowley writes.

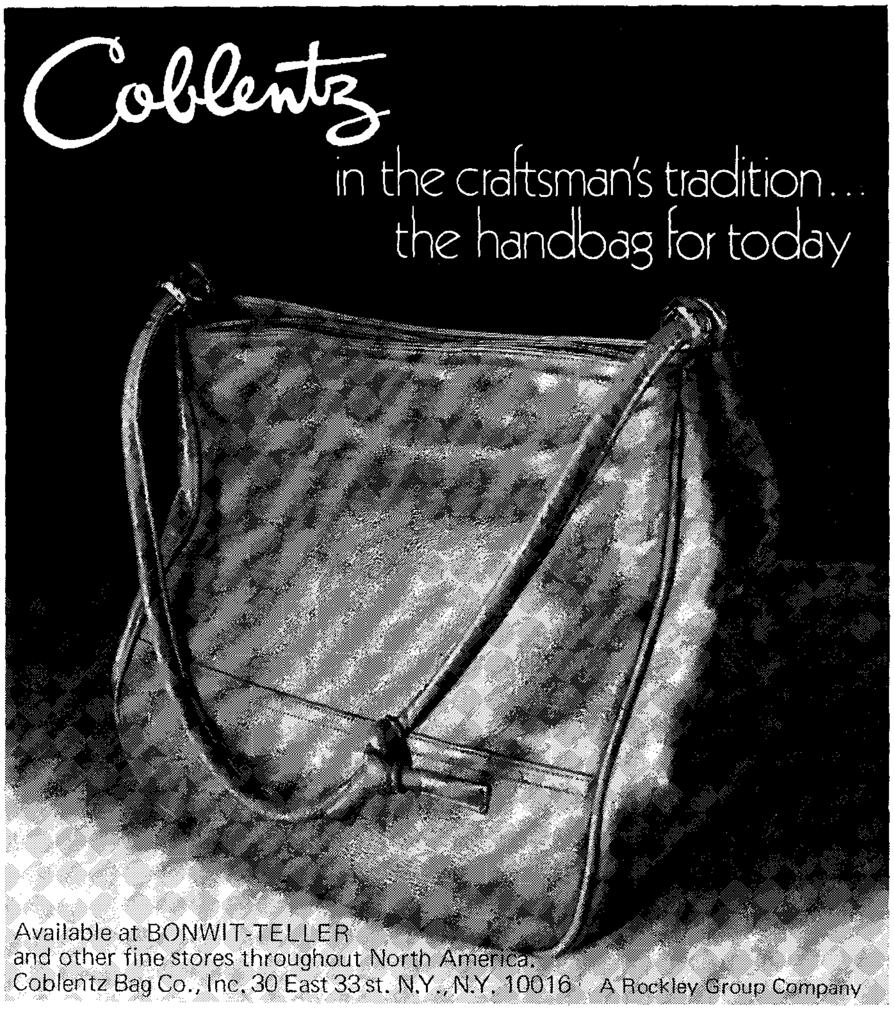
> That would be done only by a new board of directors, and a new board might be elected at the annual meeting of the Academy, to be held in November. . . . There was a truce during the summer while the champions of both sides rested in their country places, but hostilities resumed at the end of September. It was a question first of choosing candidates. In recognition of past services, the insurgents decided to retain Butler as president . . . [Wilbur] Cross as chancellor, and Huntington as a director, but they would bring forward six additional candidates strongly opposed to the amendment. . . . The meeting on November 14 was the best attended since the Academy had received its charter, and the insurgents were present in a clear majority. . . . Butler, who was known as a wily and autocratic chairman . . . surprised everyone, however, by announcing that he and Huntington accepted the insurgent slate, which was thereupon elected by unanimous vote.

Five days later, the new board restored the old bylaws. Huntington, Butler, and Cross soon resigned from office, and the Academy's great angel said that he would never pass its portals again. He never did, nor did Butler. The Huntington benefactions ceased—except for a mystifying fifty thousand dollars in 1951, perhaps tax-motivated. The two Riverside Drive view-impeding apartment houses were never razed. The saddest casualty, of course, was Grace Vanamee: for her, the conflict was traumatic. She was caught in the middle, between the presidents of the two houses. Her final loyalty, *ex officio*, went to Butler, and she was devoted to Huntington. In the fall of 1939, when the dissension began to become acute, she resigned her post as assistant secretary-treasurer of the Institute. Early in 1941, as events neared their dread conclusion, she dispatched a round of letters to her friends: "Conditions are such that I have resigned my position in the Academy as of January 14th." On the fatal day of the assumption to office of the Damrosch slate, she and Colonel Crasto disappeared from Audubon Terrace forever. Huntington gave her a severance-pay gift of forty thousand dollars, and she bought a house in St. Petersburg, Florida, where the Second World War inspired her to write some poems called "Roosevelt," "To England," "A Miracle," and "Aftermath of War." She died in 1946. The *Times* gave her a big obit, headlined "Grace D. Vanamee, Leader of Women."

If the Row was the undoing of Grace Vanamee, it was the making of Felicia Geffen. The last of twelve children (four of whom died in infancy) of a rare-book dealer, she took a premedical course at Columbia and then, at twenty, tried to make a living by singing. A little radio work failed to provide this, and, through a friend, she went to see Walter Damrosch, who was looking for a personal secretary. She was, and is, a person who inspires confidence. "Margaret!" the conductor called up the stairs of his house to his wife after a few minutes' conversation. "Come down and meet our new secretary." As Damrosch's secretary, she was drawn into Institute-Academy work at the time of the Row. She began to divide her time between the Damrosch house, in the East Seventies, and the Administration Building. She is a diminutive, feminine, seemingly artless but in fact highly astute, discreet, efficient, reliable, resourceful woman with a persuasive manner; the Terracers got to know and appreciate her, and after her boss became the Academy's boss, in 1941, Sinclair Lewis is said to him one day, "If you weren't so damned selfish, you'd give us Felicia." So he did, pretty much. She took care of the Institute and the

Academy for thirty-two years, serving under twenty presidents (both houses). They sometimes seemed to be serving under *her*. Miss Geffen's executive gifts and her general efficiency have not gone unsung—Barry Faulkner, who used to address her as "Dear little Miss Gef," once wrote in a reminiscent sketch that the Academy's Art Committee, of which he was chairman in the nineteen-fifties, "would scarcely have been able to function had it not been for the incomparable Miss Felicia Geffen, who did the drudgery of correspondence and whose tact, taste, and judgment rescued us from many pitfalls"—and even the resonances of her name have been remarked. "Miss Felicia Geffen—certainly a name drawn out of mid-nineteenth-century New England, scented with rose sachet," Lewis Mumford wrote in 1945 (he may have been barking up the wrong regional tree—Miss Geffen hails from the Bronx), and James Thurber, in 1946, wrote in a postscript to his letter to Miss Geffen declining to reconsider his first refusal of the Institute, "Your name reminds me of the cherry boats I used to see in the window of a pâtisserie in the Rue Saint Sulpice in Paris."

Miss Geffen, who is married to an Institute painter, Stuyvesant Van Veen, retired in 1973. At the conclusion of that spring's Ceremonial, she was presented with the Award for Distinguished Service to the Arts. (Her immediate predecessors as awardees were Martha Graham, Leopold Stokowski, and Alfred H. Barr, Jr.) Her retirement has given her time to arrange her thoughts about her former charges. "I had a very cordial relationship with everybody," she recently told an acquaintance. "I was with Walter Damrosch when he died. He got in as a composer. He wanted to be more than a conductor. He wrote a few melodic things that were charming. He was no fool. He had the right friends. We got our piano through him. A great bargain. . . . Archie MacLeish signed all his letters to me 'Archie.' 'Don't ever call me Mr. MacLeish,' he said the first time we met. George Kennan signed his letters to me 'George,' but I could never bring myself to call him anything but Mr. Kennan. . . . I was the last person to see Bill Benét before he died. He came to a Council meeting, and helped me pass the hors d'oeuvres. I'd edited something of his, and he complained about it, but as we parted he said I was right and we embraced. I saw him to the street. He dropped dead at the top of the hill. . . . I was



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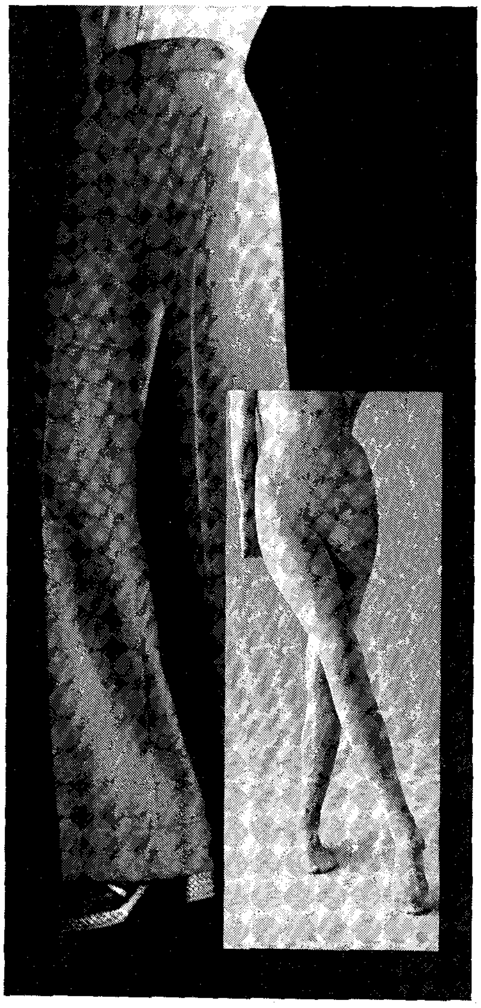

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the first woman to be permitted to enter the Century Club—for a meeting in the early nineteen-forties. Henry Canby arranged this, at considerable trouble, in a small room upstairs."

Miss Geffen paused, and then said, "Chauncey Brewster Tinker, in failing health, sent me red roses when my then husband—George Heller, an immunologist—was dying of cancer, at forty-nine. Tink came into my office a few days later—he was the only member who used to come in unannounced; the Academy was his life—and I thanked him for the roses, but he had forgotten that he had sent them, and he had forgotten who I was. He adored my sister, Hannah Josephson, even more than me. Hannah and I have a brother, Maxwell M. Geffen. He once called me up and said that Henry Seidel Canby had asked him if he was related to the famous Felicia Geffen."

Looking rather pleased at this, the well-connected ex-bureaucrat began to thumb through the "Deceased Members" pages of the current yearbook to refresh her memory. "Gifford Beal," she said. "In a couple of years, he was eating out of my hand. . . . Marc Blitzstein was a darling. Killed by sailors *in* Martinique. . . . I was devoted to Van Wyck Brooks. He was one of the few people to use the library. . . . We once got Pearl Buck on a committee; she was of *no* use—didn't open her mouth. . . . Paul Cret, the architect, was deaf and dumb, but he attended meetings *regularly and always* made a contribution to the discussion in writing. . . . W. E. B. Du Bois. The great Negro historian. Distinguished. Handsome. Almost overbearing. . . . Barry Faulkner was a very literary man as well as a mural painter. Urbane, witty, sensitive. He knew exactly when to retire from a committee. . . . Robert Frost. We tried to put the Ceremonial on TV the year he was giving the Blashfield—1950. He agreed. The TV people had been after us for years to allow this. Frost stopped reading after a few moments and shouted, 'Turn down those goddam lights!' We never tried it again. . . . Charles Dana Gibson was quite a boy. Very devoted to the Academy. He switched to the new board after the Row. He was an old-timer, but he was a fun man. . . . When George Grosz got the Gold Medal for Graphic Art, his performance on the stage was quite alarming. He kept walking back and forth, and his outbursts were almost unintelligible. . . . Sidney Howard was a wonderful man. He was a Dam-

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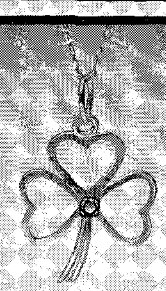
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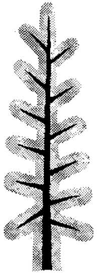
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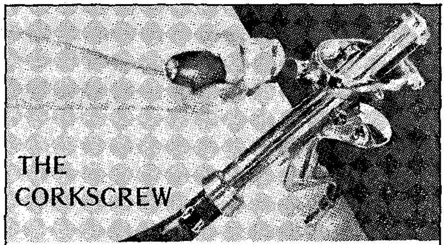
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rosch son-in-law, and I'd see him in New York, when he stayed at the Damrosch apartment. He liked to go into the kitchen and open up cans of baked beans."

Miss Geffen paused in mid-alphabet. "Hopper!" she resumed, jumping back a few entries. "He was a marvellous character. I visited him and his wife at Truro. The walls of their bedroom were covered with her paintings. His own studio walls were bare, and there was no canvas on the easel. 'I'm just thinking,' he said. 'I may not paint anything this summer.' He and his wife lived as though absolutely poverty-stricken. They never permitted themselves to benefit materially from his success. He was a difficult man on a committee: he rarely approved of any of the candidates for awards in the arts. . . . Helen Keller. Van Wyck Brooks got her into the Institute and proposed that she give the Blashfield Address. No one could understand a word of it. . . . Reggie Marsh died soon after getting the Gold Medal, and William Carlos Williams got it posthumously. He once sat in my office three hours writing and reciting poetry. *Tennessee* Williams received one of our first grants in literature, in 1944. He came down to the front of the stage in a torn sweater."

Back in the Deceased Members groove after this alphabetical digression, Miss Geffen went on, "Isak Dinesen, a recently elected honorary member, spoke at a dinner meeting of the Institute in the winter of 1959. I was told to order oysters, green grapes, and champagne for her, and I did, but she ate nothing from her own plate, just nibbled at food from her neighbor's. . . . Edna St. Vincent Millay. Well, the first Ceremonial was held at Carnegie Hall, in 1941. Edna Millay was featured. She had written the invocation. Damrosch opened the proceedings, introducing 'our lovely poetess.' The invocation, which she delivered, was very long. She was far from well, but she got through her reading in fine style and then sat through till the bitter end—past the induction of new members, past a violin concerto played by Albert Spalding, past a Gold Medal presented to Bob Sherwood by John Erskine with a long acceptance speech, past the rendition—solo, chorus, and orchestra—of an 'Ode to Arts and Letters' written by Steve Benét, with music by Damrosch, and past a few other things, including the award of an Order of Merit to Robert Moses, followed by another long acceptance speech. Edna Millay

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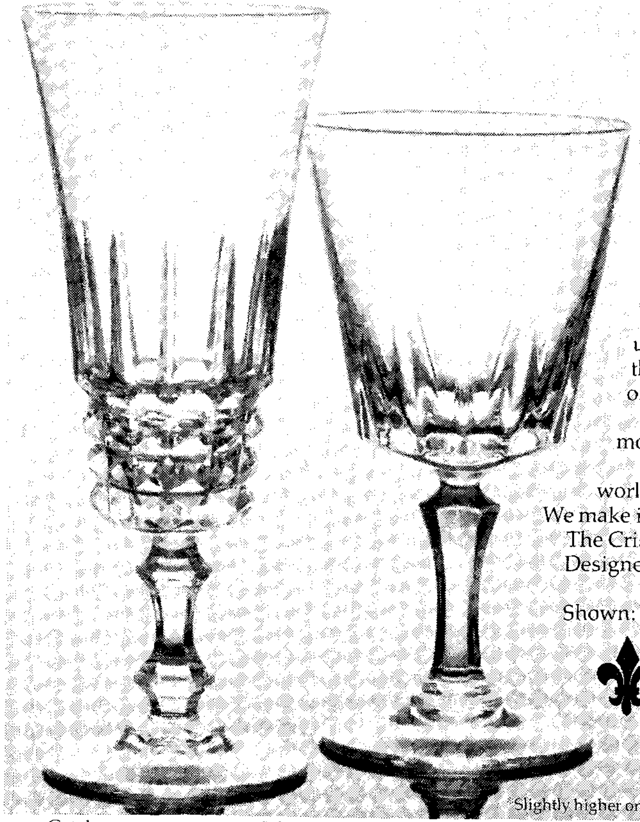

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sat through *all* this. It took a good two hours. She used to keep me on the phone for half an hour.

"The telephone!" Miss Geffen exclaimed, after this astonishing display of total recall. "Our committee members are all over the country; you often have to telephone them. Carl Sandburg would call me from North Carolina and say, 'I just want to hear your musical voice.' "

She picked up the yearbook and returned to the deceased "M"s. "Douglas Moore was president of the Institute for nine successive years—the three-year rule went into effect soon after this. He was one of the dearest men who ever lived, and seemed indispensable. . . . Marianne Moore used to send me postage stamps for replies to her letters. She was passionately interested in the literary awards, and loved being able to vote money to struggling writers. Sam Behrman was on a committee with her; her comments seemed so out of the ordinary that he took notes on everything she said. . . . Ogden Nash was very annoyed at me. He brought three or four women to a Ceremonial lunch, among them his wife. There was no room for all, as the tables were set for the number of acceptances. He never came again. . . . Dorothy Parker came to one meeting for new members—in 1959, at the Knickerbocker Club. Well, she didn't appear at first, so I called her hotel. 'I'm in bed with my dog,' she said. She finally came, beautifully got up, but ate nothing. . . . Steinbeck would never come to a meeting, but he once wrote me that he had run into Marc Connelly at a dinner party sporting the Institute button in his lapel. Steinbeck did not wish to be outdone. He asked me to send him any insignia, ribbons, buttons, and short swords that went with his admission to the select company of the Institute. . . . Frank Lloyd Wright. Every May, we have an exhibition of works by newly elected members and award winners. At one of these, in 1953, William Zorach, as a new member of the Institute, was to show three pieces of sculpture, and Wright, as the recipient of a Gold Medal, was given a fairly large area in the art gallery for models and plans and photographs of his work. He started pushing the Zorach sculpture into a corner to make more room for *his* things. He brought in lots of young men from Taliesin to install them. He got Edgar Kaufmann to send him a rug that had been in the Kaufmann family's famous Wright house in Pennsylvania, and he asked his boys to ink out a blue thread in it that he didn't like. They stayed up all night before the opening to do this. It was a magnificent exhibition."

Miss Geffen closed the yearbook with a snap, and cudgelled her memory without props.

"You couldn't sell the Hassams for five hundred dollars apiece when they came to us in 1935. Gradually, the prices went up. We first sold them through a couple of galleries that were his agents. About eight years ago, we declared a moratorium on the fifty or sixty paintings that were left. We've been offered as much as a hundred thousand dollars each for two of the flag pictures in the director's office."

The Hassam Fund currently stands at two million dollars. Since 1946, when the Academy felt that enough capital had accumulated to enable the Fund to start purchasing and distributing pictures on a decent scale, it has given five hundred and sixty-three works to three hundred and seventy-three museums, at a total cost of $573,555.

THE people who have turned the Institute down, and the many who have accepted it with the time-worn phrases "honored," "deeply honored," "a great honor," and the like (although Lillian Hellman simply wrote that she was "pleased to know," and Mary McCarthy cabled Glenway Wescott from Belgrade, "ACCEPT MARY MCCARTHY"), may have taken it more solemnly than need be. ("It bowls me over," Franklin P. Adams wrote, exceptionally.) The dignities and duties of Audubon Terrace are matched by its pleasures. "Academies and institutes since the days of Plato

have been a social force and a comfort for the solitaries of the writing desk," Leon Edel observed at his first dinner meeting, and other newcomers seem to have had premonitions of delight. Alexander Calder: "Dear Glenway—Thanks for the glad news!" Sherwood Anderson: "Dear Henry [Canby], Just recieved [sic] your note, regarding the Institute. OK Henry. That's fine. Will tie the ribbon in my hair and dance, in the moonlight, on the beach, on the Gulf of Mexico." James Branch Cabell (modified delight): "I of course accept this pleasing implication that even nowadays, after but thirty-five years of more or less crude writing, one may yet graduate, in the tranquil shadows of senescence, into being viewed as a literatus of some proficience and of fair repute. It appears to me an outcome pointing to a most satisfactory moral." Phyllis McGinley, in perhaps the most elaborate yes ever to be penned, or typed, to an Institute secretary, was respectful beneath her playful exterior:

Ah! would I owned a statelier
measure,
A line more hung with flowers
and fruit
Properly to proclaim my pleasure:
Election to the Institute!

No longer now in outer darkness
With jinglers do I linger on.
Now I am rich as Mr. Harkness,
More royal than the Aga
Kahn [sic].

And glorious among my betters
I walk, imperially arrayed.
The Institute of Arts and Letters
Has tapped me on the shoulder
blade.

It remained for Catherine Drinker Bowen to see both sides of the coin: "I am greatly honored, and, besides, it sounds fun."

As Fun Plaza, Audubon Terrace has its ups and downs. Pressure is exerted, especially on new members of the Institute, to serve on the hard-working committees that decide on nominations, grants, and awards. Refusal to serve is not uncommon. Soon after Helen Frankenthaler was elected to the Institute, Margaret Mills, Felicia Geffen's brisk, attractive, English-accented successor, rang her up and asked her to serve on an art committee. "She said no," Miss Mills says. "Then she came to a dinner. She called me up the next day. 'I've never been so much at my ease at a place. I came out of there floating. Is there anything I can do?' 'Serve on the committee,' I said, and she did." And the annual Ceremonial, with its interminable citations

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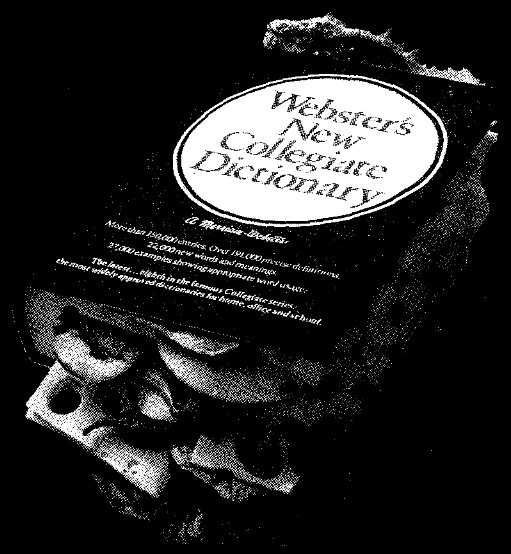

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and often soporific Blashfields, is also considered taxing by many. "We met . . . at the National Academy [sic] on the occasion of the Gold Medal," John Dos Passos wrote of the 1957 Ceremonial, at which Faulkner presented him with the medal:

> Neither Faulkner nor I were ever happy in these stuffed shirt surroundings. At lunch Faulkner sat next to my wife, and she earned what seemed to be his undying gratitude by giving him her wine. . . . The proceedings were boring to a degree. I could see Faulkner bubbling like a teakettle about to boil over on the seat in front of me on the platform. The Americans were longwinded enough but Salvador de Madariaga [the Blashfield speaker] . . . produced an incredibly long dissertation on Leonardo's Saint Anne. Reproductions were passed around the hall so that we wouldn't miss an allusion. (My private hunch is that it was an old doctor's thesis that he'd produced for some study of aesthetics at the Sorbonne or somewhere many years ago.) I hate aesthetics, and if Faulkner listened at all he didn't like what he heard.

However, the lunches and cocktail parties that surround the Ceremonial ritual are, like Institute dinners and committee meals, conducive to a relaxed camaraderie that is widely relished by the notable achievers. "We are a Spartan band of two hundred and fifty devotees of literature and the arts, huddled in a cold, hostile, materialistic world," Allan Nevins once remarked in a presidential address that may have overlooked the friendliness of the Huntington millions, and Lillian Hellman used to send Felicia Geffen scolding letters about where she was placed at Ceremonial lunches, but a happier picture emerges from the "Selected Letters" of Louise Bogan. "The Institute thing went off v. well," she wrote a friend, of the 1951 fixture, at which, along with Newton Arvin, Elizabeth Bishop, Brendan Gill, Randall Jarrell, and Vladimir Nabokov, she received a grant. "I wore black—with a v. effective *new big black hat!*" She went on:

> The place was jammed with all kinds of people. Léonie [Adams] was on the platform, together with K. Burke, and L. Trilling. Bill Williams and J. C. Ransom gave me nice words from their places of honor; and old sour-faced Mark Van D. said "Hello" later—and there was *Archie* (later) shaking my hand with such *vigor!*—The citation was quite nice and rather amusing and got a laugh. ["To Louise Bogan," Douglas Moore had said, "in recognition . . . of the literary ingenuity which has kept her poems lucid, difficult, and unpopular in a time when the relaxing of high standards no longer invites opprobrium."]—Then everyone trooped up to the terrace for refreshments. . . . Kathe-

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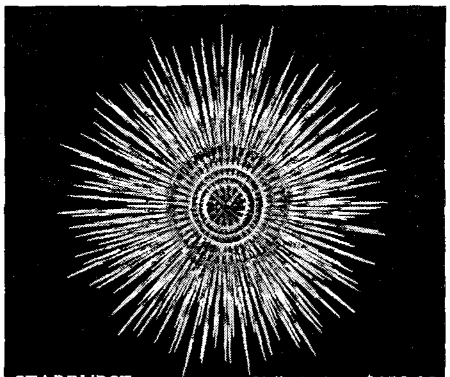

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rine Porter, R. Jarrell, N. Arvin, B. Gill were in evidence; and many faces I hadn't seen for years reappeared. Bill Troy flashed through the assemblage looking like a wounded bull; and Léonie looked v. proper and happy.

To another friend, she wrote:

> A large crowd showed up for lunch, which was laid out in the library of the Institute: v. nice. The bar was set up by the front windows that face on the graveyard; this locale looked particularly charming: full of new green and sunlight. Dear Ben Shahn was there, in a brightly striped shirt: arsenic green and magenta. It made him look like an elderly Mack the Knife. Robert Graves, who gave the Blashfield this year, also in full-blown, gray-haired character.... I had quickly absorbed several Gibsons, my first drink in ten days or so, and things became rather hazy after wine at lunch; upstairs on the terrace I found myself gabbing—not too tipsily, I trust; no one gave me hard looks, or walked away!... Malcolm and Glenway (of course with a pink carnation) and Carl Van Vechten (a new member, looking 100000 years old.) Time is moving on, for us all; this was my tenth appearance at this do.

"All kinds of people;" "Many faces I hadn't seen for years reappeared;" "*Wonderful* food, and the old familiar faces"—these are phrases that sum up the major extra-honorific attractions of the Academy-Institute. "Mrs. Gamaliel Bradford is coming down from Boston to go with us to the Academy luncheon," Van Wyck Brooks wrote the Mumfords in the fall of 1934. "Won't you join us at a table? . . . Now come along, Lewis and Sophie! It's as good as the annual visit to the zoo. . . . How can you appreciate all these books on evolution unless you see man Rising and Descending at these annual exhibitions?" The Academy-Institute does not like to think of itself as a club—it prefers to stress the eminence of its members and the scope of its benefactions—but it is, on occasion, surprisingly and touchingly sentimental, as in Leonard Bernstein's Commemorative Tribute to Marc Blitzstein: "Dear Marc: For almost a year now they have been telling me you are dead. . . . We all send our dearest love. Everyone misses you terribly. I don't think [anyone here] believes you are dead, either; we are all waiting for you to write and say you are coming home. Lenny."

Shall we journey on in the lanes of Parnassian emotion? No. Let us finish with the affectionate, if astringent, aside of Saul Steinberg as he contemplated a recent Ceremonial turnout: "The Mafia—but *our* Mafia."

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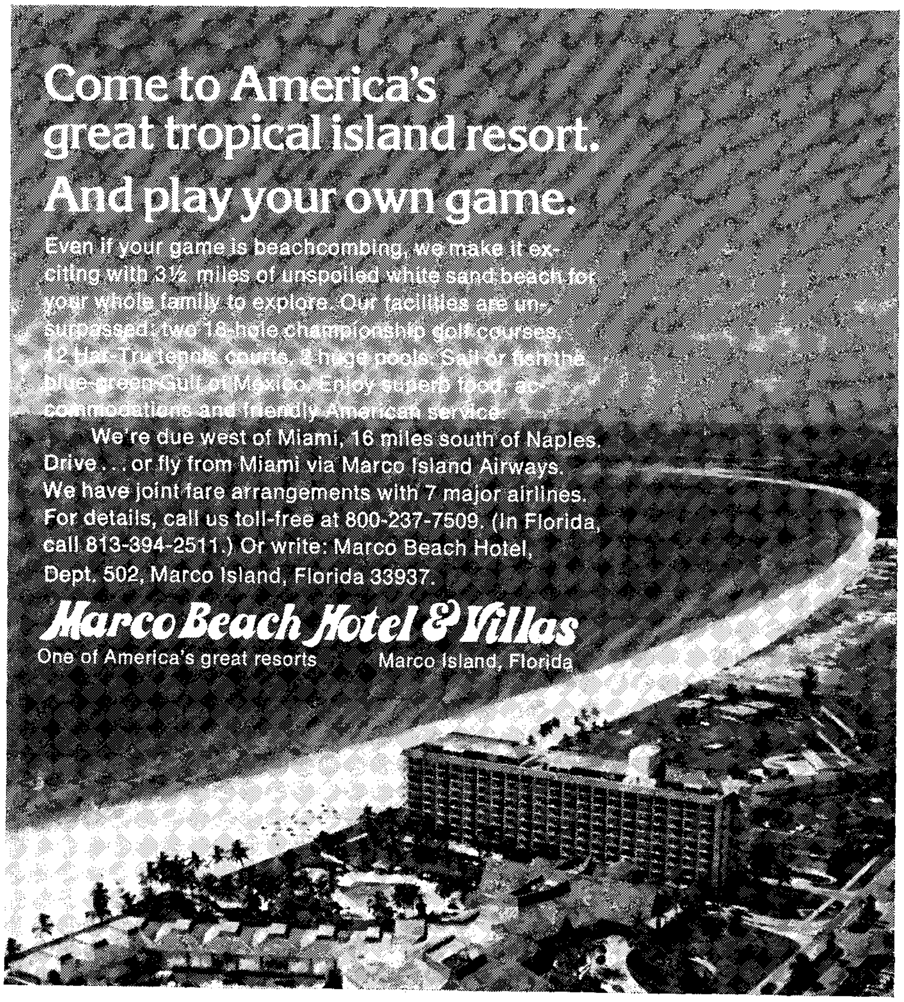

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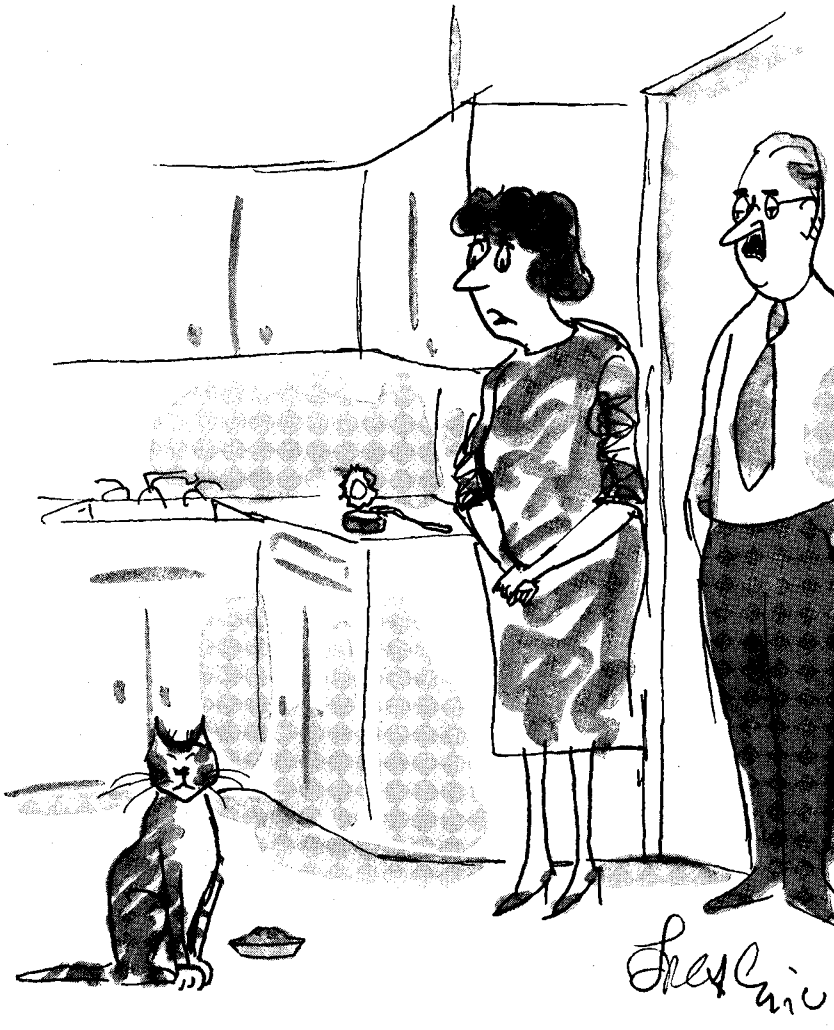
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"DISJOINTED" was the first word that came to mind as I walked up the aisle of the Anspacher, at the Public—and that after sitting immobile from 7:30 to 8:55 at Myrna Lamb's opera "Apple Pie." Miss Lamb wrote the libretto; the music—most of it pastiche but all of it appropriate—is by Nicholas Meyers. Nevertheless, it is the words that are in control. "Apple Pie" tells, in incoherent fashion (I kept wondering whether any transitional scenes had been cut in rehearsal), the story of Lise, born in Nuremberg of a pure-blooded mother named Marlene and a father, coated with military decorations, who is found to be somewhat tainted. Mother is raped, and so is Lise, I guess, and we are the jury for some trial or other. (I'm doing my best.) The family emigrates to America. The soldiers who were goosestepping in the opening scenes are now strutting around wearing red-white-and-blue top hats. The actor who played Lise's father has now become her Jewish husband, Harry. A black man named Marshall has become her lover. Harry, the husband, first a restaurant counterman and then a travelling salesman, appears from time to time (I was always delighted to see him) to sing an old-fashioned song to an old-fashioned tap or time step. (He is sung, danced, and acted by Lee Allen, who makes the most of the most attractive role in the show.) Mother as Marlene sings a Dietrich-like song or two; Mother as Mother never stops picking on Lise, telling her that she ought to quit Harry for a bridegroom with golden hair and a short nose—who at once descends on a platform from above and then disappears (from the plot) forever.



"He knows I can't stand it when he doesn't eat."

Although I spent a good deal of time wondering what in the world was going on, I must say that "Apple Pie" is no more confusing than a lot of other opera librettos. Miss Lamb wrote the ardently feminist "Mod Donna" six years ago, and her passion about the position of women (with racism added in this instance) is as strong as ever. "We are defined by men," sings Lise at one point. Still, woman-as-victim seems somehow out of date, and somehow out of key for a heroine. On the other hand, a few of the lyrics sound O.K.—and more than O.K. when one is least aware of the influence of the late B. Brecht. The songs are sung well enough by all concerned. "I'm Lise," sung by Stephanie Cotsirilos in the leading role, makes a spirited number, and a duet, "Love Scene," is beautifully sung by Robert Guillaume, as Marshall, and Miss Cotsirilos. The production is extremely elaborate; David Mitchell was the designer.

MARTIN SHERMAN'S "Cracks," lately at the De Lys, was about a group of freaky leftovers from the sixties awash in an Agatha Christie kind of murder mystery much like "Ten Little Indians." There was nothing plaintive or wistful about these retreads; they were more Warhol's children than Kennedy's. The setting (a stunning one by Peter Larkin, lighted by Marc B. Weiss) was the living room and adjacent terrace and study of a rock star. He enters, dressed in a simple, well-cut loincloth, his body aglitter with sequins. Bang! He falls dead, and we're off.

The show didn't work and didn't deserve to; by and large, it was very poorly performed. But, having seen it originally at the O'Neill Theatre Center, in Connecticut, where, sparkling with crazy fantasy and malice, it did work, I was again reminded of the delicacy of comedy. A few extraneous words, a failure to hit the right mood, bad acting—and down goes the balloon. All was not lost. Christopher Lloyd was funny as a drug-ridden sidekick of the defunct singer, so spaced out that he allows himself to get into the worst jam I have ever seen portrayed on any stage, and Louis Giambalvo was a gruff, cigar-smoking transvestite, whose death throes took the form of a loose-limbed back somersault. My condolences to both of them, and to Mr. Sherman.

ED BULLINS' "I Am Lucy Terry," at American Place, is a celebration in words, music, singing, and dancing, under the masterly and in-

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ventive direction of Robert Macbeth. It is billed as "An Historical Fantasy for Young Americans," and it tells the story of Lucy Terry, an actual slave in eighteenth-century Deerfield, Massachusetts, who was captured by the Indians and rescued by a freed slave named Abijah Prince (also actual), whom she married; eventually she, too, obtained her freedom. (She was, by the way, the first black poet in America.) There are several other characters, probably apocryphal (the word "fantasy" frees Mr. Bullins from any obligation to be literal), who include Jinny, Lucy's cheeky, pert chum; a stiff-necked white clergyman; and Lucy's Indian captor, a shaman and mystic who perceives the tragic future of his people and tries to instill in Lucy and Abijah some of the beliefs and traditions of his doomed race. The production couldn't be better or more beautiful. What messages there are in the script are tactfully and unoppressively delivered, and all of the humor pays off. The dancing, much of it acrobatic, is downright thrilling (choreography by John Parks), and the music, by a quartet called the Psychic Pretenders, is pretty wonderful, too. The setting is by Henry Millman, the lighting—very important—is by Sonny Lumiere (oh, come on!), and the costumes are by Judy Dearing. The actors are as near perfect as makes no matter. They are Dana Manno (Lucy), Bill Mackey (Abijah), Leon Morenzie (shaman), Ralph Byers (clergyman), and Soundra Usry (Jinny). Every moment plays. The love scenes between Lucy and Abijah, which I found charming, were rather unsettling to the Young Americans in my vicinity, but otherwise the elation out front matched the excitement onstage. "I Am Lucy Terry" will play six more performances (at around 10 A.M. and at around noon) through February 20th. —EDITH OLIVER

•

REPORT FROM
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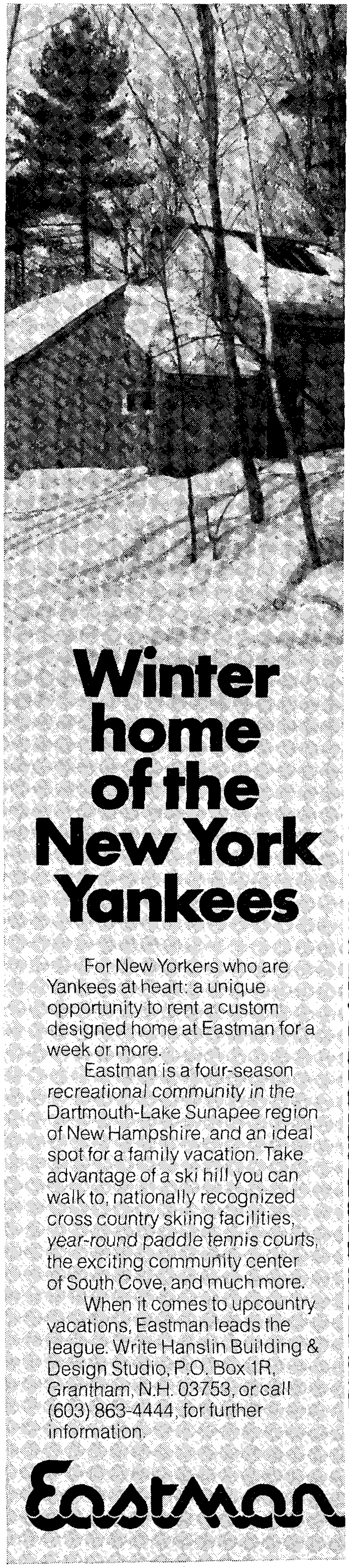
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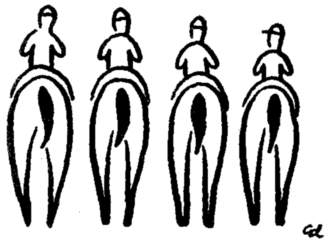
THE RACE TRACK

More Mud

LIKE Aqueduct, Santa Anita has been having weather troubles. A couple of weeks ago, the Charles H. Strub Stakes for four-year-olds—the first race of the season with a purse in six figures—was run in the rain over the muddiest track that horsemen at Santa Anita could remember. The time for the mile and a quarter was an incredibly slow 2:12; any of the eight starters could have done the distance ten seconds faster on first-rate footing. The Navonod Stable's George Navonod won it, bearing down in the stretch on Larrikin (who was heavily backed because he was ridden by Shoemaker), and the others finished, an observer said, as though they were running on cream puffs. For the record, Avatar, who was the favorite, came in fourth, but the most disappointing performance was that of Messenger of Song. The chestnut colt, who also got good backing, led for a while, but then the mud got the best of him; he had to be eased in the final quarter mile and finished last.



Memories are short in racing. It's easy to forget that horses who are smashers as two-year-olds but lose their form at three can and do pop back up at four and beat the best. At two, George Navonod won four out of eight stakes tries and earned third place in the Experimental Handicap, only three pounds below Foolish Pleasure. Last year, as a three-year-old, he finished second so many times—I think it was eight—that his following weakened. But he came back to Santa Anita in December fit and ready for anything. He had to be; the Strub was a tough race. What may have helped him as much as anything else is that he is fairly small; the big, heavy horses—Forceten, for one (he is a whopper)—tended to sink into the mud.

HONEST PLEASURE, last season's top two-year-old, came back to the races at Hialeah last week looking as good as ever—maybe better. Skipping the Everglades Stakes—the dress rehearsal for the Flamingo Stakes, on February 28th—he made his first appearance of the season in a betless seven-furlong race against three other colts and won it by fourteen lengths. From all accounts, you can see more exciting workouts any morning. The management put up a purse of $10,000 for the exhibition, but if there had been any betting, it could have cost the track a great deal more than that, for the boys who like short prices on practically sure things might well have come from all over and run up a whopping minus pool. Honest Pleasure took the lead at the start and galloped the seven furlongs in 1:22⅖, after which he went on to the mile pole in 1:35⅕. Leroy Jolley, who trains him, said that he was pleased with the effort, but did not say whether his colt would have another public trial before the Flamingo. You may remember that Jolley used the same tactics with Foolish Pleasure a year ago, and they turned out very well.

Later that afternoon, a field of twelve went to the post for the Everglades, and, as expected, it was won easily by Proud Birdie, winner of the Bahamas Stakes last month. Hang Ten was second and Inca Roca third. The time for the nine furlongs was 1:49⅗. No doubt Proud Birdie will be second choice in the Flamingo, for which Honest Pleasure will be odds-on.

WELL, all the players who made parlays on the Proud horses—Birdie and Delta—clicked. Proud Delta won the Rare Treat Handicap at Aqueduct. The four-year-old filly took the lead quickly and finished nearly three lengths ahead of Mary Queenofscots, with Shy Dawn third.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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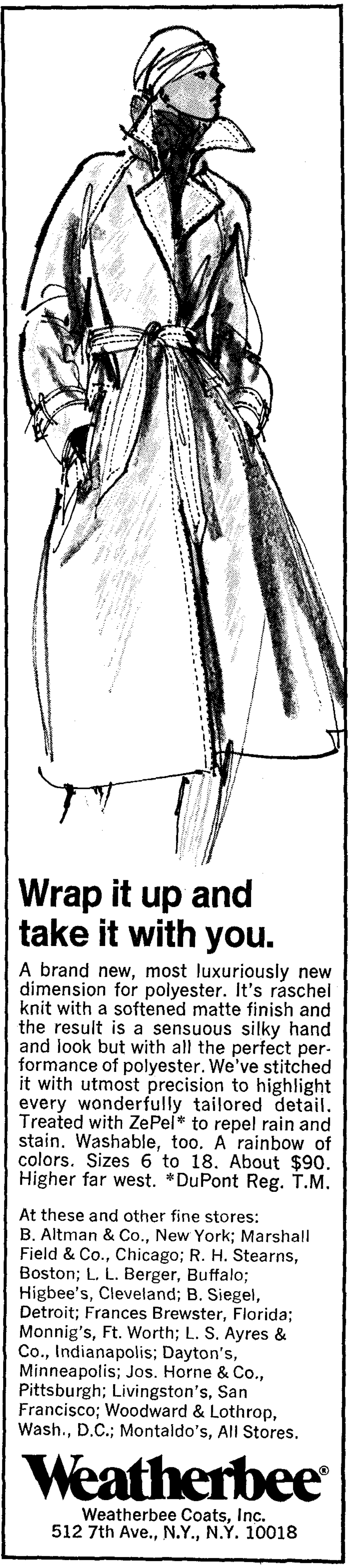

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

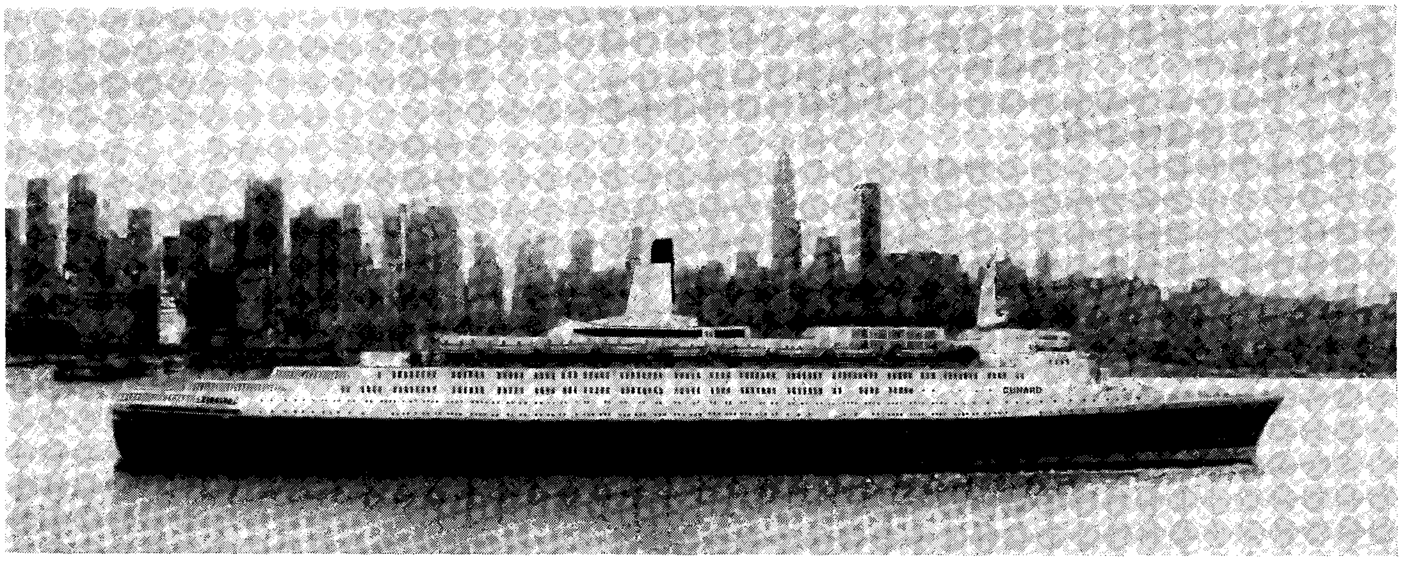
Libel

IF a pretty face and hard work were what made a man a movie star, Richard Chamberlain would certainly be one. But he doesn't have an actor's face; he has a ballet dancer's face—the blank, masklike beauty of a face that isn't expressive—and there's nothing going on when he's on the screen. Not that maybe he wouldn't be a boring dancer, but at least he'd look right. Subtle, almost ineffable factors determine star magnetism, or the lack of it. Keir Dullea's spaced-out vagueness—the very quality that made it so right for him to become an astral angel-child at the end of "2001"—keeps him from connecting with the audience. Stacy Keach is unable to project on the screen; he's withdrawn, and the audience gets a sour feeling. A whoriness settles into the manner of TV veterans like James Franciscus and David Janssen; something essential to movie stardom decays. And although actresses such as Lee Remick, Susan Clark, and Karen Black are touted as stars, you can feel that they're not. The test is playing a star. It's just about impossible to get by with it unless you are one and have the incandescence that Streisand had as Fanny Brice and Diana Ross as Billie Holiday. Franco Nero, who played Valentino on TV recently, sank in the role without a trace, just as Anthony Dexter did in the 1951 "Valentino." By conventional standards of symmetry, James Brolin, who appears as Clark Gable in the new film "Gable and Lombard," is much more handsome than Gable, though he manages to look quite a bit like him and does a pretty fair imitation of Gable's voice besides. But Brolin's manner is keyed to moderate involvement; he's primarily a TV actor—you can watch him with only half an eye and ear and not miss a thing. As Gable, Brolin doesn't totally disappear; he has his own TV actor's engaging, lightweight presence. But he doesn't have a dominant personality, and the more he tries to fill the big screen the more callow he seems. He lacks what was the essence of Gable's appeal: his cocksure masculinity. (Gable was one of the few actors never thought to be—even a little bit—homosexual.) There was also something tough and slightly shady about Gable that redeemed his virility act. There was the gleam of a bad boy in him; he looked as if he'd been around. When Brolin uses Gable's vocal rhythms, the faintly derisive, unrespectable overtones are missing; the character has a hollow ring. He's wooden—unmagical.

As Carole Lombard, Jill Clayburgh is in much worse trouble. Having admired Jill Clayburgh on the stage and in small parts in movies (she was Ryan O'Neal's ex-wife in "The Thief Who Came to Dinner") and on TV in "Hustling," I think that she might be distinctive enough to play a star, but who could play the walking disaster area that the screenwriter, Barry Sandler, dreamed up? The actual Carole Lombard probably wasn't a more skillful comedienne than Jean Arthur or Claudette Colbert, but she had a special luminous, Art Deco look that really went with the décor in those black-and-silver-and-white movies. She wore clothes superbly, in high-fashion style, with her slim hips thrust out; yet, unlike high-fashion models, she seemed more alive than other women. Her vibrancy was linked to her extreme whiteness—the blond hair, the pale skin, and the slinky, skin-tight white satins. In visual terms, she was the sexiest of the comediennes, and her daring décolletage and her free, loose, wiggly body were part of her manic charm in such movies as "Twentieth Century" (1934), "My Man Godfrey" (1936), "Nothing Sacred" (1937), and "True Confession" (1937). She threw herself into her scenes in a much more physical sense than the other women did, and her all-outness seemed spontaneously giddy. It was easy to believe that a woman who moved like that and screamed and hollered with such abandon was a natural, uninhibited cutup—naturally high-spirited. Taking their cue from this, Sandler and the director, Sidney J. Furie, have turned their heroine into a howling hysteric.

In the Depression comedy "My Man Godfrey," Lombard was a rich, gorgeous nit who went to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she found was played by William Powell. When she told him she needed to take him back to her party in order to win the scavenger hunt, he asked what that was, and, sighing, she said, "A scavenger hunt is just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's just the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity if there's any money left over, but then there never is." There was a delirious, breathless plaintiveness in Lombard at a moment like this—recognition dawning in her. Jill Clayburgh has a

"Give me a for instance."



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comic urgency, and if Sandler had written a speech like that for her, she might have emerged as a star; instead, this talented actress has been turned into a whirring machine—dithering frantically. She's kept spinning around the way Lombard was in the punching scene of "Nothing Sacred," when Fredric March was working her out so that her heartbeat and temperature would convince people she was sick. Clayburgh doesn't look anything like Lombard; if she resembles anyone, it's Jean Arthur. And, like Jean Arthur, she has a voice that flutters between a purr and a seductive gargle, but the lines she's required to speak might be Archie Bunker's idea of how Lenny Bruce talked—a fool's idea of salaciousness. The problem isn't her not resembling Carole Lombard—it's that she's not allowed to resemble a human being.

Sandler belongs to that new batch of screenwriters who have a fan-magazine sensibility: they believe that movies are everything. Their feet have never touched the ground, and their scripts come out of this midair sensibility, which is probably the shallowest form of alienation imaginable. It's a daydream view with no breath of realism, and no understanding of the actual company-town Hollywood. Sandler doesn't distinguish between the offscreen Gable and his primal-man roles; rehashed, misconstrued episodes from old movies (such as that scavenger hunt) become the stars' life stories. Inexplicably, Furie has contrived to transfer this drivelling state of mind to the screen. "Gable and Lombard" takes place in an inane glamour-limbo that resembles no world that ever was, though from time to time the soft lighting brings back the look of fan-magazine covers.

This is the most limply raunchy, meaningless movie about Hollywood yet. "Gable and Lombard" has nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. It has no point of view whatever. The movie represents upwardly mobile nostalgia—nostalgia used for its safeness, its uncontroversial, Ford-era nothingness. The only romance in "Gable and Lombard" is Hollywood's love for itself. And that's for a fake self. The very first scene, in 1942, shows Gable in Army Air Forces uniform, learning that the plane Lombard was in has crashed; but Gable wasn't in the service at the time of her death. Then the action cuts back to his memory of meeting her in the early thirties, when she was a big star and he was an unknown; but, as it happens, Lombard didn't become a really big draw until 1934, and in 1931 Clark Gable slugged Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," made love to Garbo in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," and wound up as one of the top four male box-office stars. Scene by scene, this film is a silly fraud. It cooks up a fake tension about Gable and Lombard in love and unable to be seen together because Gable was married to a woman who wouldn't give him a divorce. But in the three years—from 1936 to 1939—that Gable and Lombard were together before they were married, they were just about the most public pair in America. In *Life*, in newspapers, in fan magazines, there was the handsome couple at the races, the fights, the tennis matches, at Harlow's funeral, in 1937, and at just about every movie première. The climax of the film is a courtroom scene, when a woman accuses Gable of being the father of her unborn child and Lombard risks her career by testifying that he couldn't be, because he's been with her every night and she has "a sore back to prove it." A woman did in fact try to get money out of M-G-M by threatening to expose Gable as the father of her thirteen-year-old. She claimed that the affair had taken place in England, and Gable had no difficulty proving that he wasn't there at the time. The woman was sentenced to a year in prison—Lombard was nowhere near the courtroom.

The ludicrous pathos of this $4,200,000 production (roughly double the cost of "Nashville" or "Taxi Driver") is that the moviemakers couldn't come up with any subject but the sex drive of its hero and heroine, who keep hopping on each other like deranged rabbits. One of the most famous quotes in Hollywood history is Lombard's "My God, you know I love Pa, but I can't say he's a hell of a lay." Their love affair must have had a great many things going for it besides sex, but this movie can't imagine what they might be. Since there's no current between Brolin and Clayburgh, and Furie can't work up any sensuality, the dry-run sex gets depressing—we're treated like tourists looking for something gamy. The ad campaign says, "They had more than love—they had *fun*." This turns out to mean that they played practical jokes on each other. When movie stars were satirically glorified in the Pop Art of the sixties, the famous faces seemed set forever—congealed smiles in the sunshine, blazing emblems of fantasy. Who would have guessed that in the next turn of the wheel Hollywood would trivialize and degrade its own legends, and not even out of malice—just out of movie-besotted, eager-beaver ignorance.

—PAULINE KAEL

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TENNIS, ANYONE?

[*Notice in the Indonesian Times*]

EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

I wish to express my very heartily thanks to:

Mr. TATANG NANA
Director of P.T. Djaya Beverages Bottling Co.
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at Jl. Letjen. Suprapto, Cempaka Putih Jakarta, for visiting me at home, Jl. Kelud No. 1, Jakarta, during my suddenly illness on Thursday, November 14, 1975, which visit I absolutely have not expected, because I am a very poor man (a "Jembel" Proyek Senen), while—

Mr. TATANG NANA
is a V.I.P. person, Director of the Coca Cola factory.

When I write this letter my teardrops are falling and my heart very broken, thinking about the goodness of Mr. TATANG NANA.

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May God bless you dear Mr. TATANG NANA and your family, and may
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Jakarta, November 21, 1975
Your beloved Tennis-partner,
Mr. Yamuda Huta Galung
(Brother of:
Mr. Yannus Huta Galung
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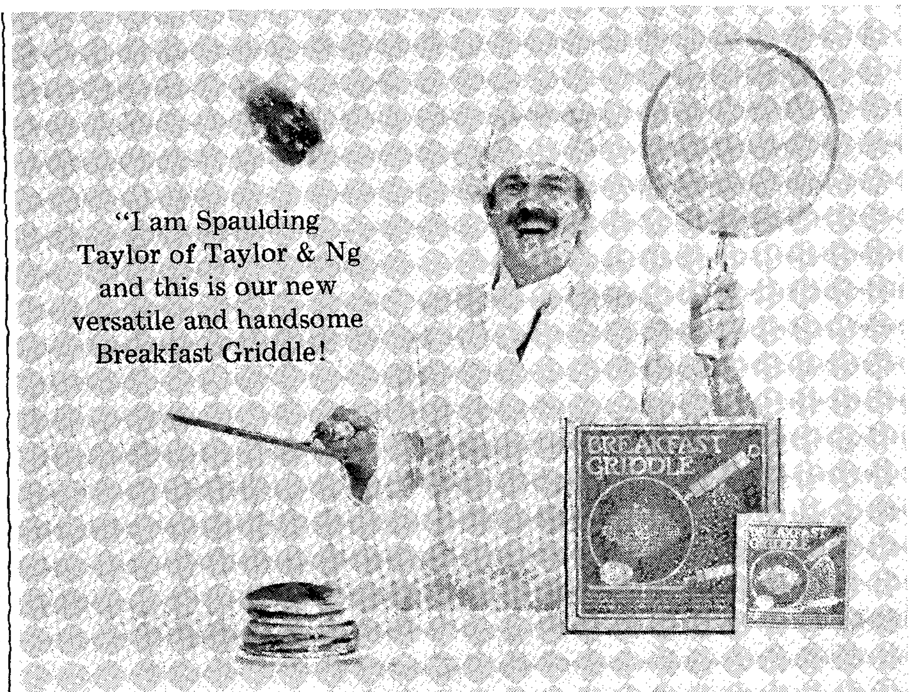
P.S.
Dear Mr. TATANG NANA,

May be you have a plan to make a journey to Europe in future time and if you have any time to come to Holland, please make a visit to my above mentioned brother at Haarlem and you or your family would be certaintly there "met open armen outvangen!"

As you know my hobby is Tennis and last Wednesday—morning 19/11-1975 I walked from home to the Tennis-court behind the Marcopolo Hotel to attend your matches with our other partners. When you finished the exercises and without asking you of mine, you were so willingly to bring me back at home Jl. Kelud No. 1 with your Sedan-Car, while your residence is at Jl. Kampung Melayu Jatinegara. Once again: Thank you Mr. Tatang
Nana!
Thank you very much Sir!

I should never forget your humanity till I die. My regards to your family and many thanks to The Almighty God, because I am recovering now, so we can meet again at the Tennis-court on next Wednesday-morning 26/11-75 Good-bye Mr. TATANG NANA!



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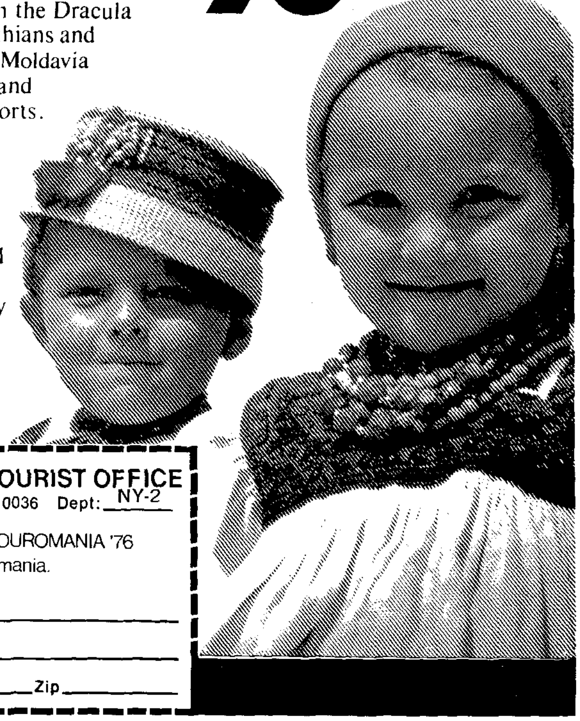

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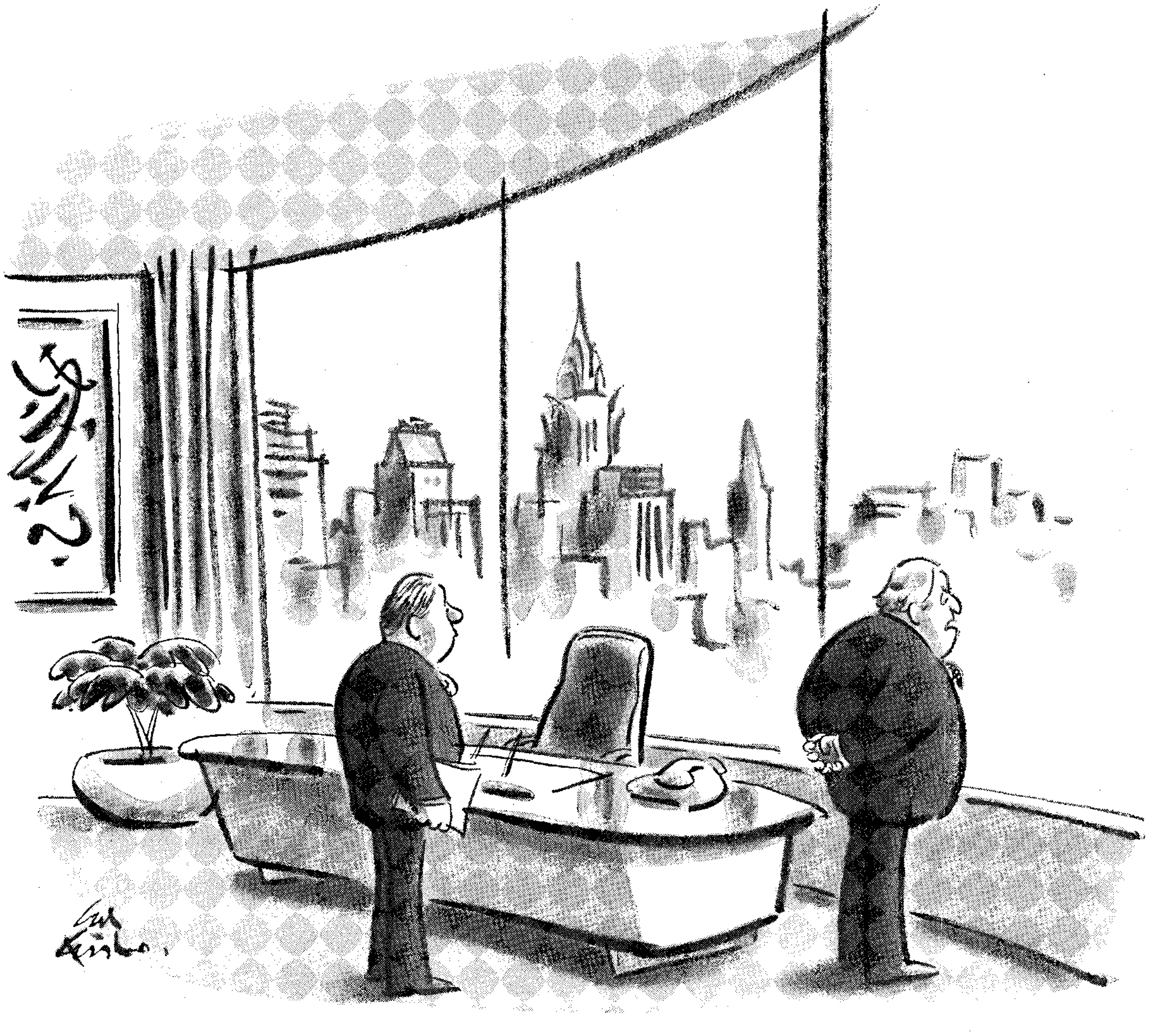
MUSICAL EVENTS

Pianists and Pianos

DICKRAN ATAMIAN, the latest Naumburg Piano Competition winner, gave a pleasing recital in Alice Tully Hall the week before last. The largest work on his program was Schubert's G-major Sonata—though on this occasion not as large as it should be, since from the first two movements he omitted the repeats. He played a Baldwin instrument and it sounded beautiful, as well suited to Schubert as any modern concert grand can be. Ideally, Schubert's piano music should be heard played in a small hall on the kind of piano Schubert knew—light and clear, vigorous but not massively sonorous in fortissimo. Nevertheless, in the large recital hall, with his large instrument, Mr. Atamian created an illusion of intimacy: he never forced his tone or broke the scale of the music; he established the range of dynamics Schubert calls for, from *ppp* to *ff*, without exaggeration at either extreme, and within them achieved all the contrasts one could wish for. From a formal point of view, his interpretation reflected those features which in their combination make a progress through any of Schubert's large compositions a never-failing delight: a sense of adventure, a "What shall we do next? Where shall we go from here?" feeling, followed by advance in a direction unerring, though often unexpected, which resolves the moment of delicious doubt. Schubert seems to pause, to linger at some point reached (the music does not stop, but the harmony settles or the melody turns to expectant figuration), to survey the prospects ahead before striking out toward a goal that, once attained, we realize was implicit from the first. To put it more plainly, Mr. Atamian did not play in dull strict time but understood how a harmonic intensification may check the impetus of an episode; how a phrase may need to be shaped as if borne on a singer's breath; and how to resume, and perhaps emphasize the return to, the basic tempo. He united freedom, rhapsody, with very clear definition of Schubert's form. His recital began with Donald Keats's Piano Sonata (1964), an arresting and pianistically rewarding composition; included Chopin's A-flat Ballade, played with strength and grace; and ended with Prokofiev's Sixth Sonata. Prokofiev's piano music is probably more enjoyable to master and play than to listen to, but the Sixth Sonata, introduced by the composer himself in a radio performance, and first played in public by Sviatoslav Richter, has, in the words of Edward Sackville-West (who was both an accomplished pianist and an acute critic), "good claim to be considered Prokofiev's best work for piano solo, for it combines rhythmic energy with unusually interesting, and even deeply-felt, thematic material." (He was writing before the lyrical Ninth Sonata made its posthumous appearance in print; the Ninth, in my view, is the finest of them all.) Mr. Atamian played it with brio, and with charm in the slow waltz that is the third movement, but he spoiled things at climaxes by adding a vocal accompaniment of fierce, low growls.



"*I just can't believe it! This is the first ill wind that hasn't blown me* any *good!*"

TWO days later, in Carnegie, an even larger hall, and on a Steinway, Radu Lupu played another Schubert sonata—the late A-major, D.959, done complete. I have not heard Mr. Lupu much since he won the Leeds International Piano Competition in 1969—through lack not of opportunity, which has been plentiful, but of inclination, for at Leeds he seemed to me to coat Schubert (the Opus 90 Impromptus) and Beethoven (the "Waldstein," the C-minor Concerto) in a thick, sticky, unappetizing emotional sauce. (Who ever agrees with competition juries? What has become of the young Russians Boris Petrushansky and Vadim Sakharov, respectively fourth and unplaced at Leeds that year, who struck me as the most remarkable pianistic talents there?) Still—to borrow a reckless metaphor from a colleague's prose—"glowing reports filtered down through the grapevine" that Mr. Lupu is playing like an angel these days. And so, at Carnegie, he was. But like an angel with *Flügel* a size too big. Haydn's F-minor Andante with Variations began things; then Beethoven's Opus 110; then the Schubert. All three pieces contain passages that are intended to be played full out—passages of clumped left-hand chords with a treble line running high above, or, inversely, of hard-struck treble chords above a heavy running bass—but cannot decently be played full out on a big modern Steinway: the texture implies the timbre of an early-nineteenth-century piano. In fact, for this particular program, of Viennese music from 1793 to 1828, Mr. Lupu was using the wrong instrument. It is early days, perhaps, to insist that Beethoven's sonatas should be played on the kind of piano for which they were composed; we are not yet so nice about classical music as about Baroque and continue to accept the former rendered on Romantic instruments. But the time will come, I believe, when audiences—and pianists—having once discovered the tone colors and clarity and alertness of wooden-framed pianos with thin strings and buckskin-covered hammers, will want to hear more of them, and new makers of such instruments will spring up, as now harpsichord builders have done. Artur Schnabel's, Wilhelm Kempff's, Wilhelm Backhaus's greatness will not dim, of course, but their Beethoven performances will be counted—as Edwin Fischer's and Dinu Lipatti's of Bach now are—great interpretations superbly executed on the wrong instrument.

At any rate, Mr. Lupu was stuck with a modern piano, and had to try to make the best of it. He might not put it quite that way, for under his fingers the Steinway rippled, and purled, and sang, and its notes ran—at moderate dynamic levels—in a limpid stream. There was a new, fine lucidity, both of thought and of sound, in all he did; that thick emotional sauce is evidently a thing of the past. There was fancy in the Haydn, and emotion in the Beethoven: the recitative and arioso were poignant, and the fugues began like improvisations—the themes softly sounded, not struck out, until the octave entries in the left hand brought a sense of reaching firm ground. Every music student knows that the fugue subject takes shape from the opening

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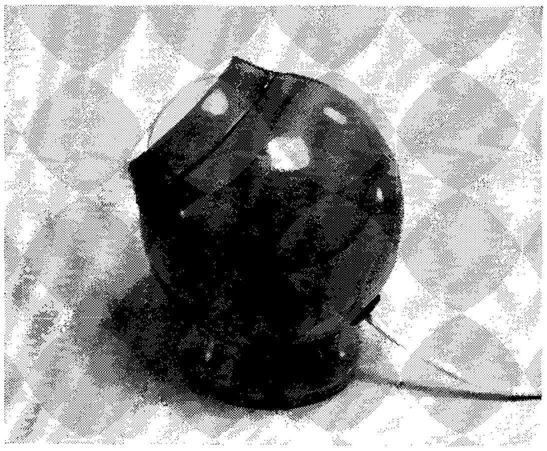

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measures of the first movement; in Mr. Lupu's performance one seemed to hear the process of transformation. His Schubert style was less spontaneous than Mr. Atamian's but also captivating, with exquisite evenness in runs, carefully planned dynamic gradients, precise balances, and delicate rhythmic inflections. The phrasing of the Andantino was tricksy, Mahlerian, but charmingly, not irritatingly, so. His playing was always gentle—which is a word of high praise. There is not enough gentleness in much of today's music-making; power and brilliance are qualities more highly prized. But in those fiery passages where an old piano could be hit hard and not complain, passages where the sparks should fly, Mr. Lupu's restraint reduced the musical force of his discourse.

LAZAR BERMAN, the Russian pianist who, amid a blaze of publicity, has been playing concertos with the Brooklyn Philharmonia and the New Jersey Symphony and recitals in the Ninety-second Street Y, has a big technique: plenty of weight and plenty of speed. He has no reservations about hitting the Steinway hard, but his tone does not become harsh. At his recital last week, the first half was Liszt (five pieces from the Italian books of the "Années de Pèlerinage"), and the second Rachmaninoff (four of the "Moments Musicaux") and Prokofiev (the Eighth Sonata). Everything was dissolved into technique. In a curious way, there seemed to be no musical content in the Liszt—only various demonstrations of quick playing, loud playing, fat, luscious tone, delicate, crystalline tone, and quicksilver sparkle. In the Rachmaninoff there was more emotion, but Mr. Berman's concentration was evidently disturbed—as well it might have been—by a sustained barrage of coughs from the audience; he flinched physically under it and darted some distressed glances at the noisiest offenders. The Eighth Sonata—to quote Mr. Sackville-West again—"is possibly Prokofiev's least successful piano work. The first movement is full of skinny, two-part writing, and the Finale wearies the listener with a lengthy and exasperating episode in D flat major." Even Emil Gilels, who gave the first performance, can hardly persuade one otherwise, though he finds more charm in the slow minuet of the second movement than Mr. Berman did. The recital reached its climax in the last encore, a thunderous, high-velocity, and physically exciting account of Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance." But one had only to recall the lilting charm of Rubinstein in that piece, of Kempff in the Liszt, and of Rachmaninoff in his records of Rachmaninoff to feel that Mr. Berman, while being a prodigy, is no poet—a virtuoso with his arms and fingers but a dull musician. It was astonishing and exciting to hear him play, but at no point did he prompt the reflection "What beautiful music!"

Program notes on the music at Mr. Atamian's recital were limited to a single sentence ("Mr. Keats has used this opportunity to exploit the many virtuoso aspects of the piano in a contemporary idiom"). At Mr. Lupu's and Mr. Berman's recitals there were none. Is the assumption that New York audiences are so familiar with the repertory as to need no introductions, or that they are uninterested in anything except the performer? —ANDREW PORTER

•

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Onto the floor.
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That couple
With the faces of oxen
On a hot day
Reach over his shoulder
And vanish
Into the mirror.
Finally they leave
Without nodding goodbye,
His hand on
Her right breast,
Her thumb hooked
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THE ART WORLD

Purifying Art

DURING his lifetime, Ad Reinhardt, celebrated for his square black paintings, badgered his contemporaries with what was to him the paramount issue in American art: "corruption." Most artists of the past twenty years have been acutely conscious that the art world is not a sanctuary for the righteous; suspicions of behind-the-scenes rigging of reputations and prices hover in the studios like a layer of pollution. Compared to Reinhardt, however, *his* colleagues were mere dilettantes of suspicion. In him, delinquency in art found its Grand Inquisitor. Not only was he the most persistent attacker of the "public profiteers" in the galleries; his indictments went beyond dealers, collectors, museum curators and trustees, critics, and art historians to include artists, and even art itself. For Reinhardt, practicing "our overcrowded, ignoble profession" was like spending one's life in a plague spot; survival was possible only through constant bathing in antiseptics. "Someone," he wrote, "is always asking you to betray yourself as an artist."

Reinhardt's assaults on his fellow-artists, which kept expanding and gaining in intensity until his sudden death, in 1967, were highly unusual. As in fraternities and professions generally, derogatory opinions in the art press and at meetings and lectures tend to be kept within limits set by the presence of outsiders—Reinhardt himself in heated moments at the Artists Club used to call out, "No names, please!" It may have been this rule of reticence that induced him to make exposing the depravity of other artists a matter of principle. "The first word of an artist is against artists," he reiterated. The "public profiteer" is only the "second enemy": the corruption of the art world stems primarily from the careerism and intellectual self-indulgence of artists. It is the kind of pictures they paint that brings into being their degraded social environment. "Now, what is corrupt then, what's rotten?" Reinhardt cried at the Club during a panel that he had turned into a kind of grand-jury investigation. "It's been easy to say that the institutions are at fault, the critics are at fault, the collectors, curators, or the managers or the middlemen are at fault, and I think I would attack"—he had—"however, I think that the artists are responsible. If there is anything rotten or corrupt, it is the artists' fault."

In the present period of scandals and disillusionment, Reinhardt's absorption with corruption lends special interest to his writings collected in a volume of the Documents of Twentieth-Century Art series entitled "Art-as-Art: The Selected Writings of Ad Reinhardt" (Viking). The black paintings of his last period, and his interest in the Far East, are seen from his texts to owe at least as much to his search for an antidote to the art of his time and for a counter-statement to its artists as to aesthetic admiration for Oriental art or metaphysical insight into it. The effect of his repeated denunciations is more obsessive than the repeated image of his black paintings, which when shown together are rarely examined one after another. The success of American art in the fifties appears to have produced in Reinhardt a sense of isolation—"I've had the idea for a long time now," he complained the year before his death, "that I was the only unacceptable abstract painter"—which he attributed to the meretricious elements in advanced art that appealed to the public, "the pop art, the plaster hamburgers and everything else." In his view, the primal defect was one of outlook: the tendency in modernism to confuse art and life. The academy had rigorously separated art from non-art, paintings from mere pictures. It had erected canons to which every artist was obliged to conform. In art since the war, all standards had been swept away by "expressionist debauchery and neo-surrealist delinquency." Artists were played up as "heroes" and aspired to the glamorous lives of movie stars. In the resulting chaos of values, anything could be art and anyone could be an artist. Following Plato, Reinhardt found the cause of moral collapse in a deficient aesthetic. The very vocabulary of values had been undermined. "Selling out," which formerly denoted the shameful abandonment of standards for the sake of money, now signified the triumph of having one's exhibition of paintings entirely bought up by collectors.

To the prevailing degeneracy Reinhardt proposed the antidote of "pure" painting, or art-as-art-and-nothing-but-art. Moral health required reinstating the gulf that had divided art from everything else. If elevating art to a realm of its own implies restoring the academy, so be it. "Artists come from artists, art forms come from art forms, painting comes from painting." "Art-as-Art" contains four selections on the

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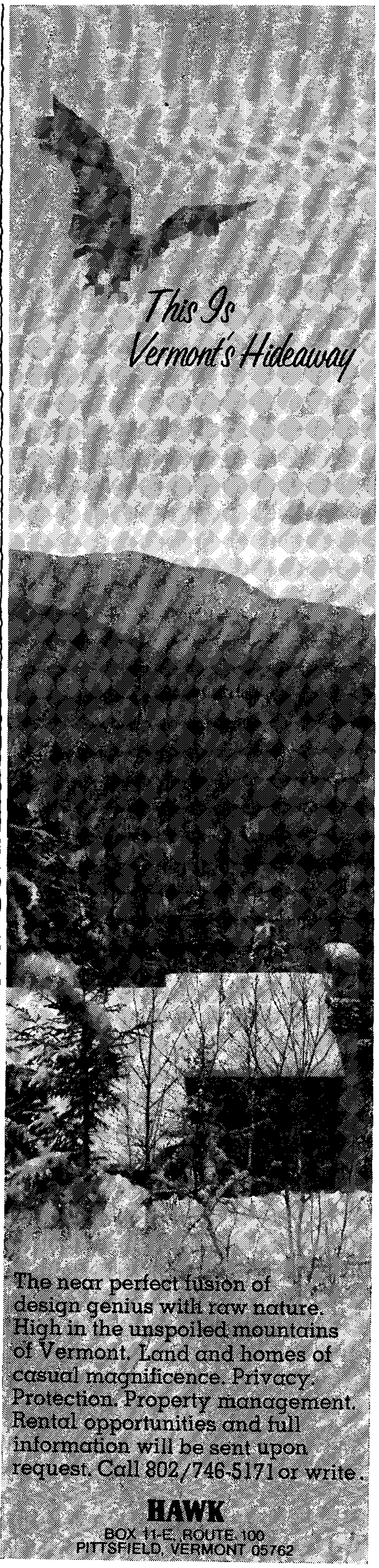
need for a new academy—essays that seemed intellectual oddities when they originally appeared in art magazines but that reveal their full meaning in the context of Reinhardt’s attacks on “corruption.” Far more removed from reality than the old academy, in that it favors an art that is totally abstract, Reinhardt’s academy derives its substance largely from what it opposes—its intellectual content consists of Reinhardt’s exhaustive list of what art is not. Foremost among the anathematized influences are the “hyphenated abstract schools,” such as Abstract Expressionism and Abstract Impressionism, and Action painting, which provided the dynamics that placed the new American art in the leadership of the world during the postwar decades. Reinhardt’s “Twelve Rules for a New Academy” bans every currently practiced mode, from Realism to Constructivism, and every method and formal device, from brushwork to large canvases. In the last analysis, Reinhardt’s theory of an academy is a way of celebrating his own all-black paintings as morally superior, in their absence of seductiveness, to all other paintings and sculptures of our time. In their negation, they represent for Reinhardt the aesthetic culmination of truly abstract art. To describe this art cleansed of all associations he does not hesitate to adopt as virtues the terms of denunciation applied to abstract art by “humanist” critics. His rules require that art should be useless, changeless, monotonous, invisible (unostentatious), and, above all, “meaningless” (though in his early days he had made the usual defense of abstract art that it is “a challenge to disorder and disintegration”).

“I finally made a program out of boredom.” Reinhardt liked to repeat that “interest is of no interest in art.” In his writings, however, he strives for humor and verbal virtuosity, heavily salted with puns, against a background of aggressive earnestness. In a typical list he enumerates the tricks of the painter’s trade to be avoided: “brushworking, panhandling, backscratching, palette-knifing, waxing, buncombing, texturing, wheedling, tooling, sponging, carping, blobbing, beefing, staining, straining, scheming, striping, stripping, bowing, scraping, hacking, poaching, subliming, *shpritzing*, soft-soaping, piddling, puddling, imaging, visioning, etc. The soft sell on the clean hard edge by the new artists was as much of a sellout as the hard sell on the soft edge was by the dirty old artists.” As a writer, Reinhardt’s “expressionist” temperament is unmistakable. In medi-



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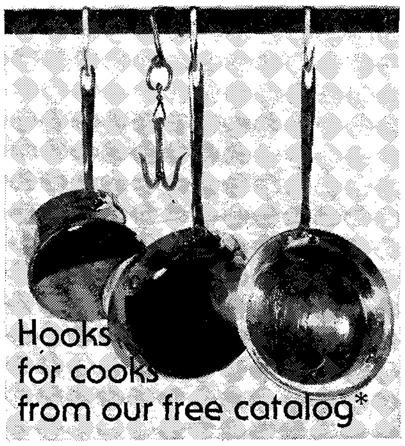

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tative notes taken from unpublished documents, he skirts the borders of inexpressible feelings and mixes quotations, random thoughts, unfinished phrases, dissociated words in incantatory sequences:

> "Archaic" man, abolish time "live in continual present"
> Abolishing guilt, abolish time, defense mechanism of denial
> Archaic economy, gift-giving, share guilt, cyclical time
> Magic use of objects instead of own body, share guilt
> Guilt into aggression, guilt is time, city time, ownership

and so on.

Reinhardt's humor, and the fact that his paintings seemed obviously affiliated with Mondrian and the neo-Plasticists, though they share the aura of individual mystery characteristic of American Abstract Expressionism, created the impression during his lifetime that his moral denunciations were not to be taken seriously. His background as a cartoonist on art themes for *PM* during the forties, and the engaging "trees" from whose branches he suspended painters, sculptors, schools, and critics as clusters of leaves, reinforced his reputation as a comedian, while his very outspokenness and the absence of shading in his gibes at the "Bauhaus bacchuses and housebroken samurai" recalled the ancient privilege of the clown. There was, too, the appeal of his postcards, written in a peculiar kind of lettering, in which he presented himself to his numerous correspondents as a modest, neglected person asking simply for common fairness. A postcard to Bernard Karpel, chief librarian of the Museum of Modern Art, that is reproduced in "Art-as-Art" begins by inquiring, "You remember me?," reminds Karpel that the Museum has "documented pretty much everything, except me," suggests that Reinhardt, too, be added to the files, "not only Motherwell" (reputed to be the Museum's most documented subject), and offers to supply "a picture of me next to my easel or something like that." It is difficult to think of the author of this cute but slightly whining note as the Savonarola of anti-success. Indeed, Reinhardt made no attempt to hide his maneuvering to obtain notice and arrange exhibitions and retrospectives of his work—in 1965 he managed to have three shows covering different phases of his paintings running simultaneously. With few exceptions, his contemporaries thus saw Reinhardt as an artist like most others, and considered his speeches and writings, no matter how bellicose, to be part of an effort to capture the spotlight. When, at a round table in Philadelphia, Reinhardt attacked his fellow-panelists, they unhesitatingly rallied to his defense as the organizer of the event attempted to respond in their behalf.

Against this background, Reinhardt's "empty" repetitive paintings, "five feet by five feet by five thousand dollars," with their barely perceptible cross floating underneath the all-black textureless surface, defined themselves objectively (that is, in terms of their relation to other art rather than to the stated intentions of their creator) as a species of neo-Dada provocation, not too distant in negative substance from the erased de Kooning on which Rauschenberg founded his fame. Late in Reinhardt's life, an interviewer questioned him on the relation of the black paintings to the "negative acts" of the Dadaists; Reinhardt replied that they were "the exact opposite." But the opposite to Dadaist anti-art ceases to be opposite when, in the same interview, Reinhardt claims that he has succeeded in getting rid of everything in painting, that "I'm merely making the last painting which anyone can make," and that artists following him would do well to adopt his formula and make their own paintings by copying his. He and his disciples, if any, either could go on reproducing the same painting or could quit—art was finished in any case.

FOR all its instances of levity, "Art-as-Art" lacks sufficient lightness to offset page after page of aggression against artists and the reiterated listing of qualities of which art ought to be purged. Especially since it omits his art comics and satires (a volume of these, edited by Thomas B. Hess, has just appeared), the collection of writings leaves no doubt that Reinhardt was in deadly earnest, and this is confirmed by the thinning of his humor in his later years, allowing his morality-inspired irascibility—sharpened by the lagging of his fame ("The Museum of Modern Art got to showing me about twelve years after they showed Still and Rothko and those guys")—to come through. Jokes or no jokes, for Reinhardt every other artist's credentials were in question. Toward the end, he also dropped his "No names, please!" and hammered away at artists who had "made it."

Plainly, Reinhardt's thrusts against his generation have a genuine basis in what has happened in American art during the past twenty years, though "demoralization" might be a better word than "corruption" to describe the condition of some too rapidly successful artists. Reinhardt's notion, however, that ambition and vanity arise out of the prevalence of a faulty aesthetic can only be taken as a joke—by this reasoning, Pollock and de Kooning are also responsible for Richard Nixon. And to believe that "pure" art represents cleansing in more than its name is to be taken in by a pun. Reducing painting to zero actually tends in our culture (whatever the "doctrine of great emptiness" may have produced among the ancient Chinese) to augment, rather than repel, art-world corruption, since the work can be made attractive only through promotion and market status.

Granted that art comes from art, as Reinhardt kept insisting, the art of the past from which it comes is as varied as the world. At least since the Renaissance, the appeal of art, including religious art, has rested on the sensuousness of experience; de Kooning, toward whom Reinhardt displayed a particular antipathy, contends that oil paint was invented in order to represent flesh. "Pure" painting comes not from painting but from an idea of painting, from an aspect of it that has been theoretically isolated as its essence. Reinhardt's art-as-art is an effort to detach art from its cultural surroundings in order to deal with it as a thing in itself. In less extreme forms, this approach is widely accepted by American artists, art critics, and historians. Art-as-art is not, as Reinhardt imagined, a dissent; most conservative opinion in the art world is based on this view, however reluctant it might be to conclude with Reinhardt that art is "meaningless."

Much has been made of Reinhardt's Orientalism; Barbara Rose, editor of "Art-as-Art," sees his black paintings as nothing less than "a synthesis of the polarities of Eastern and Western art." Reinhardt was drawn to the paintings, sculptures, and architecture of the Far East and Asia Minor, took two trips to these regions, and snapped innumerable photographs, which he subsequently presented in lectures. The aesthetic ideals of his later years—repetition, stillness, void, withdrawal from the senses, "worldlilessness"—appear to have been strengthened by his readings in Buddhist literature. His enthusiasm for the civilizations of Asia is comparable to Rothko's for ancient Greece, or Gottlieb's for African and American Indian symbolism. The absorption of bits of alien cultures into the informal style of modernist thinking—for example, Reinhardt's "Action arts speak

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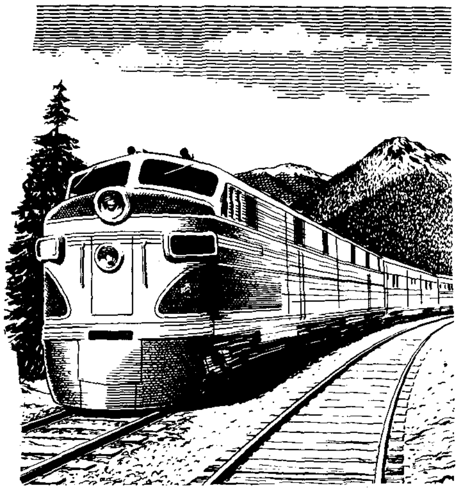

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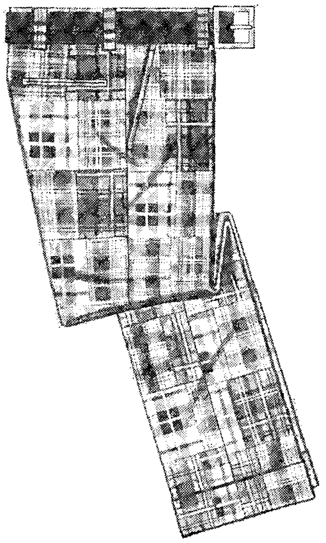

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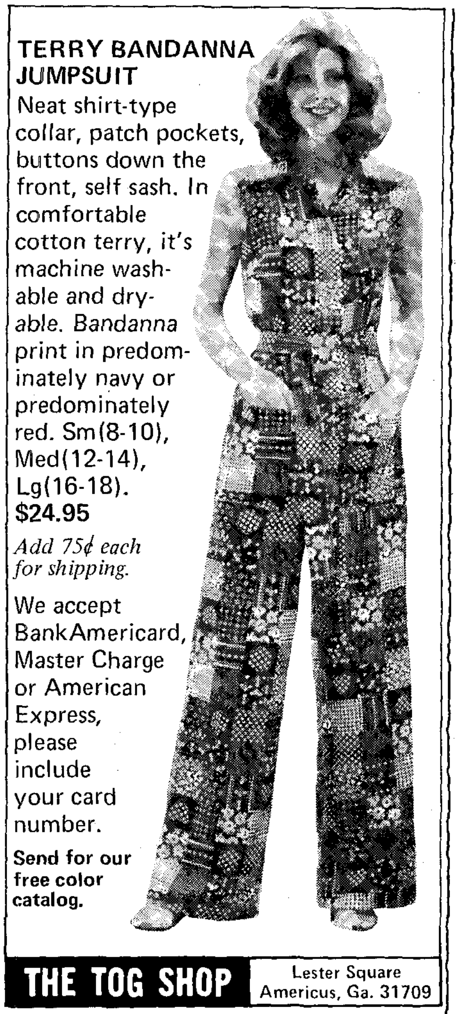
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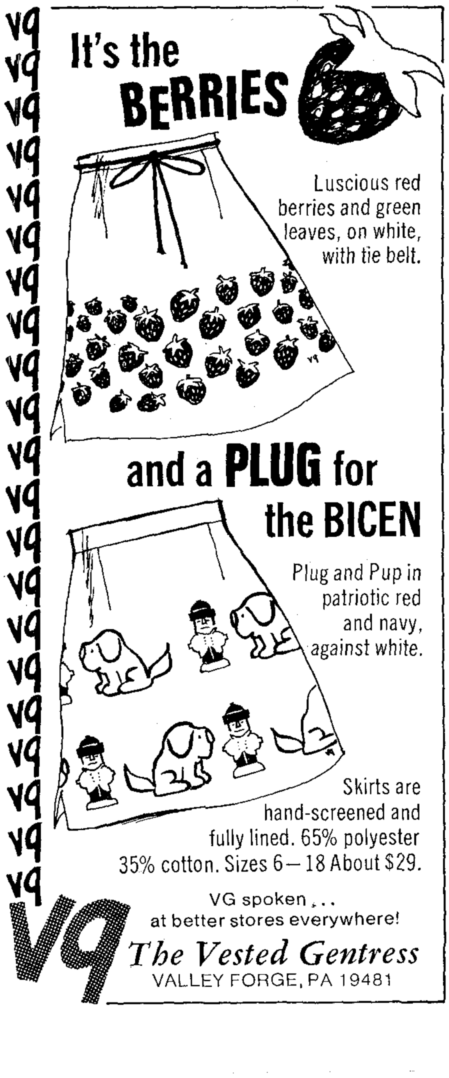
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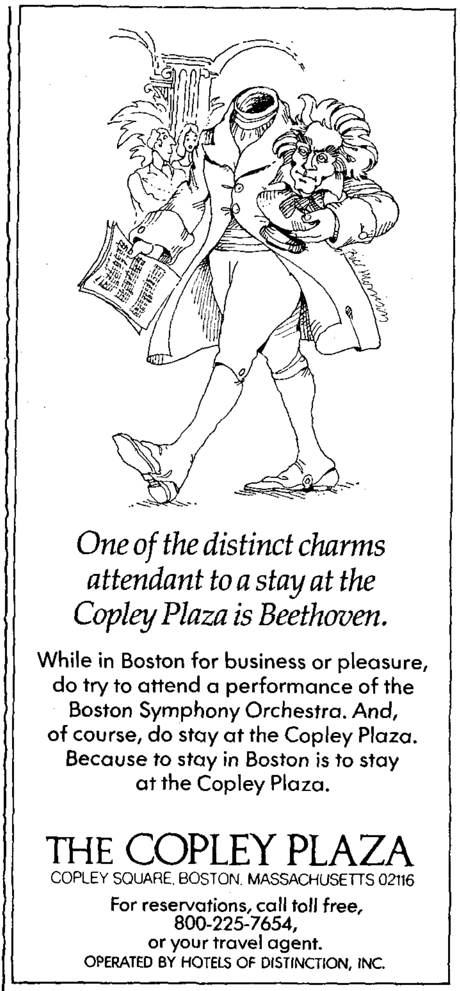
louder than voids"—together with the repudiation of the Western aesthetic tradition, has been a continuing factor in the cultural dislocation of our epoch. "Pure" art compounds the confusion instead of diminishing it. Reinhardt's aesthetic absolutism did not, as he expected, act as a wall dividing him from the art world. His pictures have not been "unmarketable," "unphotographable," "unreproducible," "inexplicable." They have been sold, photographed, reproduced, explained. Despite his assertion that "I never say anything about my paintings," "Art-as-Art" is a protracted explanation and defense of them. They have accommodated themselves as fully as any paintings of the time to the "corruption" of art.

The current weakness in American art is in large part the result of too much feeding on art, to the exclusion of experience. In the thirties, when Reinhardt began his career, abstract art was a counterweight of the mind to excessive "reality." Today, abstraction tends to exist through adapting what has already been done. Corruption in art cannot be eliminated by a virtuous style, since no style is inherently virtuous or capable of keeping its qualities unchanged. Reinhardt's concern about the moral situation of art was well founded. Yet his unremitting one-against-all polemics damaged the solidarity among artists which is their chief basis for resistance to alien influences. In a late document in "Art-as-Art," Reinhardt appears to grasp the connection between the rise in "corruption" and the fading of friendship among the New York painters. "There isn't anything that doesn't go now," he remarks in tones of nostalgia. "The artist community is completely dissolved and artists aren't even talking to each other. They're all geared to the public, at least intellectually." Reinhardt seems touched by this alienation, to which he had made the maximum contribution. But he goes on to blame the loss of communion on the pop artists, and follows this by denouncing Pollock and de Kooning for their ways of life. Perhaps he did not intend to be taken seriously after all. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

> The Phoenicians, whose country was a narrow strip of the Syrian coast 20 miles wide and 200 miles long, had to make their living from or by the Mediterranean sea. oh the gmvitnan sea.
> —*Milwaukee Journal.*

That's the way the Phoenicians felt about it.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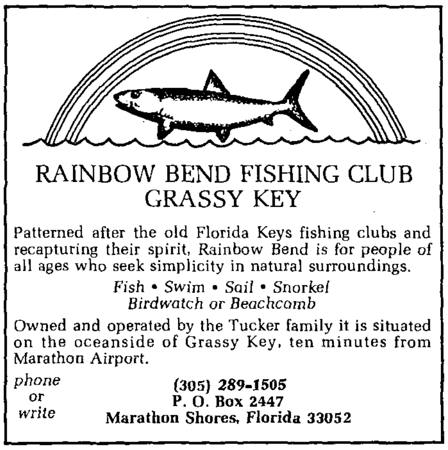
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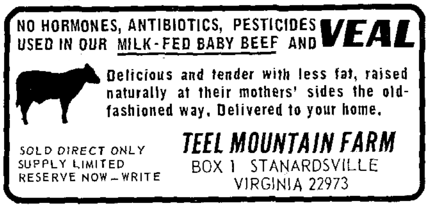
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JAZZ

New York Notes

DECEMBER 13TH: Shepherded, but not necessarily invented, by its beneficiary, the myth of John Hammond as a musical knight-errant who cruised up and down the country in the thirties and single-handedly discovered Billie Holidays and Count Basies and Charlie Christians has grown unalterable. Two things ought to be remembered, though: Hammond was privy to the musicians' grapevine, which rapidly tallies new talent, and since he was not always alone when he first heard a Holiday or a Basie (he was barely into his twenties), the heads with him sometimes pointed him in the right direction. Well, no matter. Hammond, recently turned sixty-five, is a rare American being. Here, often in seeming contradiction, are some of his personae: altruist, reluctant rich man, activist liberal, violist, zealous listener, A. & R. man, impresario, and lover of hyperbole ("marvellous," "fantastic," "superb," and "extraordinary" form a sort of neon coating around him). Hammond helped to start and/or further the careers of Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman, Meade Lux Lewis, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Jo Jones, Buck Clayton, Lester Young, Basie, Teddy Wilson, Christian, Ruby Braff, George Benson, Bob Dylan, and Aretha Franklin. He has produced countless classic jazz recordings, among them the Holiday-Wilson sessions, which have become limitless chamber works; the Goodman small-band sides with Christian, Basie, and Cootie Williams; and Bessie Smith's last and possibly best records. He organized the great "Spirituals to Swing" concerts at Carnegie Hall in the late thirties and picked the musical talent for Barney Josephson's brand-new Café Society Downtown—joint endeavors that finally and irrevocably placed black jazz musicians before the public. He pioneered in the civil-rights movement (he's been a member of the N.A.A.C.P. since the mid-thirties) by scandalously assembling mixed bands for recording sessions and public appearances at a time when Stepin Fetchit was the accepted household notion of the American Negro. But his heresy was even broader, for he was suggesting that American black people had ennobled themselves by giving their unwitting country a new music that would grow increasingly valuable and beautiful.

Hammond has not gone unsung, and now television has added another hurrah in the form of a three-hour tribute shown on "Soundstage" under the title "The World of John Hammond." (The program—produced by WTTW in Chicago for PBS late last summer—was broadcast in New York in two parts, and will be repeated this spring.) It was a misshapen affair, consisting of a lot of soft talk in which slivers of music were embedded. The talkers—Goddard Lieberson (the former head of Columbia Records), Jerry Wexler (a former executive of Atlantic Records and an early purveyor of rhythm and blues), Mitch Miller, Leonard Feather, Benny Goodman, Benny Carter, Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, and Hammond himself—lolled in overstuffed chairs placed on a mock 78-r.p.m. record that was ringed, at various removes, by an audience, by another mock 78, on which the musicians stood, and by still more huge 78s, hung at random on the high studio walls. It was Grand Central Station decked out for a platter party. The talk was predictable and often fulsome. Miller told how Hammond and Lieberson had indirectly made him rich. Feather praised Hammond's racial crusading. Lieberson was patronizing. And Hammond told how he had discovered Billie Holiday and Basie, how he had heard Isham Jones in Chicago when he was twelve, and how he could never find room in his œuvre for Ella Fitzgerald. The music, when there was time, went this way: The gospel singer Marion Williams praised the Lord for helping her through a bad plane trip, and was immediately topped by a film clip from Bessie Smith's 1929 "St. Louis Blues." (Hammond didn't have anything to do with the film, nor, except for her last records, did he have much to do with Bessie, yet her name is inscribed in Hammond Hall.) The show's house band, made up of Benny Carter, Benny Morton, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton, George Benson, and Jo Jones, played "Riff Interlude" and "John's Idea" as if it were a small Basie group (where was Basie?), and then backed Helen Humes, who, as is her wont these days, needlessly shouted three numbers in the very top range of her spacious voice. Benny Goodman, who likes to pretend he is owlish, talked incomprehensibly about the old days in Chicago, and then joined the band for four numbers, the last two of which, "Avalon" and "Seven Come Eleven," were ignited by Benson and Norvo and Wilson. (Wilson was in rare and sparkling form throughout. It is always edifying to hear him and Norvo together: style brothers.) Most of the celebrated Billie Holiday sequence from the 1957 CBS "Sound of Jazz" was shown, and one could relish again the extraor-

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dinary succession of my-man emotions that cross Billie's face during Lester Young's solo. Wilson, Hinton, and Jones sailed through three Holiday-associated numbers, and there was more good Wilson and some agreeable exchanges between Hinton and Jones. (There was also a remarkable chance to see for the first time, through adroit camera closeups, the heat-lightning twitchings that go on behind Wilson's famous mask when he improvises.) Then Sonny Terry, whom Hammond first brought North in the thirties for a "Spirituals to Swing" concert, stole the evening by stitching together two wild blues out of his falsetto whoops and cries and yodels, and by making his eerie harmonica talk, moan, chant, wail, laugh, and jump. Terry is still a down-home caution. Hammond's son John did one of his imitations of the bedevilled blues singer Robert Johnson, and the evening was closed by Bob Dylan, who sang "Hurricane," "Simple Twist of Fate," and "Oh, Sister." Dylan is a curious singer. His intensity, use of reiteration, and hanging, legato hillbilly diction give the impression that he is swinging when actually he never quite does. He is, all things considered, a highly persuasive tract singer. At any rate, Hammond suddenly seemed to disappear, and it was as if we had been switched to the Bob Dylan Show.

JANUARY 10TH: What's happened to Sonny Rollins? Four years ago, when he reappeared at the Village Vanguard after his most recent retirement, he was in superlative form. His numbers went on for at least half an hour, and his solos and celebrated encyclopedic codas took up most of them. He played in torrents, in huge swatches of sound, in a punishing, pummelling, exhausting way. Since then, Rollins has slowly been altering his image. His appearances at concerts and festivals have become elusive and disappointing, for he has played little, preferring to roam around backstage or in the wings. "Peekaboo. Catch me if you can. Now you see me, now you don't," he has seemed to say. But at the same time he gives the impression—with his blazing-white suits and big hats—of continually being front and center. A year or so ago, Rollins put himself through a final retooling and came out electrified and sounding disturbingly like the tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, who once learned from him. In the concert he gave in Carnegie Hall tonight, he had a microphone inside the bell of his horn, affected a hoarse, guttural tone, held his notes a long time, in the Barbieri manner, took short, inconclusive solos, and played a lot of material that, because of its repetitive, highly melodic nature, appeared to be aimed at an audience far wider than the jazz one. Only in "My Reverie" was there a glimpse of Rollins' immense power, of his huge, steaming tone. Countless jazz musicians—generally inferior ones, at that—have abandoned their standards and gone over to the popular side, where, in a satisfactory migration for all, they have often made a lot of money. But Rollins is a master tenor saxophonist, probably the most imposing since Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster and Lester Young. Hawkins was working, even though he could no longer stand, until the time he died, and the same down-to-the-line stamina was true of his great compeers, no matter how evil their last days. Rollins is only forty-six and still in his prime.

JANUARY 14TH: Until the mid-thirties, the only reference works jazz had were the astonishing data banks that its most assiduous record collectors carried around as heads. Then the first discographies appeared, and, after the war, were followed by more discographies and a still unabated flood of encyclopedias, histories, picture books, glossaries, bio-discographies, and, lately, full-fledged biographies. Two of the most recent reference works are "Jazz Talk" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Robert S. Gold, and Brian Rust's "The American Dance Band Discography, 1917-1942" (Arlington House). Gold's work is a slightly revised edition of his "A Jazz Lexicon," first published in 1957. It is, though far from complete and sometimes inaccurate, a fascinating look into the spoken language that black jazz musicians have invented to protect themselves from the white world, and from their own square brethren. This inventiveness is not surprising, for most jazz musicians, pressed by fickle audiences, relentless aesthetic demands, and all manner of social deviltry, are blessed with a sense of humor. They tend, as informal court fools, to be very funny people, whose humor ranges from excellent workaday hyperbole to the great caperings of Dizzy Gillespie and Joe Venuti. Their comic inspirations also take the form of reverse exaggeration (something marvellous becomes "a mess" or "terrible"), synecdoche, and sheer poetic transformations (to travel is to "broom"). This language changes almost from day to day, and for good reason: since colloquial language rises (and formal language sinks), it is constantly being tapped by the world it is supposed to shut out. Some of the expressions, long since turned to clichés, that have come directly from jazz are:

cop-out
corny
hangup
the scene
shades
to dig
groovy
to split
-ville (as in splitsville)
uptight
kicks
square
way out
to have a ball
freebee

Jazz musicians have smoked marijuana since the twenties, and they have created endless euphemisms:

charge
weed
Mary Jane
muggles
mootah
boo
hemp
gage
panatela
pot
vonce
tea
stash
grass
reefer
stuff
roach

Some of their inventions were never picked up by the straight world and have become obsolete. They have an almost Colonial ring:

spots (written musical notes)
woodpile (xylophone)
hides (drums)
mice (violins)
dommy (apartment)
a fat man (a five-dollar bill)
a solid sender (a good record or performer)
a rug-cutter (a dancer)
reet (all right; yes)
bruz (brother)
hincty (suspicious)
a lane (a square)
to lay some iron (to tap-dance)

These are still inviolate and often choice:

to cop a nod (to sleep)
a crumbcrusher (a baby)
a fox (a girl)
to feel a draft (to sense hostility)
hame (an unpleasant job, after the actual word)
to make snakes (to have technical facility)
to woodshed (to practice)
a hawkins, or hawk (a cold winter wind)
to jump salty (to turn unpleasant or hostile)

So how many people would understand this: "Two things make me jump

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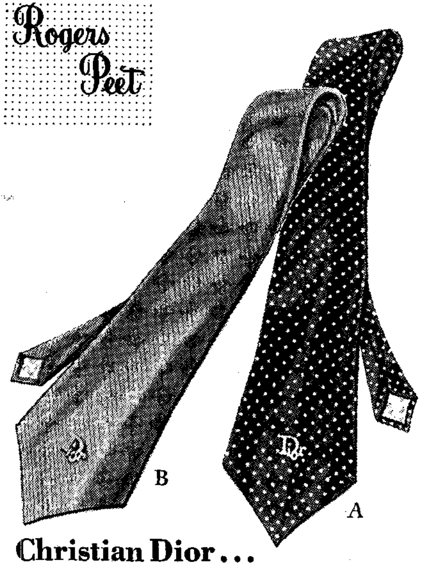

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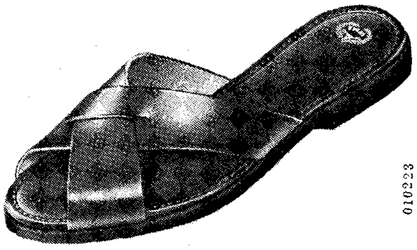
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salty, man—when I feel a draft from a fox and when I take a hame"?

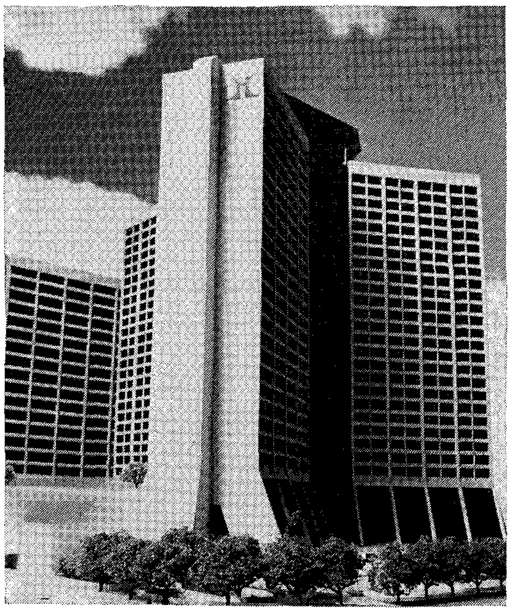
Brian Rust's dance-band discography is, in its way, monumental. It comes in two big stubby volumes, and is over two thousand pages long. Rust has untangled the recording histories—dates and places, matrix numbers, labels, personnel, pseudonyms—of almost twenty-four hundred white dance bands (he has covered the black bands in another book, and has omitted Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman, each of whom already has his own definitive book), or presumably every dance band that recorded between the First and Second World Wars. Almost useless information is irresistible, and Rust's volumes are full of it. One learns that Bobby Hackett joined Horace Heidt in December of 1939 and left by July of 1941, and that during his tenure he worked behind such vocalists as Art Carney and Gordon MacRae and just missed Mary Martin, who recorded the "Pound Your Table Polka" on April 8, 1942. One can follow Joe Venuti through his early labyrinthine recording career—from 1924 to midway into the Depression (now in his seventies, Venuti is off and recording again). Here is a chronology of the bands he recorded with (some names are pseudonyms for Sam Lanin and Ben Selvin, who ran dance-band cartels, and whose groups must have recorded every day in the late twenties and early thirties):

Jean Goldkette
Roger Wolfe Kahn
Deauville Dozen
Irwin Abrams and His Knickerbocker Grill Orch.
Broadway Bell-Hops
Frankie Trumbauer
Paul Whiteman
Napoleon's Emperors
University Orch.
Ipana Troubadours
Smith Ballew
Chester Leighton and His Sophomores
Rudy Marlow
Dick Robertson
The Cavaliers
Jerry Fenwyck
Phil Spitalny
Rudy Vallée and His Connecticut Yankees
Steve Washington
Victor Young
Adrian Rollini
Dorsey Brothers
Freddie Rich's Radio Orch.
Russ Morgan

And one finds that Jerry Colonna, the pop-eyed Hollywood buffoon, played trombone briefly with Joe Herlihy and His Orchestra, and in June and July of 1927 recorded three numbers—"Cornfed," "State and Madison," and "Lighthouse Blues"—on the Edison Diamond Disc label before moving on to greater things. Thirty-five dollars, and worth every cent.

JANUARY 18TH: Eddie Costa was a small, wiry, unbelievably intense pianist and vibraphonist, who was born in Atlas, Pennsylvania, in 1930, and was killed in an automobile accident on the West Side Highway in the summer of 1962. Costa worked with, among others, Joe Venuti and Tal Farlow and Woody Herman, and he reached a high mark in the mid-fifties, when he was in a trio that was led by Farlow and included Vinnie Burke on bass. Before it broke up, the group was recorded commercially by Norman Granz on Verve, but it was also recorded at its leisure in the apartment of Ed Fuerst, a record collector, American-song authority, and onetime road manager for George Shearing. The invaluable results of Fuerst's alertness have been issued as "Tal Farlow: Fuerst Set" (Xanadu 109). Costa was a unique pianist, who played with overwhelming percussiveness. Each improvisation resembled an excellent drum solo in its rhythmic intensity, pattern of beats, and elements of surprise. Costa was probably the hardest-swinging—as well as the steadiest—jazz pianist who ever lived. He liked to use octave chords in the left hand and single-note lines in the right, and he liked to thunder endlessly down in the lowest registers of the piano. At such times, he played chords in both hands and with stunning effect. He would let loose a staccato passage and then an impossible two-handed arpeggio, or he would deliver ferocious on-the-beat or offbeat chords—seesawing them, making them into sixty-fourth notes, somehow slurring them, and developing a breathtaking drive and momentum and fury. But Costa had a good sense of structure, for he dropped in frequent rests (he had clearly listened to Basie), and after a prolonged period of subterranean rampaging he would float up a register or two on the keyboard for several breathing, light-headed choruses—a whale up for air. There are just four numbers on the album, and Costa is in particularly splendid form on "Jordu," which lasts almost fifteen minutes, and in which he plays a lot of low-register anvil music—offbeat chords, skidding chords, pitching chords. And listen to the blinding double-time chordal dashes in his long solo on the pleasant, ambling "Out of Nowhere," which is opened and closed with grace and brevity by Gene Williams, who once sang with Claude Thornhill. Farlow is in prime condition throughout (he went into semi-retirement just two years later), and he takes an exceptional filigreed solo on "Opus De Funk."

JANUARY 25TH: It is not clear why "Louis Armstrong—Chicago Style," a full-length television film shown tonight on ABC, was made, why it was shown, or what it means. It was so odd it was almost surrealistic. Part fact, part fiction, it began in 1931. Armstrong (played by Ben Vereen) is entering his greatest period. He is finishing a gig in California (true) when a disgruntled would-be manager plants some pot in his jacket pocket (not true) and he is arrested and jailed (true, but for smoking his own pot between sets). He is quickly freed (true), and drives with his manager back to Chicago (probably not true, but inserted for a roadside scene with some rednecks), where he scuffles for a while (not true), visits his estranged wife, Lil Hardin (true, and a well-worked-out scene), and pursues his wife-to-be, Alpha. He is also offered a job by the syndicate and refuses (nonsense: the syndicate owned all the clubs and there was no choice), and, to escape a difficult situation, leaves for Europe and fame after turning down a lucrative job in New Orleans (not true: it was an enormously successful homecoming, and one that the late New Orleans trumpeter Manuel Manetta remembered with glee for Louis's failure while he was there to learn Manetta's trick of playing two trumpets at once). The moral? Stay cool like good old Pops and you'll make it. About half of Vereen's performance was right. He was too manic on the bandstand (Louis bowed and rumbled and smiled a lot when he was onstage, but when he played he rarely moved a muscle), his laugh was wrong, and his gravel voice was only fair (George Kirby does it a lot better). Yet Vereen had flashes—a concerned expression, a sudden twist of the head, a gesture of hopelessness—that were just right and almost justified the film. Along the way, Armstrong-Vereen played "Ain't Misbehavin'," "When the Saints Go Marching In," "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," and "Chinatown, My Chinatown." There was no Armstrong on the soundtrack, and the faithful, if rather frenetic, subbing was done by Snooky Young, Shorty Sherock, and



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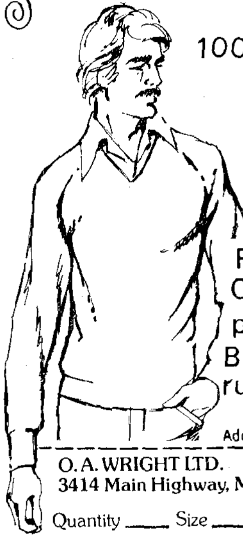

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Cappy Lewis, none of whom got credit.

JANUARY 26TH: Jimmy Rowles opened at Bradley's tonight for another long stand. It has become plain in the three years since he emerged from his hibernation on the West Coast and turned pro that, regardless of style or category or age, he is the most prepossessing jazz pianist we have. There are many reasons: the very way he addresses a piano (some pianists sit down at the keyboard as if they were depositing an invaluable work of art on the piano bench), without hesitation, announcements, or one of those radar, room-circling who's-who glances; his originality, which draws largely on Art Tatum; his imaginativeness and variety, which enable him to play long, muscular studies of slow ballads or fast, driving blues that swing and swarm and swell; his beautiful technique, which is used only to say what he has in his head in the handsomest, most direct manner; his extraordinary harmonic sense, which leads him to plumb the songs he plays as well as to add new levels that turn them into formidable complex structures; his unfailing taste; his humor, which is evident in his choice of songs, in his tempos and rhythms, and in crazy interpolations from other songs; and his improvisational abilities, which are spelled out in endlessly delightful ways—the short, bent runs, the funny, falling-away passages, some of them almost slithery, the chords that have a single-note spareness, the bright melodic flags. Tonight he gave us a soft and lovely "Looking at You," Tom Satterfield's "Restless," a brazen, chattering "Brazil," an impressionistic "Skylark," a fine, jumping "Dancers in Love," "My Funny Valentine" as a dirge, a casual, hats-off "Sweet Lorraine," Billy Strayhorn's "U.M.M.G.," complete with some Oriental closing figures, and an attractive waltz that sounded like Willard Robison.

Rowles is also highly visible in a fascinating recording, "A Day in the Life of Billie Holiday" (Differant Drummer DD 1003), in which Billie talks, laughs, garbles, and sings her way through a rehearsal held in Los Angeles with Rowles and the bassist Artie Shapiro not long before she died. Her voice is heavy, almost leaden, but her intonation is fine, and on some of the numbers she is stunning—a fragment of "I Must Have That Man," a swinging "Everything Happens to Me," a wonderful, lazing "Jeepers Creepers," a dreaming "Prelude to a Kiss," and two salutary versions of "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone." In between, she swears, kids Rowles, and reminisces about such things as the audition she had in a Harlem club at thirteen and was laughed out of because she had no idea what a key was. Rowles plays sparkling piano behind her and gets off such a ringing beauty at the beginning of the last bridge of "Everything Happens to Me" that Billie throws in a fast, parenthetical "There ya go!" Her laugh, which is all through the record, has a wild, scimitar quality, very bright and a little dangerous.

FEBRUARY 4TH: Ray Nance—cornettist, violinist, singer, dancer, high-jinks person—died a few days ago at the age of sixty-two. Nance was with Duke Ellington from 1940 until 1963, and he was the epitome of what Ellington wanted in his soloists. He was never a star. He was a singular stylist: any two Nance notes immediately identified him. He played with considerable emotion, particularly on the blues. And he was, in his elfin way, funny and lightsome (Ellington abhorred heavies). His cornet solos were short, and he was not much of an improviser, but his fretting vibrato and feminine, beseeching tone made them invariably affecting. His solos preached and exulted and sang. He had an easy, rhythmic baritone, and he was a good jazz singer, which was a rarity in a band laden with mini-divas and brimming baritones. His violin was often used for Billy Strayhorn's ballads, and it fitted their sheer, shining textures. Nance liked to horse around and do funny dances, and, along with most of the musicians of his generation, he liked to drink. He worked where and when he could after he left Ellington, and most of the time he still played well. His cornet playing invariably summoned up his idol, Louis Armstrong; it also displayed an ardent, unplaned beauty that has almost gone out of the music.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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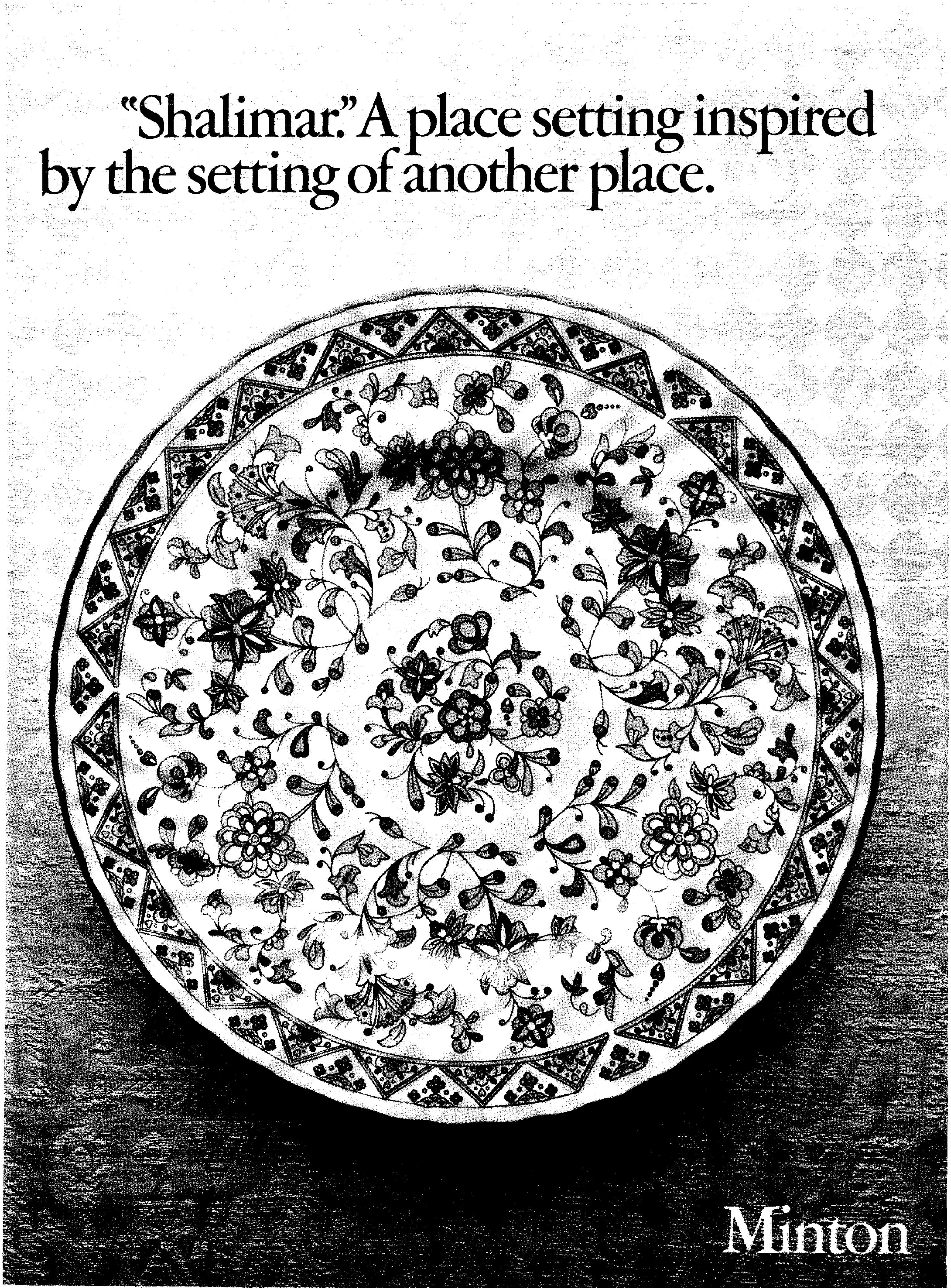

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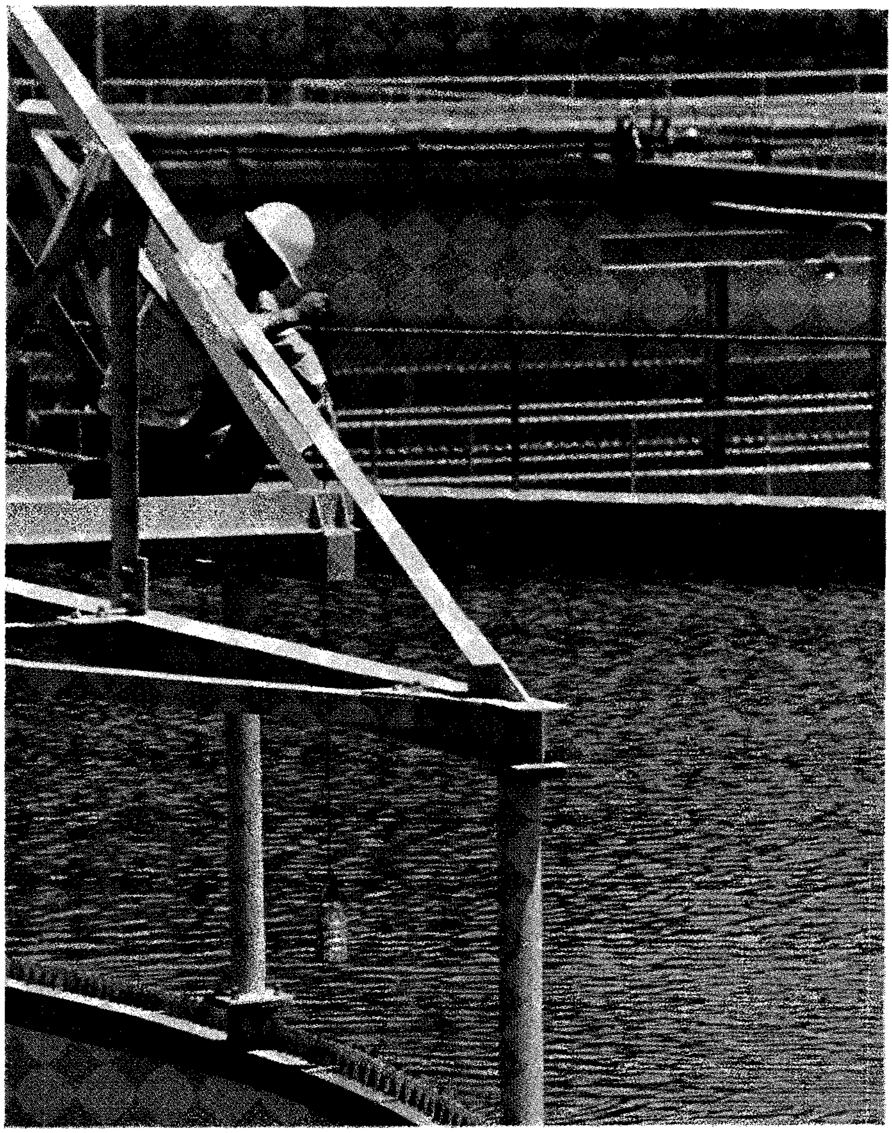


Kansas City Water Department engineer takes a sample of Missouri River water for use in some of the 1,200 laboratory tests conducted every day.

New efficiency in purifying 'Big Muddy'

Each day the Kansas City, Missouri Water Department has the enormous job of pumping and purifying 100 million gallons of water from the Missouri River, which by the time it gets to Kansas City, has really earned its nickname, "Big Muddy."

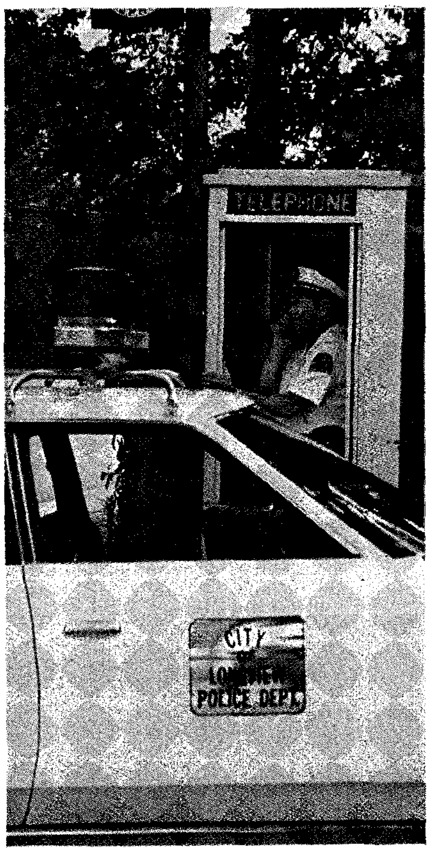
In the summer of 1973, the city water department installed an IBM computer to help it operate more efficiently. The computer's immediate contribution was in more productive use of electricity. The average peak power demand per million gallons pumped has been cut by 13 per cent, and city officials say the system has more than paid its way in power savings.

More recently, programs have been developed to use the computer to improve procedures in the purification process itself. The department conducts an average of 1,200 laboratory tests a day. That figure may rise to 6,000 a day in the winter and spring when rapid variations in the quality of the river water make the process of water purification most difficult.

According to water department officials, the computer helps the staff respond more quickly to changes in the river and to reduce the overall use of chemicals needed to purify the water. The result is consistently better drinking water with greater control of costs for the people of Kansas City.

Less paperwork for policemen

The police in Longview, Texas report spending more time on patrol and less on paperwork since installing IBM typing and dictating equipment. Immediately after investigating a crime or an accident, an officer dictates his report from the nearest phone. It is recorded and typed in draft by a clerk. The typewriter then produces final copies automatically at 150 words-a-minute. According to police officials, the system gives patrolmen and detectives more time to do the most important parts of their jobs. It also provides fuller, more accurate reports because the officers dictate them while the facts are still fresh in their minds.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Financial assistant Marcia Shannon, using small computer, finds she can complete reports in an hour that used to take two or three days.

Small computer proves effective tool in managing small business

In today's economic climate, business management is becoming increasingly complex. Large companies have been able to keep pace with this complexity by using modern data processing techniques. But in the past many small businesses simply could not afford the necessary equipment.

IBM's System/32, a computer specially designed for small business, was introduced to meet this need. The first company to install it was Midwest Industries, an Omaha, Nebraska construction firm. Within a month the company was making significant savings.

"When we did our job cost reports manually, they could get so far behind that it was nearly impossible to make meaningful management decisions," says Midwest chairman Al Daubman. "Today, all our information is kept right up to date on the computer. We can look at each current project and try various adjustments to increase our productivity and profitability. We've already found and corrected one problem that was costing us three times what we're paying for the computer."

The System/32 is the first IBM computer to be marketed with complete industry application packages available right from the start. This enabled Midwest to begin producing reports the day after the computer was installed.

"Our reports are much more readable than they were before, with far more accuracy," says financial assistant, Marcia Shannon. "With the System/32, I can now complete a report in one hour that previously took me two to three days to do by hand."

Administrative productivity helps hospital meet growth problem

With the rise in the demand for health care, many small hospitals need to increase productivity in handling the reports required by government and private health insurance programs.

Taft Hospital, in San Patricio County, Texas faced such a productivity problem in 1973. Taft had 40 beds, 112 employees, two doctors—and 60 percent of its patients on Medicare or Medicaid. Taft met the challenge by installing a small IBM computer. "We were facing a three-month backlog of paperwork," says hospital administrator Leo Davis, "and it was getting worse every day, with more requests for reports. Before we developed our computer system we simply couldn't comply."

Today, according to Mr. Davis, the hospital's paperwork stays current with the help of the computer. This, he says, has made it possible for Taft to contemplate future growth. Since solving the problem, the hospital has increased its staff by four doctors and is adding 40 new beds this year.

Practical texts help math teachers and students

According to a recent survey, 61 per cent of Americans between the ages of 26 and 35 can't decide whether the "large economy size" in a grocery store is really more economical, and 60 per cent can't figure out the cost of new carpeting for a room.

To better equip children for such everyday calculations, a highly effective math program for elementary schools has been developed by Science Research Associates, a subsidiary of IBM. In two years of field tests across the country, student achievement scores were 15-49 per cent higher than normally expected for grades one through eight. The program now is being adopted for regular use by many schools nationwide.

Teacher Susan Phillips of Underwood Hills Elementary School in Omaha's Westside Community Schools, Dist. 66, involves students in math problems.

The textbooks and teacher guides, designed to make it easier for children to learn—and for teachers to teach—focus on *practical* math. While there's still plenty of drill to ensure mastery of the basic skills, many of the problems deal with everyday situations such as the supermarket or the cafeteria so that students can see the usefulness of what they are learning. Since some students learn faster than others, the program can be individualized to help them progress at their own pace.

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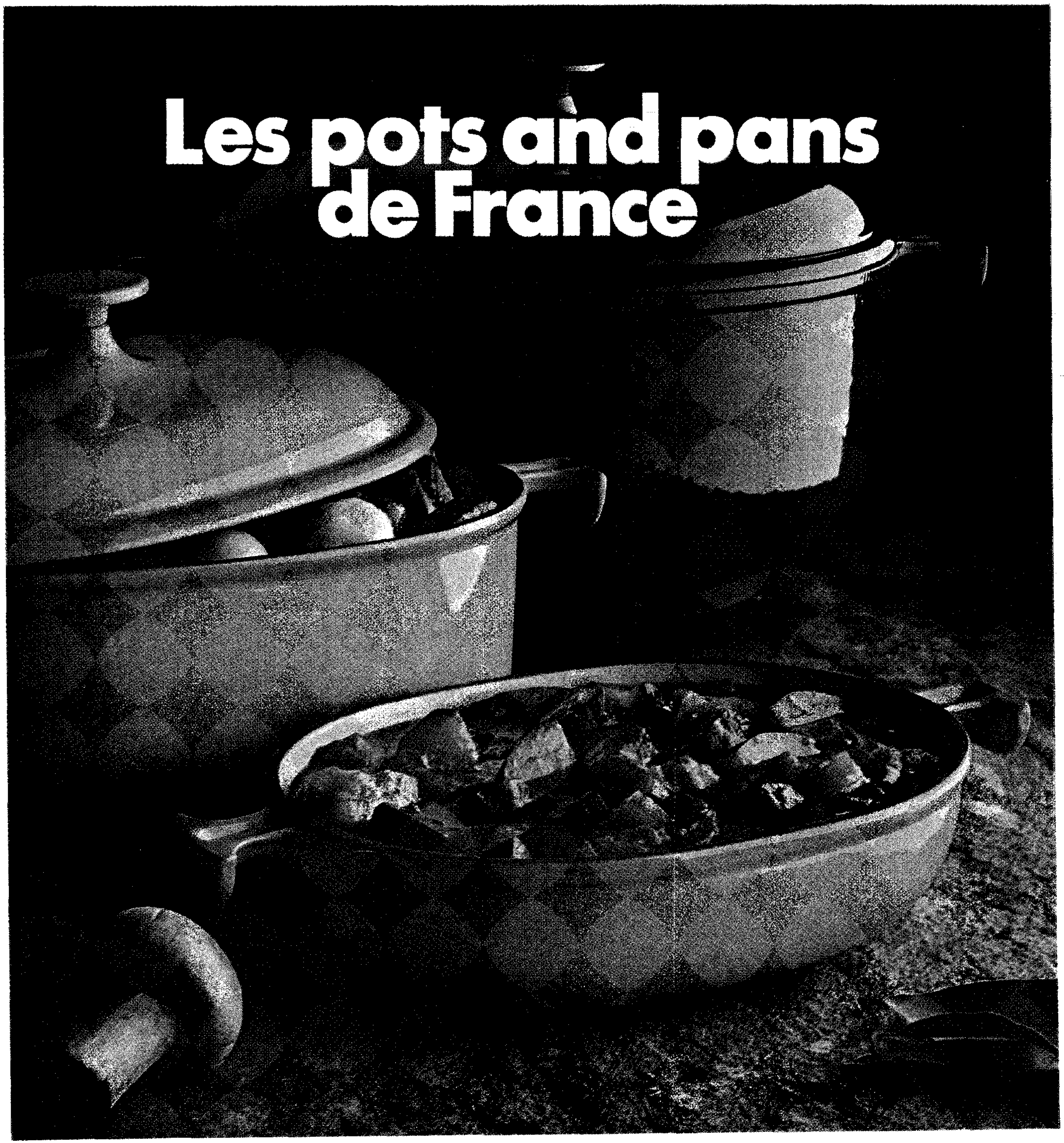

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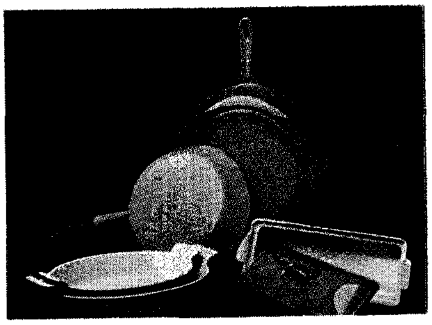
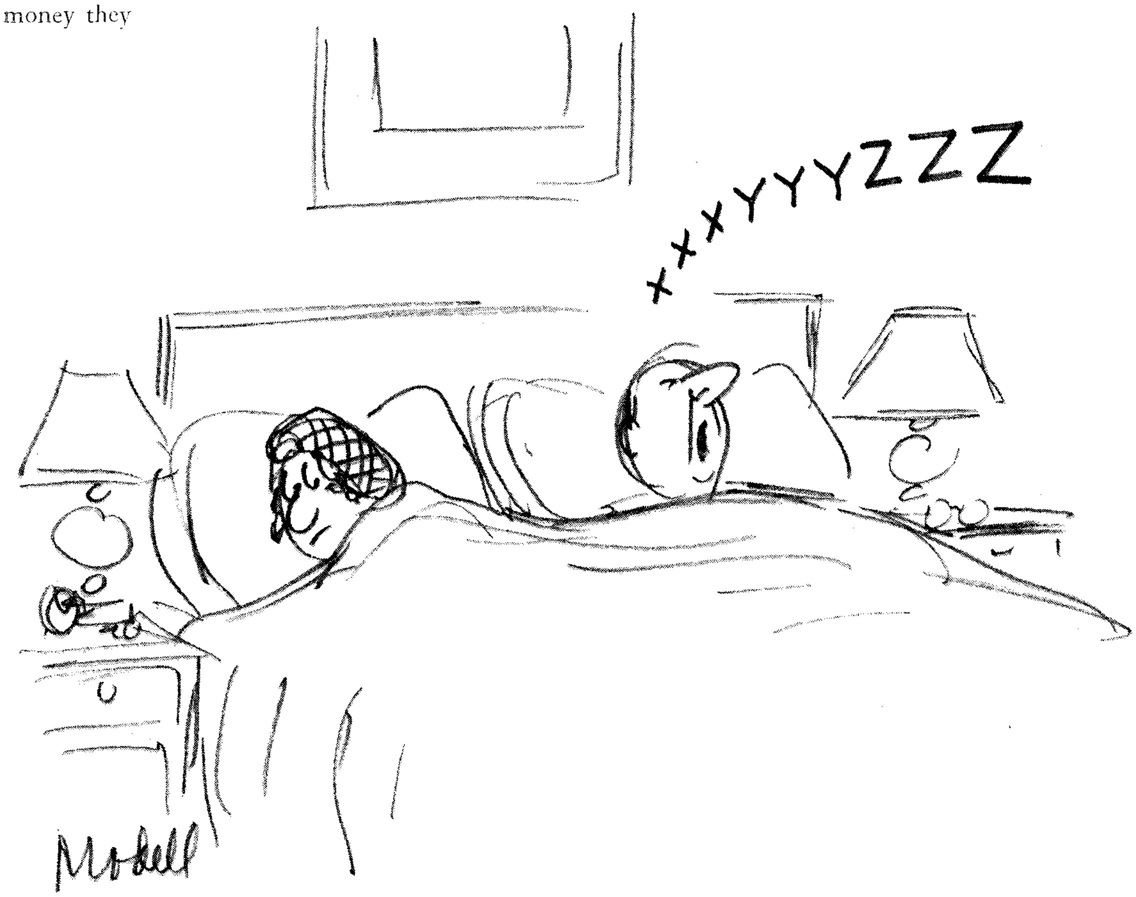


BOOKS

Suzie Creamcheese Speaks

ONE falls in love with rather few public figures—in my case, with Errol Flynn, Ted Williams, Harry Truman, and Doris Day. The three men have a common denominator of cockiness; how cocky Miss Day also is did not strike me until the reading of "Doris Day: Her Own Story," as orchestrated by A. E. Hotchner (Morrow). "I must emphasize," she tells us in the autobiographical tapes that Hotchner has edited, "that I have never had any doubts about my ability in anything I have ever undertaken." Elsewhere, in describing her audition, at the age of sixteen, for the job of lead singer with Bob Crosby's Bobcats, she says, "But to be honest about it, despite my nervousness and reluctance to sing for these mighty professionals, it never occurred to me that I wouldn't get the job. I never have tried out for anything that I failed to get." And, it is true, her life shows a remarkably consistent pattern of professional success, alternating with personal misery. When she was eleven, her father, "Professor" William Kappelhoff, Cincinnati's "most sought-after conductor," left her mother for another woman; when Doris was twelve, the dance team of Doris & Jerry won the grand prize in a citywide amateur contest, and with the money they visited Hollywood, where people "were so enthusiastic about our ability that I had no doubt that we would do very well." But when she left a farewell party given on the eve of her moving to Hollywood, a locomotive struck the car in which she was riding. Her right leg was shattered and her dancing career with it (Jerry's, too; without Doris Kappelhoff as a partner, he became in time a Cincinnati milkman). During her nearly two years of convalescence, Doris listened to the radio, admiring especially the singing of Ella Fitzgerald, and before she was off crutches she was performing in a downtown Chinese restaurant and on local radio. A Cincinnati night-club job led to Chicago and the Bobcats, and from there to Les Brown and his Blue Devils—all this before her seventeenth birthday. Brown, in one of the interviews that Hotchner usefully splices into Doris Day's own account of her days, remembers that he "listened to her for five minutes, immediately went backstage, and signed her for my band. She was every band leader's dream, a vocalist who had natural talent, a keen regard for the lyrics, and an attractive appearance. . . . The reason her salary rose so precipitously was that virtually every band in the business tried to hire her away from me." Yet at the age of seventeen she left the Blue Devils and married an obscure, surly trombonist named Al Jorden. "From the time I was a little girl," she says, "my only true ambition in life was to get married and tend house and have a family. Singing was just something to do until that time came, and now it was here." Though she had known Jorden back in Cincinnati, he surprised her, once married, with psychopathic behavior that bordered on the murderous. He was frantically jealous, beat her, begged forgiveness in fits of remorse that became as repellent as his rage, and demanded she abort the pregnancy that came along in the second month of this hasty match. Doris Day, as she was by then called, in rapid succession had the baby (her only child, Terry), divorced Al Jorden, went back to Les Brown, and recorded "Sentimental Journey," her first hit record and the point where I, among millions, began to love her. Unaware of my adoration, she married another bandman, George Weidler, who played alto sax; this marriage ended even sooner than the one to Al Jorden, though on a different note. Weidler, with whom she was contentedly living in a trailer camp in postwar Los Angeles, told her she was going to become a star and he didn't wish to become Mr. Doris Day. She protests even now, "I loved him, or at least I thought I did, and with all the hardship and struggle I was enjoying my trailer wifedom." Nor did Weidler seem to find her wanting. "I could not doubt his strong desire for me. But I guess his desire not to be Mr. Doris Day was even stronger, for in the morning we parted, and I knew it would be final." At this low ebb, then, homeless, husbandless, and penniless, she permitted herself to be dragged to a screen test, and was handed the lead in the first of her many successful



movies, "Romance on the High Seas." She and the cameras fell in love at first sight:

> I found I could enter a room and move easily to my floormark without actually looking for it. I felt a nice exhilaration at hearing the word "Action!" and then responding to the pressure of the rolling camera. It was effortless and thoroughly enjoyable.... From the first take onward, I never had any trepidation about what I was called on to do. Movie acting came to me with greater ease and naturalness than anything else I had ever done.... I never had a qualm. Water off a duck's back.

Two decades off her back found their high-water mark in the early sixties, when she was No. 1 at the box office. In 1953, however, she had suffered an incapacitating nervous breakdown, and throughout her moviemaking prime her personal life was bounded by shyness, Christian Science, a slavish work schedule, and marriage to a man no one else liked—Marty Melcher. Les Brown is quoted as saying, "Marty Melcher was an awful man, pushy, grating on the nerves, crass, money-hungry. He lived off Patty Andrews; then, when Doris came along and looked like a better ticket, he glommed onto her." Sam Weiss, onetime head of Warner Brothers music, phrases it rather beautifully: "The fact was that the only thing Marty loved was money. He loved Patty's money until Doris's money came along and then, because there was more of it, he loved Doris's money more." "I put up with Marty," Weiss further avows, "and everybody else endured him, because of Doris. I don't know anybody who liked Marty. Not even his own family." Her manager as well as her husband, Melcher kept the cameras churning out sugary Daydreams while the focus got softer and softer, and American audiences were moving on to skin and rock. In 1968, Doris Day made the last of her thirty-nine films and Marty Melcher suddenly died; the financial post mortem revealed that, like many a man in love with money, he could only lose it. Over the fat years, he had poured her fortune into the schemes of a swindler named Rosenthal, leaving her a half-million dollars in debt. She bailed herself out by going ahead, against her inclinations, with a television series Melcher had secretly signed her to, and put herself through five years of sit-com paces on the little box. As an additional trauma, her son Terry, who had evolved into a young pop-music entrepreneur, was peripherally involved in the Tate-Manson murders and retreated to a cave of

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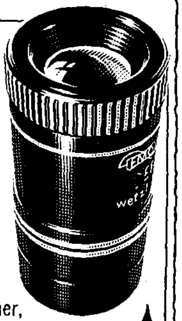

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pills and vodka; in an eerie rerun of her childhood accident, he broke *both* legs while carousing on a motorcycle. Now, on the far side of fifty, Doris Day has no visible career but has kept her celebrity status and her confidence. "I know that I can handle almost anything they throw at me, and to me that is real success," she concludes, cockily.

The particulars of her life surprise us, like graffiti scratched on a sacred statue. She appears sheer symbol—of a kind of beauty, of a kind of fresh and energetic innocence, of a kind of banality. Her very name seems to signify less a person than a product, wrapped in an alliterating aura. She herself, it turns out, doesn't like her name, which was given her because "Kappelhoff" didn't fit on a marquee. (Her first name, too, has to do with marquees; her mother named her after a movie star popular in 1924, Doris Kenyon. And in this tradition Doris named her own son, in 1942, after a favorite comic strip, "Terry and the Pirates.") Of her name Doris Day says:

> I never did like it. Still don't. I think it's a phony name. As a matter of fact, over the years many of my friends didn't feel that Doris Day suited me, and gave me names of their own invention. Billy De Wolfe christened me Clara Bixby . . . Rock Hudson calls me Eunice . . . and others call me Do-Do, and lately one of my friends has taken to calling me Suzie Creamcheese.

This shy goddess who avoids parties and live audiences fascinates us with the amount of space we imagine between her face and her mask. Of the co-actors and fellow-musicians who let their words be used in this book, only Kirk Douglas touches on the mystery: "I haven't a clue as to who Doris Day really is. That face that she shows the world—smiling, only talking good, happy, tuned into God—as far as I'm concerned, that's just a mask. I haven't a clue as to what's underneath. Doris is just about the remotest person I know." In a spunky footnote, she counterattacks—"But then Kirk never makes much of an effort toward anyone else. He's pretty much wrapped up in himself"—and the entire book is announced by her as an attack upon her own image as "Miss Chastity Belt," "America's la-di-da happy virgin!" True, her virginity seems to have been yielded before she married in her mid-teens, and her tough life shows in the tough advice she gives her readers. "You don't really know a person until you live with him, not just sleep with him. . . . I staunchly believe no two people should get married until they have lived together. The young people have it right." For all her love of marriage, she refused both her early husbands when they begged to reconcile, and at one point in her marriage to Melcher she kicked him out, observing simply, "There comes a time when a marriage must be terminated. Nothing is forever." She brushes aside Patty Andrews' belief that Doris had stolen her husband with the sentence "A person does not leave a good marriage for someone else," and of a post-Marty lover she says, "I didn't care whether he was married or not. I have no qualms about the other person's marital life."

How sexy is she, America's girl next door? Her son, who is full of opinions, claims, "She has her heart set on getting married again but she really doesn't have any idea how to react to a man's attention. . . . Sad to say, I don't think my mother's had much of a sex life." But she makes a point of telling us, of each husband, that their sex life was good, and James Garner, with whom she made two of the romantic comedies that followed the great success of "Pillow Talk," confides,

> I've had to play love scenes with a lot of screen ladies . . . but of all the women I've had to be intimate with on the screen, I'd rate two as sexiest by far—Doris and Julie Andrews, both of them notorious girls next door. Playing a love scene with either of them is duck soup because they communicate something sexy which means I also let myself go somewhat and that really makes a love scene work. . . . The fact of the matter is that with Doris, one hundred grips or not, there *was* always something there and I must admit that if I had not been married I would have tried to carry forward, after hours, where we left off on the sound stage.

The fact of this matter probably is that star quality is an emanation of superabundant nervous energy and that sexiness, in another setting, would be another emanation.

At the outset of her screen career, the director Michael Curtiz told her (as she remembers his Hungarian locutions), "No matter what you do on screen, no matter what kind part you play, it will always be you. What I mean is, the Doris Day will always shine through the part. This will make you big important star. You listen to me. Is very rare thing. You look Gable acting, Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, they are playing different part but always is the same strong personality

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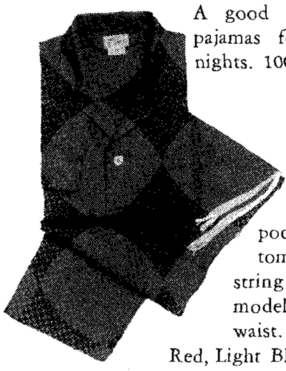

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coming through." The same strong personality behind her professional success has no doubt contributed to her personal problems; Al Jorden's jealousy, George Weidler's walkout, and Marty Melcher's disastrous dealing can all be construed as attempts of a male ego to survive an overmatch with a queen bee. Of a recent lover, Miss Day, having sung his praises, rather chillingly confesses, "But as it turned out, he was a man who passed through my life without leaving a trace of himself." At about the same time, she passed her second husband on the street and didn't recognize him—"The most embarrassing part of it was that his appearance hadn't changed very much." Even at seventeen, she was the executioner:

> "I'm sorry, Al," I said, "but the feelings I once had for you are dead and gone. There's no way to resurrect them. I don't love you anymore, and without love it just wouldn't work. There's nothing to talk about—the good feelings are gone, and it's over. All over."...
>
> As I started to get out of the car, he put his hand on my arm. I looked at him. His face was full of pain and he was near tears. I thought to myself, No, I am through comforting you. I felt a curious kind of revulsion.

She longs for the marital paradise, but cannot bring to it that paradise's customary component of female dependence.

> "How will you get along?" my aunt asked.
>
> "Why, I'll get a job," I said. All my life I have known that I could work at whatever I wanted whenever I wanted.

And worked she has. Thoroughly German in her ancestry, she is a dedicated technician in the industry of romantic illusion. Singing or acting, she manages to produce, in her face or in her voice, an "effect," a skip or a tremor, a feathery edge that touches us. In these spoken memoirs she seems most herself, least guarded and most excited, talking shop—details such as how to avoid popping the "p"s when singing into a radio microphone (turn the head "slightly to the side") and the special difficulties of dancing before movie cameras ("A film dancer does not have the freedom of a stage dancer. She must dance precisely to a mark. Her turns must be exact. She must face precisely in the camera direction required while executing very difficult steps"). Her co-performers praise her technical mastery; Bob Hope marvels at the "great comedy timing" she brought to their radio shows, and Jack Lemmon explains why she is a "director's delight"—"Once she per-

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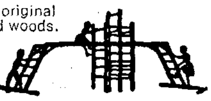


forms a scene, she locks it in, and no matter how many takes are required, she gives the same matched performance. In my book, this is the most difficult part of movie acting." She never watches rushes, and cannot sit through one of her old movies without wanting "to redo every shot." She not only dislikes performing before a live audience but often records to the prerecorded accompaniment of an absent band. "In the solitude of a room with perfect acoustics, I could record a song as many times as necessary to get it right." Melcher's long and steady betrayal of her evidently won no worse recrimination than this, after he had signed her up for a clunker called "Caprice":

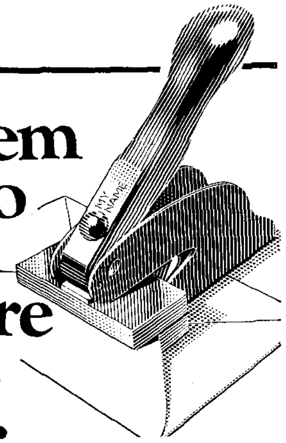
> "*You* made a deal—you and Rosenthal, that it? Well, you and Rosenthal don't have to get in front of the camera and try to make something out of terrible stuff like this! I know that you and your friends are only interested in making money, but I'm interested in something more. I don't give a damn about money. I never see any of it and I don't have the time to use any of it even if I knew what to do with it—which I don't."

She is very much the modern artist in being happiest within her art, a haven from life:

> I really like to sing; it gives me a sense of release, another dimension; it makes me happy; and I think the people who listen to me instinctively know that and feel it.
>
> I felt very real in the make-believe parts I had to play. I felt what the script asked me to feel. I enjoyed playing and singing for the cameras and I guess that enjoyment came through on the screen . . . When the camera turned . . . I easily and rather happily responded to whatever was demanded of me.

That Marty Melcher was pouring her earnings down the sewer of his own greed mattered less to her than the memory of Al Jorden's beatings, which she could conjure up whenever the camera asked her to cry.

The words "Doris Day" get a reaction, often adverse. They are an incantation, and people who have no reason to disdain her fine entertainer's gifts shy from her as a religious force. Her starriness has a challenging, irritating twinkle peculiar to her—Monroe's image lulled us like a moon seen from a motel bed, and there is nothing about Katharine Hepburn's "goodness" that asks us to examine our own. On the jacket of "Doris Day: Her Own Story" the sprightly photograph of the heroine uncomfortably reminds us of those tireless, elastic television ladies who exhort us to get up in the morning and do exercises; and the book ends with a set of exercises that Doris Day does, and that sound exhausting. She *likes* the movie actor's Spartan regimen, which begins at five in the morning, and more than once she speaks with pleasure of "coming up to the mark" chalked on the floor of a movie set. For years, she was a professed Christian Scientist; but then so were Ginger Rogers and Charlotte Greenwood, and no one held it against them. Miss Day, religiously, is in fact an American Pelagian, an enemy of the despair-prone dualism that has been the intellectual pride of our Scots Protestants and our Irish Catholics alike. Doris Kappelhoff was raised as a Catholic, but "the Catholic side of me never took." She resented the obscurity of the Latin, and resented even more being asked, at the age of seven, to make up sins to confess. "I had my own built-in church. It allowed me to question a lot of Catholic dogma." She turned to the Church once, after the collapse of her first marriage, "desperate to find some way to restore the positive view I had always had toward life." When the priest told her she had never been really married and her son was illegitimate, she walked out. All three of her marriages have been casual civil ceremonies, and she makes a point of not going to funerals—not even her father's. After their divorce, George Weidler (the most phantasmal and, in a way, most appealing man in her life) interested her in the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy, and from the first line she read—"To those leaning on the sustaining infinite, to-day is big with blessings"—she met in "words of gleaming light" a prefigurement of her "own built-in church." Though in some of her crises she has consulted doctors, and after Melcher's death broke with the organized church, Christian Science's tenet that "All is infinite Mind" has remained a sustaining principle. She describes herself sitting outside her son's hospital room thinking, "I can't pray to a God to make him well, because there is no duality, no God outside of Terry. . . . There is but one power, and if that lovely son of mine is supposed to *live*, then nothing on this earth can take him." The fatalism that goes with monism suits both her toughness and her optimism. Almost brutally she enlists her misfortunes in the progress of her career: "And Marty's death—well, to be honest about it, had he



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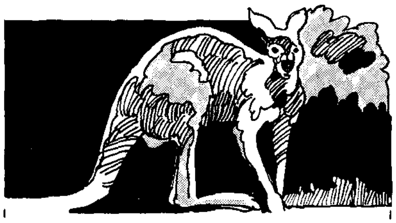

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lived I would have been totally wiped out." *Que sera, sera.* Unchastened, she sees her life as an irresistible blooming:

> It is not luck that one seed grows into a purple flower and another, identical seed grows up to be a yellow flower, nor is it luck that Doris Kappelhoff of Cincinnati grows up to be a sex symbol on the silver screen.

Though her sense of natural goodness and universal order gets a little cloying when extended to her pet dogs, she speaks of her religious convictions uninsistently and reasonably, as something that has worked for her. Concerning others, she has scarcely a judgmental or complaining word. She is rather a purist but no puritan; her sexual ethics, like her Man-is-Spirit mysticism, are as seventies as her image is fifties. But then our movie queens have long been creating metaphysics for themselves on the frontier where bourgeois norms evaporate. Doris Day is naïve, I think, only about her own demon; it was not just by divine determination that peaceful obscure marriage eluded her and fame did not. When she had her nervous breakdown, her psychiatrist described her as "self-demanding." Her father before her failed as a domestic creature; his "whole life was music." She was driven to perform, and permitted life situations to keep forcing her back on the stage. Now she has felt compelled to give this account of herself. How much tampering A. E. Hotchner did with her tapes there is no telling; but the sections of Doris Day ostensibly speaking are rather better written than Hotchner's own press-releasy prologue and epilogue. She can, if we take her words as truly hers, toss off the terms "sanctum sanctorum" and "reactive," recall patches of dialogue thirty years old, be quite funny about a hideous hotel built in her name, and evoke Bob Hope, "the way his teeth take over his face when he smiles. And the way he swaggers across the stage, kind of sideways, beaming at the audience, spreading good cheer." She became a successful comedienne, surely, in part because she is one of the few movie actresses of her generation whose bearing conveys intelligence.

Now, love must be clear-eyed, and Doris Day's accomplishment, resilient and versatile as she is, should not be exaggerated. Though she learned from Ella Fitzgerald "the subtle ways she shaded her voice, the casual yet clean way she sang the words," there are dark sweet places where Ella's voice goes that her disciple's doesn't. And it was not just Hollywood crassness that cast her in so many tame, lame vehicles; her Pelagianism makes it impossible for her to be evil, so the top of her emotional range is an innocent victim's hysteria. But, as Michael Curtiz foretold when he prepared her for her first motion picture, the actor's art in a case like hers functions as a mere halo of refinements around the "strong personality." Her third picture, strange to say, ended with her make-believe marriage to Errol Flynn. A heavenly match, in the realm where both are lovable. Both brought to the corniest screen moment a gallant and guileless delight in being themselves, a faint air of excess, a skillful insouciance that, in those giant stiff dreams projected across our Saturday nights, hinted at how, if we were angels, we would behave.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Untouchable Juli, by James Aldridge (Little, Brown). A gentle, unusual story, told with bread-and-butter simplicity, about an eccentric young Australian boy who grows up surrounded by a closely knit group of fanatical, joy-singing evangelists in a boarding house run by his mother. The novel has the same narrator (Kit Quayle, a young school friend of the boy's) and the same setting (the small bush town of St. Helen during the Depression) as two of Mr. Aldridge's previous books, "My Brother Tom" and "A Sporting Proposition," and, like them, it is beautifully paced, closely observed, and rich with details about life in Australia in the nineteen-thirties. The story is in part about how the boy, a kind of musical and mathematical genius, and his mother, a deeply sensual husbandless woman who spends most of her time hugging the boy, baking sausage rolls, and decrying the temptations of the flesh, manage to survive in an atmosphere that is deadening in almost every way. It is also about the various ways that ordinary people react to eccentricity of any sort—religious, temperamental, or intellectual. A bright, lucid tale.

GENERAL

Game Plan for Disaster: An Ombudsman's Report on the Nixon Years, by Clark R. Mollenhoff (Norton), and Nightmare: The Underside of the Nixon Years, by J. Anthony Lukas (Viking). These books agree that Richard

Nixon's overriding purpose after his close victory in 1968 was to win by a landslide in 1972. Both authors also feel that Nixon wanted to be a more powerful and more attractive man than he was; Mollenhoff thinks Nixon tried to imitate the Texans Johnson and Connally, while Lukas thinks Nixon tried to be a Kennedy. Though both authors are journalists, their books are written out of different experiences. Mollenhoff, the Washington correspondent of the Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune*, actually worked for the Nixon Administration for a year (1969-70) in a job he invented—as a member of the White House staff, commissioned to head off corruption anywhere within the executive branch. (He quit when he realized that he was being used as window dressing.) Mollenhoff gives very precise accounts of scandals he uncovered, and equally precise accounts of how the White House, under the rule of Haldeman and Ehrlichman, worked at sweeping them under the rug; his recollections of what it was like to deal with these men and their staffs are appalling. Lukas's feelings are less personal. His is a work of dig, dig, dig—very extensive research, reporting, studying, and conversing with all sorts of people, including some of the scummier go-betweens and crooks who did not appear at the White House. Age may account for another difference in attitude: Mollenhoff, who is older than Lukas, thinks that some of the younger men who appeared in the Watergate scandal were innocents corrupted, while Lukas feels that everybody at CREEP and on the White House staff was old enough to know what he was doing. Certainly Lukas's material on the pre-election dirty-tricks campaign that aimed at wrecking Muskie's chances for the Democratic nomination suggests that the Nixon team attracted a lot of young men who were mature in corruption. Lukas's details are fascinating, even while the weight of vulgarity and dishonesty he amasses makes an American fear for his country. Yet Lukas's book, with his affecting narrative of the impeachment hearings, stressing the thoughtful, honorable work of so many members of Congress, concludes more cheerfully than Mollenhoff's, for Mollenhoff regards Ford's pardon of Nixon as "duplicitous," and insists the country has yet to devise adequate tech-

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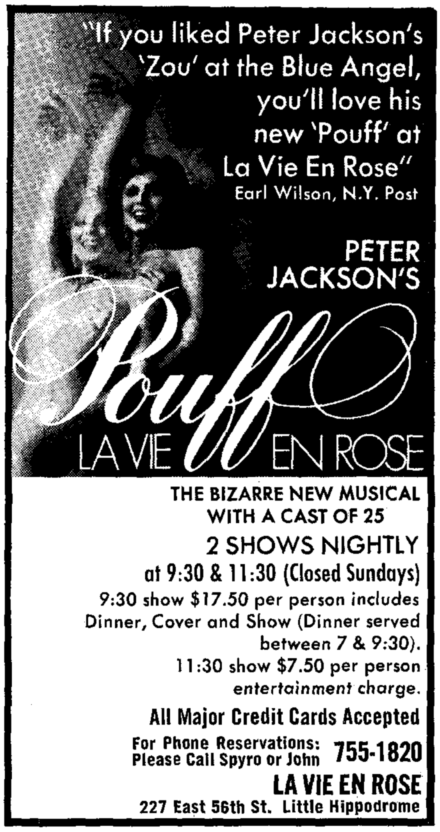
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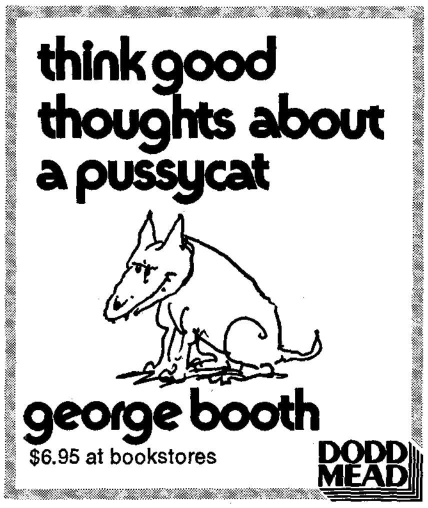
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niques for "controlling presidential power."

I CAN'T STAY LONG, by Laurie Lee (Atheneum). Mr. Lee's writing—almost precious, almost naïve—has a tone and an intensity that are truly entirely his own, and are inimitably pleasing. The twenty-four short pieces that he has collected here show him at his most characteristically expressive. He recalls his adolescence: "I don't think I ever discovered sex, it seemed to be always there—a vague pink streak running back through the landscape as far as I can remember." A country-bred city dweller, he reflects, "Grass in the rain smells of milk and honey; pavements in the rain smell of wet cigarettes and boots." He considers "the weaponry" of charm: "But it is deceptive in one thing—like a sense of humour, if you think you've got it, you probably haven't."

THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN: WHITE JOURNALIST/BLACK MOVEMENT, by Paul Good (Howard University Press). A memoir of 1964 in the civil-rights movement, with a chapter bringing the story up to Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, assassination and containing the author's reflections on journalism and on the fundamental racial injustice of American society. Mr. Good began 1964 as a television correspondent and finished it as a free lance. With ample direct quotations (from his notes and tapes), he describes sit-ins and marches in Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida; the influx of idealistic white activists from the North; the murders of Andrew Goodman, James Chaney, and Mickey Schwerner, and of Lemuel Penn; and his own involvement in other incidents. The year saw some of history's starkest contrasts between purity and evil: civil-rights marchers walking a block, being beaten, walking another block, being beaten again, and continuing, without once striking back. We are lucky to have this durable, compassionate record.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CARLITO'S WAY, by Edwin Torres (Saturday Review Press). Carlito is no Swann. He is a Puerto Rican street fighter, enforcer, and drug pusher with a Mafia connection, and *his* way is up from Spanish Harlem to white Cadillacs, three-hundred-dollar suits, and all the girls he can handle—and, after a run of twenty years, down to Atlanta. Mr. Torres, himself a product of El Barrio and New York's first Puerto Rican assistant district attorney, lets Carlito tell his story, and he tells it without a whimper: "I don't want to hear this . . . about the little kids in the schoolyard. The only ones dealing with the little kids is the little kids themselves, and if people want to get high, that's their lookout. . . . If they ain't on junk, they'll be on wine or some other. . . . They can't cope—shame on them. . . . Get the money—any way you get it is okay. . . . That's what goes on in this country." It is in the grisly tradition of "Little Caesar," "The Jones Men," and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle," and it is the equal of any of them.

THE ALVAREZ JOURNAL, by Rex Burns (Harper & Row). The setting is Denver (polluted, scroungy, bumper-to-bumper Denver), the detective is a Chicano narc with no life beyond his job, and the problem is to get the needed evidence on a big heroin dealer named Alvarez. It is a measure of Mr. Burns' skill and invention that these not entirely unfamiliar elements here emerge newly alive and powerfully kicking. There is a toughness in this book, a hard-core, basalt toughness, but there is also a leavening of human understanding (the life-in-death of a police informer has seldom been more impressively defined), and even a kind of battered charm.

NO PLACE FOR MURDER, by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf). Jack Fenner, a private investigator, walks into his Boston office after a weekend on the Cape, and finds a dead man lying there with two bullets in his head. This is Mr. Coxe's sixty-second murder mystery, and it is, like the others, reliable entertainment—fast, sharply detailed, craftily plotted, and acceptably plausible. It is also, unmistakably, the work of a man of Mr. Coxe's generation. That is to say, it is a living artifact of the thirties.

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CLARIFICATION

An article in Monday's edition of The News said Mrs. Dorothy B. Simoneau, of 4 Jeffrey's Neck Rd., said she swerved to avoid an oncoming car driven by Daniel Bien, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on East St. late Saturday night.

Actually, Mrs. Simoneau did not say this. She was unconscious at the time.
—*Salem (Mass.) Evening News.*

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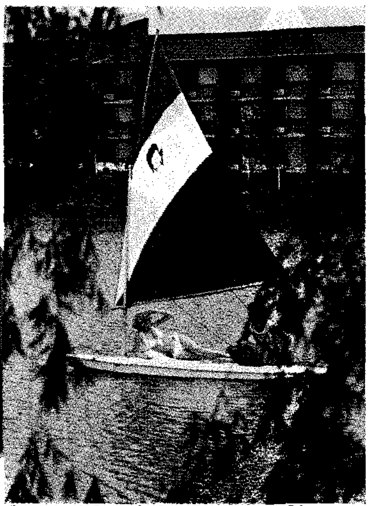
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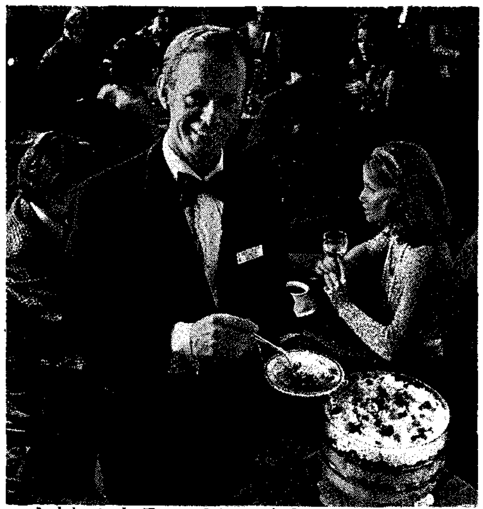
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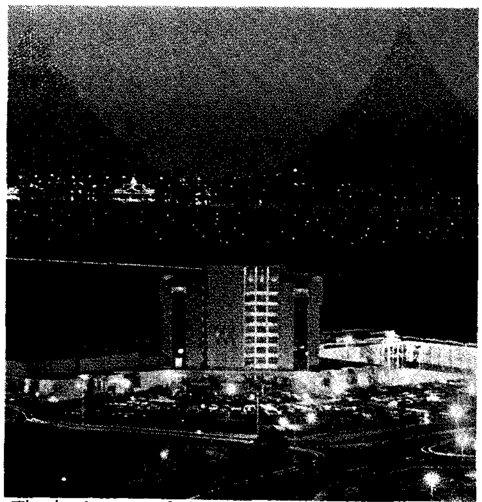
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